TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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Around Town.

The late W. A. Foster was of a very retiring disposition. He absolutely hated to make a speech or to occupy any prominent place. Very few people knew that he was a good singer, an excellent musician, and was really the embodiment of all those social accomplishments which make a man so popular when they are possessed by one who is not also overweighted with modesty. I heard yesterday a reminiscence of his Canada First pamphlet which is worth repeating. He always belittled his own work, and, having started his *brochure*, he was inclined to give it up until encouraged by his intimate friend and companion, Col. George T. Denison, who spurred him on to its completion. The next thing was to give it publicity. The Canada First party was at that time concealed under the name of the Northwest Emigration Aid Society. Col. Denison suggested that the pamphlet should be read before them, but Foster absolutely refused to read it. Col. Denison argued that if it were read he would be able to get it into the *Globe*. Under these circumstances Mr. Foster gave a sort of half consent to read it to a few people in the colonel's office. In the meantime Col. Denison saw Mr. Brown and left the pamphlet with him. With the quick judgment and impulsiveness which made George Brown so great a power he saw the strength of the argument, and next morning he published the whole thing, occupying over a page of the *Globe*. When Mr. Foster saw it he was thrown into a state of mind because it had never been read before the society, as the introduction suggested, and he at once visited his friend and *confidante*, Col. Denison, to inquire what in the world they would do about it. The colonel simply told him that it didn't matter whether it had been read or not, their object had been gained; but Foster never forgave himself for the deception. This little incident shows the genuine truthfulness and candor of his character, which, together with his diffidence, kept him from the eminence he deserved until the confidence of his friends and that sound judgment which rarely gave a wrong opinion brought to him laurels and a professional standing which, had he lived, would have placed him on the very highest pinnacle of public confidence.

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Mr. H. A. Massie, who has volunteered such a gigantic amount for the further endowment of Victoria University in Cobourg, is a good type of the philanthropist who, having made his money by exacting high prices and demanding exemplary service from employes whose riches have not increased in proportion to his own, desires to endear himself to the community—which he recognizes has no particular reason for loving him, and to perpetuate a name, which has no other cause for living in history than that the owner of it made some money—by offering to endow a religious university. With so many newspapers and so large a country, advertising these days comes high, and after perhaps carefully estimating through an advertising agency or computing the cost in the past, a man can readily find out how much he can afford to offer a religious institution as an endowment of a chair of theology or a cot in a hospital, and still be able to reckon on a reasonable gain by doing the philanthropical or enthusiastic act, rather than by investing his money on business principles and directly promulgating the virtues of his pills or mowing machines at so much per line.

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Under these circumstances I feel justified in offering Victoria University one million dollars ($1,000,000), on condition that the Methodists of this country obtain for SATURDAY NIGHT two million subscribers at two dollars per annum, strictly in advance—and I am not mean enough to withhold a little private something to the getter-up of the club. A circulation of two millions is not to be sneezed at, and we can afford to put subscription rates low, with a chance of putting our advertising rates high, and still surrounding ourselves with the halo of generosity. With a circulation of two millions, this strictly high-class family journal ought to be able to allure a vast number of patent medicine "ads.," which in its humble state is conscientiously refused to accept; and by advertising schemes, whereby the gentlemen investing in the ink make all the money and the honest reader gains experience at the expense of his cash, the thing ought to be worked out with advantage to the publishers. Or if Victoria University will locate in our back office and the professors will agree to act as canvassers for this journalistic agent of civilization and family culture we will take ten per cent. off subscription for cash, five for thirty days or three for sixty. These terms have been hitherto unrivalled and in clubs of one hundred we will throw a *World* hayfork in, not for its intrinsic value, but for the sentiment, etc. Or if the Hon. Ready-Made Clothing Sandford will donate $500,000 or Hot-Water Heating Gurney will subscribe a similar amount, I am prepared to advance on first mortgage six million dollars at ten per cent. per annum, sufficient to build, endow and glorify a college for the education of preachers of all sorts and varieties, for the Anglican or the Swedenborgian, the Hindoo or the Jesuit, the Brahmin or the Baptist, this offer to hold good for thirty days from date, and if not accepted at that time all donations to be returned "in trade."

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These startling ebullitions of generosity are getting footsore, and as the advertising columns of the ledger kept by the recording angel, whose duty it is to look after charities, are crowded, we hasten to make this proposal for fear the books will be closed without giving us a chance to loom up amongst the generous. It is perhaps open to dispute whether a record such as has been shown by leading Canadian capitalists will have the desired effect or whether in the supreme court of Almighty Justice there will be exacted from the easy-talking philanthropist a certain amount of kindness to those who serve him, a degree of justice to those who patronize him, and a not unreasonable regard for the maintenance of commercial peace which is said to be necessary in relation to the state as well as in dealing with the subject. If by the creation of a monopoly or the obtaining of undue privileges by the manufacturer large fortunes can be acquired in a year, I don't believe that the Almighty Judge will be propitiated by 10 per cent. of the steal-age. It is rather a small share to grant to the Giver of all mercies, and if He can be dealt with upon these terms, it will scarcely pay a man to be honest in that wide and Christian sense which presumes that transactions will be carried out on the basis of not what a man can be made to pay, but what he ought to pay. Shylock achieved an unenviable reputation by demanding what he thought was in the bond, but he was not more exacting than some modern capitalists. Canadian philanthropists seem to imagine that all they owe to their Creator and fellow-beings is a small donation which shall be published in the newspapers. I dare not pretend to be familiar with the methods of divine bookkeeping, but it seems natural to suppose that these little schemes which are so easily detected on earth will not be miscalculated in heaven.

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The case of Barber, commercial traveler from Sheffield, suggests a few points on suicide. We wonder when a man with money in his pocket, his bills receipted and his financial prospects apparently bright proceeds to blow his brains out of their usual place. It affords us a hint that the possession of enough for to-day and sufficient for to-morrow is not all that is necessary to complete a man's happiness or make him willing to live. I am not one of those who believe that insanity is always the cause of suicide. I believe that excessive sanity often causes it. The fulness of Hope which experience teaches us will never be realized, the madness of to-day's passion which finding its cure in the reaction of to-morrow is still being allured by the possibility of being delighted by a new madness next week, the ambition which beats its wings against the bars for years and still expects to soar aloft unhindered by pain and unchecked by the bitterness of defeat; these can afford to live, while sober earnestness and a dull, realizing sense that to-day's defeats are but a foretaste of to-morrow's humiliations, and the prescience that the fulfilment of passion is but sickness of the soul, lead the most sane men to say good bye to a world which has no unwithering laurel and no unfading roses of love. History teaches, and the experience of godless nations emphasizes the fact, that when Heaven and its immortal King and its unfading love are forgotten, mankind is most prone to seek relief from the bitter certainties of to-day in the uncertainties of to-morrow. And why not? If we know the most passionate love is excited by *hauteur* and occasional yielding, and that the proudest ambition is after the unattainable and the most common impulse towards the undesirable, why should we continue to fight in this unequal battle, if there be no field of glory where we can be victors and no lovers whose love is true? Without a God in our lives and no heaven as a future, suicide would be the resort of all those who have courage enough to be pioneers beyond the frontier of fate. When Christ came and showed us that there was an ambition worthy of life and superior to human scorn, when He proved to us that even death was but a plunge and a shudder between us and everlasting glory, when He gave us an example of the love which died not when fortune had ceased to smile, when He provided us with a pattern from which we could mould our souls to a superior life to that which men grow weary of, He made life worth living and suicide a crime.

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When the estimate of our religious possibilities is reduced to the attainable, when fears of our worst fate are not exaggerated until they are unbelievable, when a proper education is diffused amongst the people and realization comes of the beauty of a life which takes Christ as its pattern—even though it may fall far short of the model—we shall see too much glory in living and have so little fear of dying that man will hold his life cheap but his virtue dear. The courage manifested by the suicide, if diverted into right paths and crowned with faith, would be equal to the heroism of Christian martyrdom. Without faith it is moral cowardice drunken with despair.

There is a general feeling that suicide is always a cowardly thing. Let us look at it. Even the Scripture tells us that everything a man hath will he give for his life. Look through the crowded cities of the old world; watch the peasantry who toil contentedly for water and black bread; come even to the farm homes or the tenements in the cities of the new world and you will find the men who would rather suffer as they are than explore the uncertainties of the further west. Are they the brave or the cowardly? The history of frontiersmen proves that the bravest and most indomitable spirits ride the wave which reaches furthest up the mysterious shore of the Unknown. And why should we say a man is a coward who dies by his own hand? If he be the unduly sane—the materialist—the miseries of the Here can so congregate and impress themselves that he is even willing to emigrate to the Hereafter if death, if perchance, it is not an eternal sleep. A man often kills himself that his family may obtain his life insurance. His judgment is bad, but is he necessarily a coward? It may be said that he is afraid to face the evils that he wots of, but it can also be said that he is unterrified by the phantoms with which superstition has peopled the future, and does not fear the judgment of which he has been told by inspired revelation. He has found himself to be useless on earth to those he loves, and is willing to abandon the hope which should inspire every wholesome mind and take chances in a world in which he must meet certain doom if he believes in the Bible. Is he not more daring than the pioneer who crosses lake and river or goes through seas and savages to find an El Dorado? Truly he is without God and without hope in the world, and if it is so here it shall not be different hereafter. What I most wonder at is that a man without a God, to whom in prayer he can entrust his soul, dare venture to sleep between eventide and sunbreak. How dreadful, then, must it be to sink by one's own hand into the slumber which hath no revealed awakening to the self-murderer save the trumpet-call to prepare for torture!

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But then these things which suggest themselves as trials of courage all imply faith in the existence of God and the reality of future reward and punishment. It takes no courage to drink oneself drunk in order to avoid mental anxiety, nor does it pre-suppose courage to drop by poison or bullet into unending nothingness. This leaves us, then, a division of suicides into two classes—those who may have had faith but by insanity have lost the sustaining comfort of it, and those who believe in no future and are sick of the present.

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Courage cannot be connected with a mind bereft of reason, and in the latter class the quality of courage is open to suspicion, insomuch as bravery is best shown in resistance, not in flight. If a man so despises himself that he feels unworthy of eternity and has no instinct within him of immortality, he certainly has little to lose by taking his life when face to face with dishonor or misery, and therefore there is no courage in taking chances in a game where he cannot lose. Is it not the coward who only deals in certainties? The suicide of sane people is, I take it, an almost absolute proof of infidelity in its most materialistic sense, and that it is so frequent but illustrates how much more general than we suppose is the denial—it may never have been formulated or expressed—of the hope-giving doctrine of the possibility of life where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying. Neither shall there be any more pain; for former things are passed away." The Christian can well afford to wait for this, though so many, so very, very many, would to God that the misery and living death of the "former things" might in mercy be made to pass away quickly.

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Is there nothing to be said on behalf of the woman in this Barber tragedy? With one accord the press seem to take the view that she was the tempter and he the victim, though it has been abundantly proved that he knew her character before he married her. And it is also assumed that the unhappiness which resulted in the separation from her first husband was entirely owing to her unfaithfulness. What basis is there for this assumption? Ordinarily we think of women as far purer than men, more faithful in love, more prone to forgive! Because she led an evil life afterwards may demonstrate that she had no strength of moral character, but it does not disprove what is so often true, that the bad ways of a dissolute husband corrupted her good manners, as evil communications of any kind are very sure to do. It is worth while for husbands to inquire how much deliberate effort they make to reduce their wife's idea of morality to their own low standard. Such intention is well illustrated in the case of Stephen Tully as described in the chapter of "A Bad Man's Sweetheart" which appears in this week's issue of SATURDAY NIGHT.—I think in this connection, even without following the course of the story it is worth reading.—We are not able to judge of the impulses of the wife and mother which led her to become the scarlet woman who has wrought so much evil. She has three children, and even if it was her hope when she came to Toronto to honestly provide them with bread by toiling as a music teacher, we can, in charity and in the light of experience, imagine the failure of that resource and find a spark of pity in the belief that she fell into evil ways in endeavoring to find bread.

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It is naturally difficult to know how much more opprobrium should attach itself to the indecent sinner than to one who, while breaking God's laws, does not rise in open rebellion against the conventionalities of society and the decencies of life, but we all know that on the latter is heaped the curses of the just and the unjust alike, and, as a rule, everyone seems eager to show their virtue by pelting her with stones.

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Then, again, may we not, without being accused of endeavoring to excuse her crime or palliate her sin, think a little about the awful disgust her life must have brought to her? Recall the love of a mother for her children, and imagine that perchance she had stirring within her the hope of being able to lead a different life when separated by the ocean and the affection of a husband from the scenes and impulses of her shame. That she took an indefensible method must be admitted, and in this partial reformation—if such she intended to be—she but increased her burden of guilt and the punishment which always follows it. Even in this there is an opportunity for charity to observe the difficult conditions and frightful circumstances by which she was surrounded. What gentle missionary had called on her? Who had held out a hand in an effort to reclaim her? What preacher, what church-worker ever dared to approach and offer even a faint hope that society would forgive or the church accept if she but repented? All those to whom we look for good influences in a community hid their faces as the social leper passed, and cried "Unclean! unclean!" Can no one then understand how even a loophole of escape was so readily accepted, with the hope that perhaps later on the pages could be turned unlikely over and fastened down so that no eye could ever read the terrible record written thereon.

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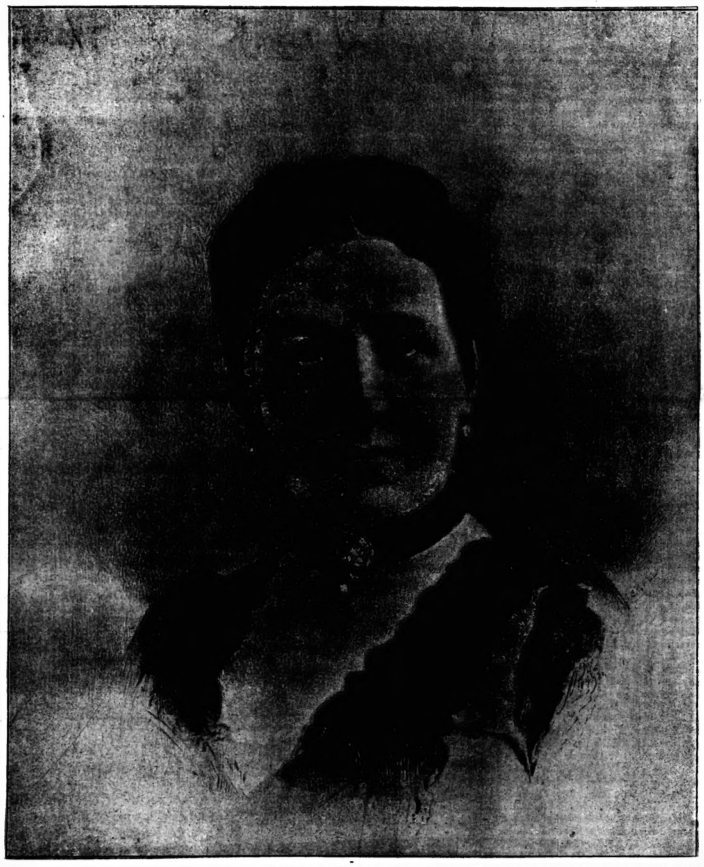
There is still another of whom little mention has been made who must bear in aged widowhood this appaling shame and sorrow. The old mother at home in the Old Land! God help her and pity her and the orphan who clings to her in bitter weeping and ask for "Papa!" DON.



LADY STANLEY. *From the Dominion Illustrated.*

Lady Stanley.

Lady Stanley, whose coming next week is being looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation by the people of Toronto, is a daughter of the fourth Earl of Clarendon, K. G., who died in 1870. Her recent visit, although only of short duration, was sufficient to impress those who met her in the most favorable manner. Since the arrival of the present Governor-General, Lady Stanley has entered most heartily into the various duties, social and otherwise, which devolve upon the hostess of Rideau Hall. In this the subject of this sketch already bids fair to become a worthy successor to the gracious women who have reigned so worthily during the present decade at Rideau Hall.

Pastoral.

Chloe tapped at Daphne's door,
All the woodland sweet of summer;
Roses lent her cheeks their store,
Dryads decked their latest comer.

"Stupid Strephon courted me,"
Caroled she, in clear voice, gaily;
"Foolish as his flock is he,
Foolisher and fonder daily.

"There he stood in shy surmise,
Trembling like a wind-tossed feather;
Dared not raise to mine his eyes,
In this blithe and sun-glad weather.

"Up I rose and boxed his ears
(Birds were singing in the beeches),
Told him faint heart never nears
Goals that courage surely reaches.

"Then my handsome oaf at last
Took me in his arms and kissed me;
Daphne, he shall rue the past,
When, through fear, he well-nigh missed me."

JOHN MORAN, in *New York Life*.

Society.

Sir Alexander and Miss Marjorie Campbell's dinner-party at Government House last Saturday included Mr. and Mrs. Alan Cassels, Miss Campbell of Carbrooke, Miss Grace Boulton, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Meredith of London, Mr. Fox, Miss Dawson, Miss Mabel Heward, Miss Williams, Mr. Edin Heward, Mr. Reginald Thomas, Miss Morris, Mr. Gamble Geddes and Mr. Harcourt Vernon.

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Mrs. Fitzgerald of Clover Hill has returned from England.

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Mrs. McLean Howard and her daughter are visiting in Detroit.

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Mrs. John Cameron has returned from London where she has been visiting her mother.

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I regret that I am unable at this late hour to find space for a full report of last Saturday's meeting of the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society. The upholders of the Malthusian doctrine and the anti-Malthusians evidently had a field-night of it, with honors easy, according to the decision of the worthy president, Mr. W. M. Douglas. To-night the larceny case of Regina v. Ashwell is up for discussion, with Mr. Bradford for the defence and Mr. Ferguson for the Crown. I am not sorry to hear that the Society holds its first open meeting for the term on November 29, for which an excellent programme is in preparation, embracing a debate on Imperial Federation vs. Canada's present state, Messrs Cleland and Starr affirmative, and Messrs. Bartlett and Anglin, negative. Not the least interesting part of the entertainment will be the customary impromptu dance which is such a popular feature in these affairs at Osgoode Hall.

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The report of the complimentary concert tendered by the young ladies of St. Joseph's Convent to Rev. E. Murray on the feast day of St. Edmund, his patron saint, came to hand too late for insertion in last week's SATURDAY NIGHT. I must again request my correspondents to have their reports sent in by Wednesday night if possible.

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Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Way of Barrie were in town in the early part of the week on their way to the south of France for the winter.

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Miss Walker's wedding on Tuesday next, at St. Andrew's, will be a very quiet one, only the immediate friends, besides the relations of the contracting parties, having been invited. The bride will be assisted at the altar by her two sisters, Miss Grace and Miss May, only, and will arrive at the church at half past eleven.

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Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Cameron have returned from abroad, where they have been for the past two years, and are at their Carlton street house until after Mr. Alfred Cameron's marriage with Miss Walker.

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Amongst those who took in the sham-fight at High Park on Thanksgiving day from the saddle were Miss Campbell, Mr. and Miss Grace Boulton, Mr. C. Boulton, Miss McInnis of Montreal, Miss Heward, Miss Otter, Miss Ethel McCarthy, Miss Gooderham, Mr. Edin Heward, Miss Williams, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. J. K. Kerr, Mr. H. J. Grasett, Dr. F. LeM. Grasett, Dr. Phillip Strathy, Dr. Riordan, Mr. Gordon Jones, Miss Jones, Mrs. Walter Dickson, Mrs. Torrance, Mr. Cecil Lee, Col. Sweny and Mr. H. D. Gamble. Amongst those driving were Mrs. and Miss Dawson, Capt. Geddes, the Misses Walker, Mr. W. H. Beatty, the Misses Beatty, Mr. Geo. Gooderham and his family, Mrs. Otter in a pony chaise, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cayley, Dr. Allan Baines, Mr. Jas. Gifford and Mr. W. Cook.

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Fashionable people in Toronto always welcome a novelty in their amusements as warmly as do their compeers in all other places. Mr. H. D. Gamble's plan for his friends' enjoyment last Saturday afternoon was both novel and attractive, and was also so successful that if the weather keeps open he will be followed by at least one imitator. A paper chase on horseback, the meet to take place in the Queen's Park at 2 p.m., the hares to be despatched at the edge of High Park, and the finish to take place in the neighborhood of the lower hotel at Lambton Mills, where there was to be tea, etc. Such were the arrangements, and excellently were they carried out. The hares were Messrs. Benjamin Cronyn and A. D. Shanly, both well-mounted and likely to require a great deal of catching. The hounds who assembled at the starting place in High Park numbered nearly thirty ladies and gentlemen on horse-back, as well as a good many people in carriages, who followed as far as they were able. When the time the law allowed the hares expired, and the hounds started in their pursuit, the pace for a mile or two was tremendous, and if the paper which took the place of scent had not given out, the run would have been a splendid one, and the issue doubtful. Though the run was short, it was not wanting in exciting incidents; there were no falls, but two gentlemen came very near being swallowed up in a treacherous bog. If there are any more paper chases the hares will be careful to provide themselves with a much larger quantity of paper, and not to lead the hounds through bogs.

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In addition to the followers of the chase many people had driven and ridden to the hotel at Lambton. Refreshments of all kinds, waiters, etc., had been sent out there from town, and, except that one is not accustomed to rooms of such small size and the sight of so many ladies in habits and tall hats, and men in boots, breeches and spurs, one might have been attending one of the many afternoon teas that take place in town. The one great drawback to people's pleasure, and the chief topic of conversation was the news that a painful and perhaps dangerous accident had befallen one of the riding party.

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Amongst those present were Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Miss Campbell, Mr. Harcourt Vernon, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Miss Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson, Mr. Fox, Miss Jones, the Messrs. Jones, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. Gamble Geddes, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Mr. and Mrs. George Torrance, Miss Grace Boulton, the Messrs. Boulton, Miss Hawke, Miss McCarthy, Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. Benjamin Cronyn, Mr. Small, Capt. Wise of Ottawa, Miss Mabel Heward, Mr. Edin Heward, Mr. Reginald Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Col. and Mrs. Dawson, Miss Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Cattanach.

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The sad accident which occurred to Mr. Albert Nordheimer did not happen, as has been implied in notices in the daily papers, during the paper chase, but after it was over, when in the company of two or three gentlemen he was cantering along a road towards Lambton. His horse, the good-looking gray that he always rides, stepped in a badly mended hole in the road and fell, throwing Mr. Nordheimer over his head and striking him as he lay, fortunately not with the shoe but with the hock. Mr. Nordheimer was unconscious for a few minutes, but was soon able to walk to a house near by, and shortly afterwards drove home. It was not then suspected that his injury was severe, but it was afterwards found that he had sustained a slight fracture of the skull. The latest reports this week say that he is doing very well.

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Amongst those who graced the popular gallery and the floor of the Pavilion at Mrs. Shaw's concert on Monday last were Miss Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mrs. Stephen Heward, Miss Mabel Heward, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Northcote, the Messrs. Small, Mr. George Michie, the Misses Boulton, Mr. Cronyn, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Meredith, Mr. Arthur Thomson, Miss Thomson, Mr. Meyrick Bankes, Mrs. Beckett, Mr. and Mrs. Murray, Mr. Bruce, Captain Sears, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Miss McCarthy, Miss Otter, Captain Macdougall, the Misses Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Miss Watson of Montreal, Mr. Hollyer, Mr. J. D. Haye, Mrs. DuMoulin, Miss DuMoulin, Mr. Fraser.

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Mrs. George Cameron and the Misses Cameron of New York are staying with friends in town.

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Mr. D. Torrance of Montreal was in town this week.

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Captain Wise, General Middleton's A. D. C., who is as popular in Toronto society as he is in that of Ottawa, has been in town during the week. Captain Wise attended Mr. H. D. Gamble's paper chase last Saturday.

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General Middleton was also here for a few days last week. People here were quite as much concerned at the rumors of his resignation as were the inhabitants of the capital, and their pleasure at the general's denial that he had any thought of resigning, was equally great.

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Mr. J. Meredith, a junior member of the large Meredith family of London, Ont., and who resides in Montreal, has been staying at Government House this week.

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Tuesday, November 27, will be an important day in the annals of the Toronto Riding and Driving Club, or, as it is more properly called, the Toronto Sleighing Club. At the Queen's Hotel, at five o'clock on that day, will be held the first of the club's annual general meetings. Last year the club was created by the gentlemen who afterwards formed its most efficient committee, and no general meeting was called. The club did so much last year to make the winter pleasant for its large and fashionable membership, and increased so steadily in popularity, that, if snow and frost do not fail this season, there is every reason to suppose that success will still crown its meetings. It is pretty certain that Mr. Reginald Fox, who worked so hard and so successfully in the club's interests as Hon. Secretary last year, will be re-elected to his onerous post, and it is also certain that no better man could be found.

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Numbers of people left town last evening to be present at Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie's ball at the Holmstead, Hamilton. Coming in a week when there is but little gaiety in Toronto, almost everybody who received Mrs. Hendrie's invitations took advantage of them. Mrs. Hendrie's annual ball is always *facile princeps* in the Ambitious City, and even here there are few winters that can boast of many as good.

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Amongst the pleasant ways of spending a month or so during the winter is to take a trip on one of the steamers which call from port to port among the islands of the West Indies. Hon. John Macdonald, after spending a portion of the summer along the coast of Newfoundland, sailed with Miss Macdonald on Wednesday on the Barracouta from New York for what is virtually a yachting trip among the Windward Islands and as far as British Guiana on the coast of South America. They will be away about a month.

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Sir William and Lady Young are well known in Toronto, and there is much regret that their passing visit to town this week will be the last for many a day. Sir William and Lady Young have lately resided in London, Ont., but have ere now set sail for England, where they are to take up their abode for the future. Sir William has inherited much of his father's talent as a playwright, as was evidenced at the production of the first play from his pen that the Vokes company produced here last spring. As an amateur singer of comic songs, I have perhaps never heard Sir William's equal. I think it was to the *Cafe Chantant* at the World's Fair some years ago that his talents in this direction brought so many dollars.

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The Misses Marlett of Chicago are paying a visit to friends in Toronto.

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The departure of Mrs. Albert Nordheimer and Miss Maud Vankoughnet for Germany, which was to have taken place on Monday, has of course been debarred on account of the severe accident to Mr. Albert Nordheimer. I hear that when he is convalescent Mr. Nordheimer may accompany these ladies across the Atlantic, this being his doctor's advice.

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I went this week to see the new Victoria skating rink and club house. It nears completion, and before the ice comes will be ready. Both rink and club are excellent. Unless I am much mistaken, it will be a highly fashionable place of resort this winter, and Mr. Gamble Geddes as secretary will be found to be the right man in the right place.

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Mr. Goldwin Smith went to New York on Monday to attend the annual dinner of the Chamber of Commerce. Mrs. Goldwin Smith's Thursdays are well nigh as popular as in the summer, although tennis and the green turf are no longer among the attractions of the Grange.

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Albert Durand of Paris, France, who has crossed the Atlantic to make a study of his cousins, the *Metis Canadiens*, has come on as far as Toronto, and in a short stay here has made as many friends as a Frenchman, who speaks but little English, could be expected to do.

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For almost the first week since they opened for the season there has been no specially fashionable attraction at either of the theaters. There has also been a notable lull in the season's amusements. Not a single dance for a whole week, and no prospect of any at private houses in the immediate future. Even the ubiquitous afternoon At Home seems to be languishing, but at that everybody feigns to rejoice.

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Last night Messrs. Suckling & Sons' grand concert at the Pavilion proved the attraction I had anticipated, and beauty and fashion crowded the Pavilion to its doors. But of this more next week.

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Miss Jessie McInnes, who was one of Mrs. Stephen Heward's adventurous deer-shooting party, has been staying with Mrs. James Strachan on Richmond street, and has now returned to Montreal.

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In my remarks on the return of the colors of the Grenadiers, last week, I omitted, by an oversight, all mention of the prevalence of a most unnecessary impression that undue favoritism had been shown in the invitations sent out for that affair. In this connection I am informed by the Grenadiers' officers, who desire me to give the utmost publicity to the fact, that invitations were only sent out to the members of the committee.

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The departure of Mr. Barry, late of the Standard Bank, for the other side of the line was the occasion of a very pleasant gathering at Keachie's on Friday evening of last week. Mr. J. Harry McMillan discharged the duties of chairman. After a proper discussion of the bill of fare presented by mine host, there were songs, speeches and toasts by Messrs. Wynder Strathy, J. H. Hyland, A. Drummond, Percy Schofield, W. D. Hart, Jack Garvin, W. Burden, W. R. Brock, W. Johnston, McArthur, Reginald Denison, S. W. Brown, Roden Kingsmill, W. Brock, G. D. McKay, H. Schofield, and F. Johnston.

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The following choice society paragraph appeared in a Toronto morning paper last week, in connection with the marriage of Mr. Chamberlain and Miss Endicott: "Mary Endicott was looking *at* her best last evening, and she always looks the thorough gentlewoman. *She* has a wild-rose complexion, cherry red lips, silky brown hair, and eyes with a vivid lustre in their blue depths. *She* is slender, but not *lean*, and in *poise* and in *voice* is the best *groomed* young woman the Administration has brought to the front." Further comment on such a paragraph is needless.

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On Saturday last, November 17, Canada's celebrated artist, Mr. L. R. O'Brien, was married to Mrs. Parker. The ceremony was performed in St. James' Cathedral by Rev. Canon DuMoulin, brother-in-law of the bride in the presence of the numerous relatives of the contracting parties. The bride entered the church precisely at half-past nine, leaning on the arm of her brother, Mr. C. Brough. Her attired was a traveling gown of dark green and gold, with bonnet *en suite*, the only ornaments being roses and a handsome diamond brooch, the gift of the groom. The bridesmaids were Miss DuMoulin and Miss Howitt, nieces of the bride. Miss DuMoulin wore a very becoming gown of gobelin blue, and Miss Howitt an artistic gown of terra cotta and cream. After the ceremony the guests repaired to the rectory where a sumptuous repast was partaken of. Among the guests were noticed Hon. E. and Mrs. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. H. O'Brien, the Misses O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Winstanley, Mr. H. Cronyn, Mr. and Mrs. D. Hughes Charles of Woodstock, Mrs. and the Messrs. DuMoulin, Mr. and Mrs. Macgachen of Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. C. Brough, the Misses Brough, Mr. and Mrs. Moberley of Barrie, Mr. and Mrs. Boulster, Col. and Mrs. O'Brien, Col. Bradshaw of Bombay, and others. Mrs. DuMoulin wore a handsome gown of black satin and white velvet; Mrs. H. O'Brien, gray satin and black lace; Mrs. E. Blake, black velvet; Mrs. Charles, dark blue satin; Mrs. Brough, red silk; Mrs. Winstanley, green satin. The happy pair left by the 12.30 train for Washington and other points east.

Personal.

Col. Joyce, late of the 13th Hussars, after an extended visit to his father-in-law, Mr. Jas. E. Austin, has sailed for Bermuda. The genial colonel will be gladly welcomed when he returns in the spring.

A private matinee musicale will be held this (Saturday) afternoon by the Conservatory of Music at the Y.M.C.A. lecture hall. The programme will be contributed to by pupils in the vocal, violin, 'cello and piano departments.

Among the brightest letters being sent to out-of-town papers from this city are those sent by Mr. A. J. Small of the Grand Opera House to the Philadelphia *Sporting Life*. Mr. Small's pen name is "Parvo," and the snappy, readable letters which appear over that signature are properly appreciated by that large proportion of Toronto people who take an interest in topical sports.

The fourth annual dinner of the Faculty and Students of the School of Dentistry took place at the Rossin House on Thursday night, and was a most successful affair, owing to the exertions of the indefatigable committee. The gentlemen to whom the thanks of all present are due, are Mr. A. H. Hipple, chairman; Mr. J. W. Oakley, 1st vice; Mr. T. Butler, 2nd vice; Mr. J. J. Wisser, hon. sec.; and Messrs. A. G. McLaughlin, N. W. Cleary, M. G. MacEhlinney and S. Moyer, who constituted the executive committee.

The conversazione in aid of the heating fund of St. Michael's Cathedral, at the Mutual street Rink, on Monday night, was a most successful affair. In such a large hall, and on such an occasion, elocutionary work has hardly a chance, and Mr. O'Hagan must be congratulated on having made the most of the limited opportunities afforded him. Mr. Ramsay's comic songs were thoroughly appreciated, as was the duet by the Misses Doane and Keenan. The members of the committee, which consisted of Father Laurent, Father Hand, Hon. Frank Smith, Messrs. J. D. Warde, Anglin and Russel, Mrs. McConnell, Mrs. Rennie, Mrs. and Miss O'Keefe, Mrs. Morrison, the Misses Wheaton, Miss Foy, are to be congratulated on the success which attended their efforts.

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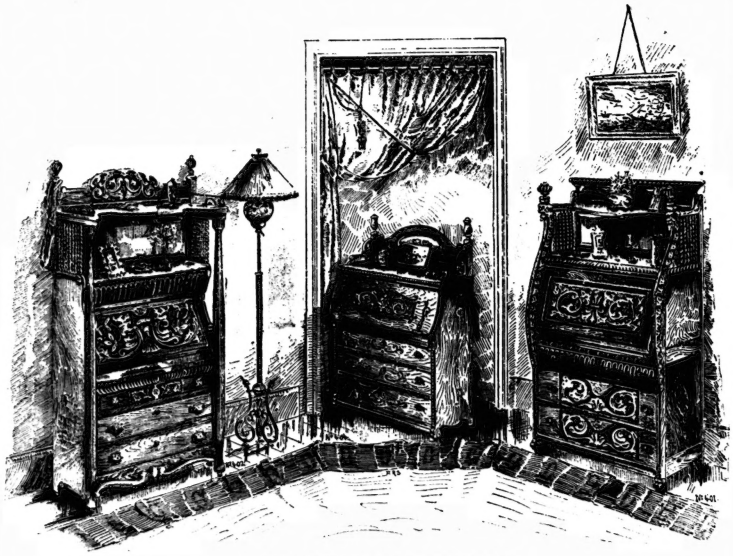

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BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "The Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "Widower Jones," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

A SOMEWHAT UNCERTAIN REFORMATION.

The rebuffs which Miss Browning had given Mr. Tully had no other effect than to make him determine upon her conquest. He may have thought her possessed of ideas highly antagonistic to his own, but with the cheerful optimism which was one of his chief characteristics, he ascribed their existence to an ignorance of the world and the proper methods of enjoying life. It is doubtful if he ever considered them in any more serious light than as prejudices very desirable in a wife, but exceedingly inconvenient as rules by which he could hope for any chance to guide his own life. Of course he never entertained the idea of accepting her ideal, and it would be but fair to give him credit with not proposing to persuade her to adopt his own elastic and selfish standard of right. He imagined, as many men do, that it is unnecessary for a husband and wife to have the same rule of conduct. When he thought the matter over, he decided that it would be supremely comfortable to have a wife in whom he could trust, and can imagine him indulging in these reflections with a grin as he appreciated how little he could be trusted himself.

"It is a different matter," he argued, "when you come to apply such things to a man. A woman is really the head and fountain of family honor. If she is all right, there is no stigma cast upon the children, and any little eccentricities on the part of the husband are overlooked by society."

Undoubtedly he meant to be kind to her—it never entered his mind that he could not win her—he knew it was his habit to be kind to everybody as far as he could without injuring himself, but he was resolved on no sacrifice and had determined on the abandonment of no pleasure or vice, nor had any impulse of reformation stirred within him except such as in outward seeming would make him attractive to the woman he thought he loved. If it had been made apparent to him that he must choose between her and a life of selfish indulgence and whatever his passions or weak nature suggested, at this period in his history, Stephen Tully would have abandoned all desire to become the husband of Dell Browning.

Something had been accomplished, however, towards his moral improvement when he decided that it would be necessary to assume a different attitude when in the presence of the woman he had determined to win. He felt that it would destroy his chances, unless by easy stages he abandoned the role of scoffer and cynic, and understanding that the most subtle flattery is offered by the one who apparently yields to the power or persuasion of the abber, he resolved to gradually become converted to the ideas and prejudices of the little Puritan of whom he was enamored. Possibly it would be necessary during this process to broaden her mind by frequent expositions of his own easy ideas, and while he might appear to forsake them, he imagined they would have more or less impression upon her and would tend to make her more lenient in her judgment of him.

These reflections passed through the mind of the handsome Mr. Tully as he was giving the finishing touches to his toilet before making a call up the town outside of himself, most concerned. As he surveyed himself in the glass he was forced to admit that he was pleasant to look upon, and it struck him as absurd that any women should object to so comely a man simply because he was not possessed of any fixed principles or addicted to the practice of stern virtues. He had inserted that advertisement for a new bookkeeper in the evening papers, and felt confident that he was now rid, not only of his engagement to Cora Burnham, but would no longer be troubled by her very self-assertive presence.

"A man has only to wait," he laughed to himself, "and all his letters will answer them selves and his troubles and embarrassments will of necessity take flight because they can't afford to linger any longer. By Jove, I have had a hard siege of it lately, but everything has cleared away, and to-night I am going up to see the prettiest and richest girl in Toronto with a good chance of marrying her. All the little mistakes of the past have been carefully folded up and put away where no one can reach them, and I am just as well off as if I had never made a blunder. I always was a lucky fellow!"

He smiled as he stroked his mustache, and looked approvingly at the reflection in the glass. "If I could only persuade myself to travel with a little better crowd I believe the opportunities of having a good time would be increased, and I wouldn't be taking half the chances of getting into the troubles which have beset me. O, yes, my pretty Asphodel, I am a reformed man, and I intend to walk uprightly—in your sight at least—as long and a different life as far as you will ever hear of it."

He had buttoned his overcoat and his gloves, and still stood before the tall glass brushing his glossy hat with a silk handkerchief, and admiring the handsome gentleman so well displayed in the mirror. He took off his hat to himself. "Farewell, old friend Hyde, from this time forward I assume the roll of Dr. Jekyll, and if I am obliged to cut your acquaintance for the time being, remember that I am forced by circumstances to be utterly respectable. Later on, old fellow," he cried, with a merry laugh at his own conceit, "we'll meet again. Perhaps not at Phillips, but where those moral restrictions will not be enforced." He reached up to turn down the gas, but did it slowly; it suited his whim to see the figure in the mirror fade slowly away. "That is the way I will work it," he thought to himself, "not too fast, or else she may think my conversion too sudden, but with an occasional glimpse of my old self, like this," and he turned on the gas again, making the smiling image in the glass as prominent as before, "then more quickly down again until only a shadow of the old rascal can be seen." The light was now turned very low.

He felt in his pockets. "By Jove, I have left my cigar-case. Again he turned up the light, and his callous and good-natured smile was again reflected. "Yes, my boy, I guess whenever I want anything I'll turn on the old Tully again full glare. No! I won't smoke on the way up," he continued reflectively; "it might be objectionable to Saint Browning. I will burn a weed on the way back. Self-sacrifice, my lad! May as well begin now! It will be the sooner over!"

This blissful frame of mind lasted until he arrived at the gate of No. 25 Mowburn street. At that point a change was wrought by the sound of a harp and piano accompanying the rich, sympathetic voice of a man who was singing one of Moody and Sankey's most popular hymns.

"Lord bless my soul," ejaculated Tully, "that beggar Stryde is here ahead of me! I suppose he has attuned the mind of the gentle Browning to a key of such high spirituality that I am afraid I won't be able to join in the chorus to-night with any effect."

When he was admitted he had to confess to himself that he felt somewhat rattled in his programme, and it needed but his appearance in the drawing-room as the same *debonair* Tully who had smiled at himself in the glass.

"Ah, Miss Browning, you are looking remarkably well to-night. Music seems to exhilarate you and bring a *spiritueile* brightness to your face." He began his remarks with his usual fluent cheerfulness, but the look she gave him, and her cold reply, made him stumble a little in the last few words.

"What an unexpected pleasure," he exclaimed with genuine cordiality as he shook hands with Miss Beatrice McKinley, a jolly little soul known to all her friends by no other name than Bee. "When did the honey-bee fly back from her seaside conquests?"

"Nearly a week ago, Mr. Tully," answered Bee, with that charming vivacity of face, voice and manner which enables the possessor to enliven a whole company and almost dispel the gloom of a foggy day. "Nearly a whole week, and you haven't called or even said you were sorry you couldn't, and now, you daring impostor, you are trying to make believe you didn't know we had gone."

"But I really didn't. If I had known the queen bee had returned to the hive, I at once would have hastened to do homage to her, even at the risk of being stung as I have been before. Good evening, Stryde! I stood at the door for quite a little while listening to your song, and I was so impressed I thought it would be almost sacrilege to pull the bell until it was over. Do you know, Miss Bee, I think Stryde is the only one to sing such a religious solo and make me feel it. When he sings and that happy smile lights up his face I feel that I would be content with no other accomplishment if I had either the power of the smile or the song."

Stryde's honest face flushed. Nothing was so distasteful to him as compliments. "You are too flattering, Mr. Tully," he answered, curtly.

"That is right, Mr. Stryde. Don't accept any of his blandishments," cried Bee. "He isn't an artist in flattery or he wouldn't try to lay it on with a whitewash brush. You know Mr. Tully, you really do put it on too thick! Not in Mr. Stryde's case, because I really feel an uplifting when he sings, and if any one put their fingers under my ears and just gave me ever so tiny a little lift, I think I could fly, I feel so heavenly. I really do, Mr. Tully. Don't laugh! That is what spoils you, that mean way you have of smiling away people's enthusiasm!"

"I believe it has been remarked," answered Tully, "that if one smiles he can be at least sure of company, while if he weeps he is apt to do it in dismal solitude—and you know that I am averse to both and solitude. Don't you think, Miss Browning, that Bee does me an injustice as to the quality and intention of my smile?"

"No, on the contrary, I think she has expressed your most noticeable, I may say most offensive, peculiarity," answered Dell, promptly. "As you have the habit of saying that I am your candid friend, I must confess that nothing dissipates my enthusiasm, or good humor even, so quickly as that cheerfully condescending smile of yours, by which you seem to express a serene forgiveness of all the mortals who are not created with enough egotism to be a Stephen Tully."

"I suppose you will be glad to know, Miss Browning," retorted Tully, "that you have really succeeded in wounding me. Business and professional men have to be pachydermatous or else the arrows of outrageous fortune would be continually sticking in us where they would do the most hurting. If I have cultivated a serenely egotistical manner, as you call it, it has been to shield myself from these stings, and so acute an observer of human nature as you are should know that the people who always go about armed with frigid hauteur or smiling aggressiveness are almost always the most sensitive to unkindness or sarcasm, and try to ward it off by even an objectionable manner, rather than show pain."

"But, Mr. Tully, there is another class who assume these aggressive airs: those who have reason to expect attack because their conduct has been such as to deserve it."

Bee McKinley had been the witness of a good many of these fencing matches, and the good-natured little soul disliked them very much. "Why, Dell," she exclaimed, "you *are* candid if you are classifying our gay Mr. Tully as one going about armed with a suit so as to escape arrest, as it were, for his misdemeanors. But do you know, Mr. Tully—now I think of it—you would make a very picturesque desperado if you only wore a slouch hat, high boots and a couple of big pistols. One could picture you as quite a brigand."

"Miss Browning seems determined to force me into some such *role*," answered Tully, dejectedly.

"That remark is quite characteristic of you, Mr. Tully," exclaimed Dell, with considerable warmth. "You always want to lay the blame of your misconduct on somebody else. If we accepted your estimate of your virtues you would have been canonized as a saint long ago, had it not been for the wicked world who have forced you to do wicked things."

"But I don't admit, Miss Browning, that I have done wicked things—that is, not wickedder than can be charged to the majority of people."

"O, of course, Mr. Tully! You are fortunate in having a lenient judge when you appeal to yourself for mercy, but there is a possibility you know, of having such a good opinion of one's self that it sanctifies everything that one does as right."

"I haven't at least fallen to that depth of unsaved egotism, for this very day, not an hour ago, I was examining myself and had resolved that I was anything but what I ought to be," answered Tully, his face reddening as he thought of how exactly otherwise his thoughts had been. "I really think, Stryde, lots of men are driven into evil courses, or at least are forced to suffer for them, by the very spirit Miss Browning manifests. Our total depravity is assumed, and our best impulses are misrepresented as being either egotistical or hypocritical, and what can we do?"

"I admit," answered Stryde slowly, and with a queer scrutiny of Mr. Tully's face, "that such a thing is possible, but I must say I never before to-night heard you plead for a more lenient judgment. I really thought you took a pride in being considered careless of public opinion and the restraints which so many of us esteem desirable."

"There!" exclaimed Tully betraying an agitation which was perhaps caused by his attempt at the role of a penitent, "you are another proof of what I said. Don't you think there is a danger of self-righteousness in those whose lives are perhaps more exemplary than mine—even in the beautiful life of Miss Browning!"

Dell Browning's arm was resting on the old harp of which she was fond, and she could turn the conversation had taken, particularly Mr. Tully's extraordinary demeanor, influenced her in a kinder tone. "It isn't hard, Mr. Tully, to convince even us 'self-righteous' people that you are anxious for better things. You cannot accuse the world of being too charitable and yet he told us 'that by their fruits shall ye know them.'"

"Would it be too much to ask you, Miss Browning, to state," inquired Tully in guilty confusion, "by what particularly obnoxious fruit you and Stryde have been judging me?"

The sanctity of the question rather staggered them both. The prevalent rumors regarding Mr. Tully were not of such a nature as to permit them to formulate any direct charge. The blush which suffused Dell's face brought Stryde hurriedly to her rescue.

"Really, Mr. Tully," he answered with a somewhat strained laugh, "you should hardly consider us under cross-examination. The habit you have acquired of confusing a witness and endeavoring to make him say things which he feels ought not to be said, is hardly one which will meet with approval in the social circle."

This was by no means what Stride set out to say, but the candid directness of the man made it impossible, with Tully's notorious profligacy in his mind, to say anything else, even though he knew the impoliteness of his very suggestive words might be open to the charge of being spiteful.

Though the same sentiments were in Miss Browning's mind, the superiority of a woman's tact saved her from making the mistake of uttering them, and Mr. Stryde felt several degrees in her estimation by his blundering honesty, and it must be admitted that she felt he had been spiteful, even though she knew spitefulness to be the very opposite of his character. "You must know," said she, "that instead of trying to conceal your views of life, you have always been ready—yes, over-anxious, to assert them. If one cannot, without being accused of self-righteousness, judge of a man's character by his own words, I don't know what just way there is of forming an estimate of any one."

Little Bee McKinley's kind heart had been touched by the evident desperation of Tully's defence, and, in an endeavor to change the conversation, she jumped from her seat with the laughing exclamation, "O, really, Dell, you are too hard on Mr. Tully. We all know he says oceans of things he doesn't mean just for the sake of hearing himself talk and of watching the effect on us poor unsophisticated youngsters who have to pretend to be so much shocked in order to prevent being suspected of knowing too much. Come on, Mr. Tully, show the sincerity of your reformation by singing a hymn. Dell and I will play the accompaniment for you."

Tully was unused to this sort of singing, though his deep and powerful voice had stirred many a social gathering with patriotic and humorous songs, and his voice without any other accomplishment would have made him a welcome guest at banquets and jollities of all sorts. He had once heard Sankey sing The Ninety and Nine, and had been deeply impressed in his evanescent sort of way, and in a spirit of rivalry, rather than anything else, had memorized the words and promised to be ready when that he could be effective as a singing evangelist if he tried. He picked up the book on the piano and running his fingers through the leaves, he came across the solitary piece with which he was acquainted, though he didn't confess to having made any acquaintanceship of it.

"You know the air, don't you, Bee? I heard Sankey sing this once, and if you will let me have the book I'll endeavor to give you it as the great evangelist gave it. I'm sure he is not much given to sticking to the music as it is written, and if you will endeavor to follow me rather than play it correctly, it will assist my performance considerably."

He sang it with a feeling and expression new to all his auditors. The sighing movement of pity, sacrifice and, finally, joy, were interpreted with an intensity of which none of them had believed Tully capable. As he finished Stryde sprang up and grasped him by the hand.

"Tully," he exclaimed, scarcely able to restrain his tears, "you can't be a bad man and sing that hymn as you do. Forgive me for what I said. The moment it was uttered I recognized that it contained an innuendo which no man should cast upon another."

"Stephen Tully!" cried Bee, swinging around on the piano stool, "I'm in love with you! One more song like that and I would be capable of almost any demonstration of idiocy. Feel on the verge of publicly kissing you right now, but mamma has made me promise that I won't kiss anybody for four weeks to begin I'll kiss everybody. If it will assist you in appreciating my sentiments I'm willing to squeeze your hand or look unutterable things as far as my green-brown eyes will express emotion, or anything beyond a tendency there is in our family to go crazy! Dell, say something pretty or I'll think you like Mr. Tully so well you have to make believe you hate him!"

"Mr. Tully doesn't need to be told he is a good singer," observed Dell without a trace of enthusiasm, "but his rendition of that song was" —she paused for a word—"perfect."

"Tully," exclaimed Stryde in a fit of unusual enthusiasm, "would you mind singing that at our 'Gospel Rally' Friday night in the Pavilion?"

This inquiry by its inappropriate spontaneity struck Bee and Tully cold with astonishment, but Dell, seeming to think it a good test of Tully's sincerity, replied for him promptly.

"Certainly! I wouldn't have the slightest objection!" Tully answered, with a cheerful alacrity which by no means represented the conflicting emotions surging within him. The thought of the jokes and jeers with which his companions would greet him almost stopped the beating of his heart, but the opportunity of convincing Miss Browning of his sincerity could not be lost, and he determined to cross the Rubicon at once, no matter what came of it. With a sickening feeling of dread and disgust he arranged the details with Mr. Stryde and for some complimentary conversation started for his apartments finding but little consolation in the friendly hand-clasp which he received from Dell when she said good-night.

When he lit the gas in his room he found no comfort in the mirror. "Scoundrel Tully," he muttered, as he gazed at the handsome figure reflected in the glass, "you have at last become an infernal scoundrel. Even Killick would blush to do what you have promised to. I would refuse even yet but no excuse would satisfy Dell. She taken what! oh, no," he groaned, "that would but prove me a hypocrite! I'll do it if it kills me."

Mr. Tully's conversion had at least reached the point where he began to appreciate his own falsity.

(To be Continued.)

Ladies' Restaurants.

It is becoming more popular every year for ladies to lunch at cafes. Thomas' English Chop House is the favorite place in Toronto and is largely patronized by ladies and theatre parties. It is strictly first-class; ladies' entrance, reception and dressing rooms.

A Shop Lifter

The Girl Amanuensis.

To be an acceptable amanuensis, says the *Phonographic World*, you must (1), be an expert writer of shorthand; (2), an expert operator on a typewriter; (3), a fair penmanship; (4), a good English scholar, and (5), a good girl. Perhaps you think the last requirement the easiest, and so it is—to a good girl. But to be a good girl in the sense I mean is something more than being good-natured, obliging, truth-loving or even faithful. All these you must be, but beyond them you must be a person whose presence as well as whose work is desirable. In homely phrase, you must be just that kind of a girl whom people like to "have around." There is no objection to your being pretty—if you can't help it; but if you should happen to be pretty, don't presume on your good looks, nor imagine that they will, in any way, atone for your shortcomings. A sweet smile from a bright face delights any man of sense; but, if there is nothing behind it, it does not go far.

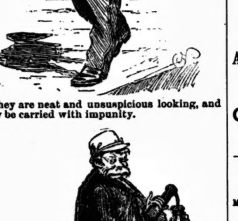
It is every girl's privilege—it ought never to be spoken of as a duty—to dress becomingly. The girl amanuensis is dressed becomingly when she is dressed appropriately to her business; and to be thus dressed need not detract a single charm from her loveliness—in fact, it will only add to her loveliness. It is begging the question to say that a girl should be neat, both in her attire and in her person; that her hands should be clean, her finger nails well trimmed, her hair properly arranged, her teeth clean and white, and her breath sweet. She should have no bad habits, not even the habit of gum-chewing, and she should be a lady in all that the word implies.

The girl amanuensis need never be a nuisance; but, on the other hand, she should make herself as welcome and desirable in her business as she is in her home. To do this she has only to be helpful, and to be helpful is not to be officious, nor aggressive, nor to be over anxious and fidgety. Least of all is it to be pervading and effusive—to "stand around" like a super-servicable clover in the circus, seeming to do everything, while really doing nothing. Repose is the quality best fitted to the girl amanuensis, or to the girl anything; repose of manner that so well befits softness of speech and quietness and efficiency of action.

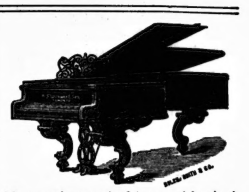
The young lady who speaks in a high key and with a loud voice, who slams doors after her and advertises her coming and going by the ringing of bells or the blowing of whistles, might pass for a weak imitation of a locomotive, but she would in no wise impress one as being a good office companion or an effective worker. The best work is that which is done with the clearest understanding and the least fuss. To do things without seeming to do them, and to attract attention through things accomplished rather than through the mechanism by which they are accomplished is the secret of acceptableness.

The presence of the girl amanuensis should be felt rather than observed; and when for any cause, she is absent from her post, those whom she serves should miss her, not from the greater quiet that has come to them, but from a rattling sense that something sweet and pleasant has dropped out of their routine, that the office is more gloomy and less attractive and that somehow things don't go on as they should.

A Suggestion to the "Finest."



They are neat and unsuspicious looking, and may be carried with impunity.



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Flinty-hearted editor—Possibly, possibly; but you must bear in mind that by the time they had become accustomed to your style they would no longer be available as subscribers. Inmates of lunatic asylums are not allowed to read the papers, you know.

Appropriate.

Miss Ethel—Why, you are only in half-mourning! Didn't your brother die last week?

Miss Clara—Yes; but you know he was only my half-brother.

As to Monarchs.

Father—Now, my son, in a government what is the source of power?

Young America (promptly)—The King.

Father—But in a country like ours, what is even more powerful than a king?

Young America (triumphantly)—Four kings and an ace!

The Same Words.

"I wish I could sell all I write," remarked a certain author to a lady.

"There are those," replied his companion, sweetly, "who say you can't write all you sell."

He Kept Right On.

Doctor (passing a stonecutter's yard)—Good morning, Mr. Jones. Hard at work, I see. I suppose you finish your gravestones as fast as "In Memory of" and then wait for some one to die, eh?

Stonecutter—Why, yes—unless somebody's sick and you're doctoring 'em; then I keep right on.

A Bad Investment.

Solomon Levi—Vot vos der matter, Isaac? You looks down in der mouth.

Isaac—I was the victim of a terrible act of injustice, Solomon. An Irishman comes into my clodings-store and trades me a $25 parrot for a suit of clothes. De clothes costs me 95 cents. I hangs de parrot out by de door and pretty soon along comes an Irish procession. De parrot shouts "Shoot de pops!" Ah! dis was a cruel world, Solomon.

Solomon Levi—Yes, Isaac, it was.

Isaac—S'help me! it didn't cost me a hundred tollars to get a new front put in mine store.

His Name was Moses!

Little Mrs. Farquhar was a widow, and lived in a flat in Belgravia. The men at the clubs called her Little Mrs. Farquhar, sometimes indeed, the little Farquhar woman, though she would have been very angry had she been aware of this latter fact. Perhaps her large, inquiring, wideopen, childlike eyes, and her girlish slimness gained her the soubriquet, for in figure she was sufficiently tall. Her graceful slenderness was evidently plainly natural, and not due to compression and the corset-maker. She had, withal, a pretty self humbling manner with men, impressing them thereby with the idea that she looked up to their superior judgment for guidance and instruction, and was ready on all subjects to trust to their opinion. With woman, however, she could always hold her own, so, I fear, we must confess, the conclusion that Mrs. Farquhar was a flirt, an expert angler for hearts, accomplished enough to exercise considerable skill in playing her captures.

The fair widow had only quite recently returned to England, having spent her one-short year of married happiness, and also the first lonely time of her widowhood, in India. Her health failing, change to her native air had been prescribed, and after dawdling about from one watering-place to another, for the first few weeks after her return, an advertisement of the desirable residence above mentioned attracted her attention. Finding, by rare chance, that the reality bore some slight resemblance to the advertised description, she forthwith concluded the bargain, and took up her abode for the season.

Out of consideration for Mrs. Grundy (a more important personage in London than in Calcutta) she engaged a highly respectable, elderly lady as a companion; but this concession to the proprieties did not seem to be at all necessary, deserved. The elderly lady felt her dependent position too acutely; she talked too constantly of the halcyon days when she had been able to keep an array of servants, and ultimately burst into tears when Mrs. Farquhar, forgetful of her companion's dignity, requested her on one occasion to shut the door.

This became at last too utterly depressing, so another companion was procured, in the person of a young lady of the higher-education-for-woman school. This damsel made poor little Mrs. Farquhar feel excessively small by telling her that she had no power of abstract thought. The little widow had never felt the want of any such power hitherto, but now she became conscious of a deficiency in her composition, and consequently did not feel quite so kindly disposed towards this young companion who had opened her eyes to her lamentable shortcomings.

The thermometer of her affections in that quarter sank below zero when, one afternoon, on returning from a round of visits, she found the young lady in the drawing room, entertaining a posse of her own especial admirers, evidently very much to their and her own satisfaction.

Next morning the second companion was politely requested to cultivate her powers of abstract thought and concrete assurance in some more congenial sphere, and Mrs. Farquahar, tired of sacrificing to the proprieties at the expense of her own dignity and comfort, resolved henceforth to live alone. Surely she was quite old enough to take care of herself—a sentiment she would not like to have heard issuing from other lips. But it is very convenient, so sometimes, to appeal to people's age in the inmost recesses of one's own mind. Besides, was not her heart (at least, all of it that was not buried in the grave of her husband Edward), in the irrevocable possession of a certain artillery captain, now on his way home from India with his regiment? Thirdly, and consequently, had she not a companion always at hand when needed in the person of a charming woman who had just taken the flat immediately above her own?

An acquaintance had sprung up by the charming woman in question requesting permission to see Mrs. Farquhar's room in order that she might be able to judge what style of furniture would best suit their size and shape. The charming woman had carned her title by saying that she could not wish for more tastefully-appointed rooms, and if Mrs. Farquhar would not be offended (for was not imitation the sincerest flattery?) she would like her place furnished exactly in the same style, only, not to be too slavish an imitator, instead of having her drawing-room decorated in blue and silver, she would have it fitted up in pink and gold.

"Blue suits you, Mrs. Farquhar, you are so exquisitely fair," she murmured with a longing look in her dreamy eyes, as though to be fair constituted the *summum bonum* of human happiness. "And I am so dreadfully dark." This with a little self-depreciatory laugh, that won Mrs. Farquhar's good will entirely. It is certainly pleasanter to be called exquisitely fair than to be taunted with a deficiency of abstract thought power. So if the two ladies chanced to meet in the hall, they always exchanged a friendly greeting. When Mrs. Farquhar subsequently learnt that her neighbor was a fashionable actress at a leading London theater, she was rather exercised in her mind as to whether she ought to continue the acquaintance. To be sure, she liked the woman, her manners were perfect, far more ladylike than those of many a society dame of the widow's acquaintance. But then, an actress! What would people say?

However, after meeting her one evening at the house of a mutual and distinguished friend, where she found that Mrs. Clavering (for such was the charming woman's name) was treated with the deference shown to an honored guest, she flung her scruples to the winds and resolved that she would still continue to extend the hand of fellowship to the beautiful actress. Of course Mrs. Clavering was soon *en rapport* with the troubles of Mrs. Farquhar: her disappointments with regard to her companions, her too numerous suitors, her Indian adorer and her buried affections. Mrs. Clavering was not so communicative. Beyond the fact that he was still living, she never mentioned her husband, and if ever Mrs. Farquhar approached the subject, her companion's handsome features immediately became suffused with such deep melancholy, that the little widow was glad to turn the conversation into a safer channel, lest she should bring down a storm of tears upon her devoted head. Mrs. Farquhar was not much given to tears on her own account, and she had a nervous dread of them in others.

The two ladies were sitting one afternoon sipping tea in Mrs. Farquhar's rooms. They were arrayed in exquisite tea gowns, selected with an eye to effective contrast with the blue and silver furniture. Mrs. Farquhar, with her delicate fairness, looked almost ethereal in her robes of soft, clinging, creamy stuffs, while Mrs. Clavering, as became her darker beauty, was clad in the most gorgeous of fabrics.

"You know my Alfred will be here to-morrow," said the lively widow, as she poured herself out a second cup of her favorite orange Pekoe. "It seems an age since I saw the dear fellow. I must introduce him to you at once. I am sure you will like him."

"When is the wedding to be?" asked her companion, as she dreamily stirred her tea with a golden spoon.

"Oh, there is nothing absolutely settled, my dear," said Mrs. Farquhar hastily. "He has never actually proposed yet. But he has given me to understand that I am the one woman in the world to him, and in his last letter he said that he should fly to my nest (that was his charmingly poetical language) as soon as he set foot on shore.

"Very touching, but rather a confusion of metaphors," said Mrs. Clavering. "I suppose, however, we can overlook metaphorical errors when the sentiment is addressed to our *beaux yeux*," she continued, with her usual far-away look in her dark eyes.

"Will you dine with me the day after to-morrow, to meet him, dear?" said the widow.

"I am afraid not," replied Mrs. Clavering; "you see, I should have to disturb the party to go to the theatre."

"Ah, well, I shall be at home to a few friends after dinner. Will you look in when you come back?"

"Yes, I will do that, if you wish it. But is there any hurry about the introduction?"

"Oh, yes, I want your opinion of him as a *parti*. He is very handsome, very clever, very fascinating, I know, but—"

"Ah, there is a 'but,' then," said the dark beauty, with one of her rare, slow smiles.

"Yes, there is a very big 'but,' only I shall not tell you what it is until you have seen him, as I do not want you to meet him with any adverse prejudices.

The two ladies then separated to dress for dinner, Mrs. Clavering heaving a little sigh and allowing one pearly tear to roll over her long lashes and fall on the ground at her feet, as she contrasted her own lonely condition with her friend's ardent hopes and fond anticipations.

Left by herself, Mrs. Farquhar did not immediately ring for her maid, but sat by the fireside, absorbed in thought. To morrow, her handsome admirer would be at her feet; soon, she would be compelled to decide whether she cared for him sufficiently to exchange her pleasant freedom for the thraldom of matrimony. He was certainly very fascinating, very gentlemanly, his eyes were marvels of melting tenderness, and his mustache was the very perfection of hirsute adornment—but, and the but was a very considerable one—his name was Moses! It was unkind of fate to endow so exquisite an Adonis with such a patronymic. In a girl, a surname is not of such overwhelming consequence. She can long buoy herself up with the eternal springing hope of changing it. But a man must carry his name from the cradle to the grave, and hand it down to posterity.

"Mr. Moses carriage!" Could she endure to hear the terrible words passed from mouth to mouth in stentorian accents! Sitting alone in her luxurious little boudoir, she would tell herself, never; but, surrounded by the glamor of his charming presence, she could not answer for the strength of her resistance.

He came, he saw, he conquered.

"What's in a name?" asked Mrs. Farquhar, in the words of another love-lorn lady, who was also disturbed in her mind concerning the appellation of her heart's idol.

"'Tis but my name that is mine enemy," she might have added, had she known the line, as he sat at her cozy fireside, or occupied a seat in her victoria, pouring into her willing ear heart rending stories of his lonely, desolate misery, since a cruel fate had wrenched them asunder.

All that evening and the following day, little Mrs. Farquhar's heart beat high in expectation of the coming proposal to which she had finally made up her mind; the answer should not be a very decided refusal. If he pressed her very much, why she could not tell—she might. But the extraordinary thing was that, far from pressing her very much, he did not even formulate the expected offer in even the vaguest terms.

Affairs were still at this deadlock when the evening of the dinner party arrived. During dinner, Mrs. Farquhar informed Captain Moses, who occupied the seat of honor on her right hand, that among the guests she expected at her reception that night was Mrs. Clavering, the celebrated actress.

"Have you seen her, Captain Moses?" inquired a jaunty beau of some seventy summers, who sat on the fair widow's left.

"Of course not," interpolated Mrs. Farquhar.

"Why, my dear Lord Appeldurcombe, he only arrived in England yesterday."

Mrs. Farquhar would not have said "he" if her adored one had been blessed with a more euphonious name, but it was never without an inward struggle that she could bring herself to pronounce the distressing appellation. But for his mustache, he might have passed for a Greek god. Fate had certainly indulged in a most cruel, unfeeling jest.

"Splendid woman," continued Lord Appeldurcombe. "I am delighted to hear that she is coming, Mrs. Farquhar. They tell me she is separated from her husband. I have long wished to know her."

Whether it was the natural law of cause and effect that the aged nobleman was following up in his own mind, or whether his speech was utterly inconsequent, Mrs. Farquhar did not stop to inquire. She was entirely taken up by a chivalrous defence of her absent friend.

"If she be," exclaimed the charming widow, looking yet more charming than usual, by reason of her flashing eyes, "the fault must rest entirely with her husband. A man must be a Wretch, indeed, who could not agree with such an amiable, accomplished woman as Mrs. Clavering."

So great was her excitement that a capital letter conveys but little impression of the vehemence so expressed in the word "wretch."

"Mrs Farquhar judges the perfections of others by her own," said the Greek god with the golden moustache, as he bowed low.

"No indeed," said the lady blushing. "But you will both be able to judge for yourself very shortly."

Mrs. Farquhar's evident *penchant* for the gallant Captain was much discussed, *sub rosa*, during the evening, and men decided among themselves that he was destined to be the lucky winner of the matrimonial prize. The ladies secretly adored the Greek god, but publicly professed to laugh at his name.

About twelve o'clock, accomplished amiability, robed in clouds of diaphanous white, and adorned with a coronal of diamonds, entered the room, prosaically announced as Mrs. Clavering.

"Now," said Mrs. Farquhar, advancing to meet her guest supported on either side by the old and the young exquisite, "Now you shall both confess that I am right. Lord Appeldurcombe, allow me to present you to Mrs. Clavering."

The dazzled peer bent as low as his chronic rheumatism would permit at the shrine of Beauty.

Beauty dropped the stately curtsey, practised only, as a rule, within the precincts of the court.

"Captain Moses," pursued the triumphant widow, "Mrs. Clavering."

Beauty did not curtsey this time. She gazed fixedly into the fast-blanching face of Adonis.

"I already have the pleasure of Captain Moses' acquaintance," she said in her slow, melodious accents. "He is my husband!"

There was a solemn hush, broken only by a few half-suppressed titters. But, spite of the terrible dilemma, little Mrs. Farquahar supremely rose to the occasion.

"I am so happy," said the brave little woman without a tremor in her voice, or the quiver of an eyelash, "that my little plan has succeeded so well. I knew I could only bring you two foolish young people together by a ruse, and I am sure you will both be grateful to me for the trouble I have taken on your behalf, and forgive me my innocent little deception."

"It is very odd that so few women can act even tolerably on the stage, when most of them can act so deucedly well off it," said Lord Appeldurcombe afterwards, when describing the scene to a select *coterie*.

That Mrs. Clavering was blinded is impossible; that she was grateful, is doubtful. Certain it is, however, that she abandoned the stage and placed herself once more under marital domination.

It is equally certain that the friendship between the two ladies gradually languished, and finally expired altogether.

"He is a very nice fellow, Mrs. Farquhar has been heard to say since; "but it really is a dreadful name, you know."

And this comfortable reflection will prove, no doubt, a salve to her wounded pride.

What a chimera is man! What a confused chaos! What a subject of contradiction! A judge of all things, yet a feeble worm of the earth! The great guardian and depository of truth, yet a mere huddle of uncertainty. The glory and the scandal of the universe.—*Pascal.*

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Some Definitions.

Which it is hoped will enable the lady admirers of baseball to understand the newspaper reports.

A Phenomenal Pitcher—One that has often gone to the well without being cracked.

A Short-Stop—Ten minutes for refreshments.

A Foul Tip—Information in regard to a cock-fight.

A Base-Runner—He who fights and runs away.

First Base—The good looking young man in the choir.

Saw the Air—An optical illusion. Usually an ironical allusion to a man who cannot see the ball.

A Bat—A popular amusement of the gilded youth.

A Double Play—Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

A Strong Club—The policeman's.

Out on Strikes—The mournful condition of the American workingman.

The Umpire—A man who sees the fine points of the game. Also the individual responsible for the home club's defeat—a despised and hated character.

Advice to an Aspiring Poet.

Never write a poem beginning Abou Ben any thing.

Keep your hair cut.

Don't write poetry unless you are forced to do so, either by hunger, or by the enthusiasm of your muse.

Do not be cast down because you receive $2.50 instead of $250 for your first effort.

If possible, avoid rhyming "castanet" with "planoforte," "frolic" with "cow-lick," or "Niagara" with "Tipperary."

"Don't call on the editor any oftener than you can help; and don't feel hurt if he says he is out. He frequently says that without meaning it.

Never despise work that comes your way unsolicited. Writing advertisements is a profitable vocation; they are sure to be printed, and are much more popular with the masses than Odes, Sonnets, or French forms.

It is a bad plan to copy one of Byron's shorter poems and sign your name to it.

If you have three sections to your name, connect the last two by means of a hyphen, and cast the first to the winds, if you wish to; but do not try to gain admission to the Author's Club on the strength of this proceeding alone.

A Success From Failures.

"I would hardly want to say that marriage is a failure," remarked the Chicago lawyer, in measured tones, "but if I let my feet be guided by the lamp of the past, I cannot help stating that, in my experience, divorce is a decided success." And, bowing the inquirer out, he turned to the next heart-broken client.

The Camera on the Turf.

Photography threatens to become a practical art in deciding close races on the turf. A short time ago one of the professors at the Royal Photographic Institution at Vienna proposed to substitute a photographic apparatus for the judge at the winning post on *rare* courses, as the photographic impression would give an unquestionable decision and remain as a record of what actually took place in the last three yards of the running. The method was tested a few days ago in Germany with complete success. A camera was placed exactly in line with the winning post, and five others were fixed at intervals of a few yards apart to include the last eight or ten yards of the course. These cameras were contrived to be exposed simultaneously by electricity. Three minutes only were consumed in developing the picture thus obtained.

What Sent the Screen Over.

Sophy (who accepted Mr. Charles Fleetwood the night before)—Does Mr. Fleetwood strike you as being a sensitive man, Pauline?

Pauline (who doesn't know of the engagement)—Gracious, no! A man who has been rejected by four girls within six months and gets fat on it cannot be. Why, Sophy! what's the matter?

Murder has been Committed for Less.

Mr. Blessington—I'll be home at eleven, sharp, Daisy.

Mrs. Blessington—So glad, dear. You're usually so dull at that time of night, you know.

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A MIDNIGHT QUEEN—By May Agnes Fleming - - - - 30c

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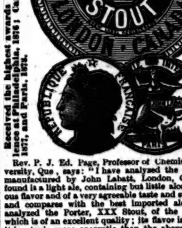

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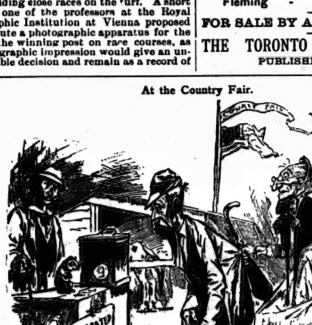
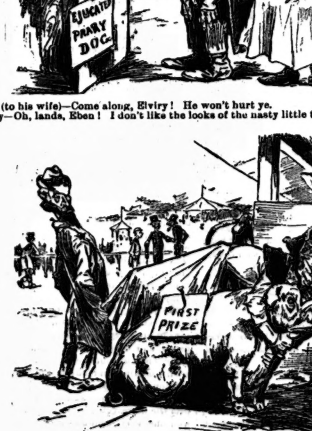


Eben (to his wife)—Come along, Elviry! He won't hurt ye.
Elviry—Oh, lands, Eben! I don't like the looks of the nasty little thing.



Elviry (in the next department)—Why, you dear ole beauty you!—*Judge.*

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

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After-Dinner Speakers.

It is one of the most surprising things that an art so delightful in itself should be so little cultivated, and, as a necessary consequence, so imperfectly understood as that of good after-dinner speaking. Heaven only knows what dreariness might be spared to unoffending audiences if some of our post-prandial orators could only be brought to realize their misuse of what might, if properly handled, be a source of delight not only to themselves but to their audience as well.

What constitutes a good after-dinner speaker? Is it not manifest that the speaker rises to his feet as one who has dined and wined well and, being surrounded by friends and listeners, should not his language be in accord with his surroundings? Should he not remember that his audience has but recently dined, and aught that is heavy or calculated to impair digestion is altogether out of place? Bright and sparkling as the champagne before him should be the language which falls from his lips, even as from one who is at peace with the world and himself. Some men speak well from preparation only, but these are not the stuff from which after-dinner speakers are made, for the man who expects to delight and charm an after-dinner audience must be self-contained, sparkling, spontaneous, quick to seize on some point left unsecured by a previous speaker, and one who eschews the slightest tendency to heaviness or forced wit, and who above all things has learned to realize that seven minutes and a half is, save under exceptional cases, the outside limit for the best of after-dinner speakers.

Social Success.

Money isn't everything, even in these cold-blooded days of ceaseless moiling and toiling for it. If it were, we should not be so often permitted to see what consummate asses otherwise level-headed people can make of themselves in their rash attempts to scale the social fortress. Here is just where the bulk of them come to grief. They are too precipitate, and often when they fondly imagine their feet are inside the walls, are rudely awakened to the fact that they have been driven back to the first parallel. The only cause for failure is—they don't go the right way about the business. They *will* persist, in the most infatuated manner, in running to either extreme, and every schoolboy knows that all extremes are wrong. If not slavishly obsequious, or stupidly timid, they jump to the opposite and display all the impudent assertion of people who, not feeling secure of their ground, vainly imagine that a forced assumption of brusqueness will redeem the situation. Unhappy delusion, and such they find it when, after many snubbings and heartburnings, they awaken to the fact that whilst wealth may be a potent factor in securing a hearty reception from society, it isn't everything. Here in Toronto we have had men, good looking, wealthy, and thoroughly presentable, one would imagine, in every way, who have been most cruelly pilled at fashionable clubs after making the most earnest efforts to become recognized as society men. These *were too much in earnest*, and as a necessary consequence were never very cordially received. Wealth under existing conditions is almost a necessity to the socially ambitious, but to be socially successful wealth finds most valuable auxiliaries in tact, a proper self respect, and the ability to wait patiently for the ultimate result of such a combination.

Only Eleven Months Old.

"Only eleven months old," remarks a careless reader of the obituary column, where is recorded the passing away of a little flower which has bloomed for a brief space here below ere it was transplanted to that fairer clime where there is neither sorrow nor parting, and where tears are all unknown. "Only eleven months old," and the tone is indicative of the thought which possesses the speaker that the death of one so young could hardly cause an ache or a pang to those bereaved. Ah! "he jests at scars who never felt a wound." Only eleven months old! Long enough for the heart-broken mother to have learned that the sweet little one whom God had given to her, and who cooed and wept and nestled into her heart, had become as her very life. What plans did she not map out for the future, as her bonny, beautiful baby boy slumbered before her! Was not he more beautiful, stronger and superior in every way to all other babies! Did she not alone understand all his eloquent baby talk, which was as naught to everyone else, and had she not asked the good God a thousand times to shield him from harm! Now the blight has fallen, and her day is darkened, for the light of her life has gone out with the life of her baby boy. Bye and bye, when the first cruel pangs have passed away, and a subdued sorrow has possessed her heart, she will often seek one hallowed room as the shadows lengthen towards the east, and there keep tryst with the dear tokens of her dead—a tress of golden hair, his christening robe, two little socks and boots, mute evidences, but, oh, so eloquent, of the dear, dead child who is now safe in the Father's keeping. Fast fall her tears at such a moment over the sacred relics of "baby's drawer," blessed tears, for, with them, a peaceful calm steals over her heart, and it seems to her at that moment she can hear one of her youngest angels—even her own dead boy—singing before the great white throne. Only a little while, and they shall walk together—she and her boy—in the unclouded splendor—side by side. Only eleven months old!

A bold attempt was made by St. George's Society to bring out an ideal concert on Thursday evening, and a considerable measure of success crowned the efforts of the committee who had the matter in charge. A large and efficient orchestra, popular singers and excellent instrumentalists attracted an audience of fair dimensions, but hardly as large as the extremely good programme deserved. Four or five other concerts and the strong attractions at the theatres no doubt accounted for this to some extent, but I cannot help thinking that if the programme had contained another lady singer or two, and a refined comique like Mr. Hurst or Mr. Ramsay and less instrumental solo playing the attraction would have been greater. As it was, Miss Robinson pleased everybody with her refined manner and the earnestness with which she interpreted her songs: The Song for Me and Good Bye, and universal regret was expressed that she did not respond more freely to the encores with which her efforts were rewarded.

•

After Miss Robinson everything was masculine, the sombre executioner style of dress was never relieved. Mr. Sims Richards sang several of the patriotic songs, for whose rendition he has earned a well-deserved reputation. Mr. Warrington was in splendid voice, singing his pieces with the conscientious care which is his characteristic, and making a fine effect with the Three Jolly Britons. The four gentlemen, Messrs. Arlidge, Clarke, Smith and Spacey, who played instrumental solos, were satisfactory in every respect, and Mr. Torrington's orchestra was as bright and sparkling as it could be. A wonderful rush and magnetism accompanied its playing of the Auf Wiedersehen waltzes, while Meyerbeer's Coronation March was splendidly rendered. Altogether it was one of the most pleasing concerts we have ever had in Toronto, with the fault that the lack of feminine material in the programme made it too sombre.

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The Thanksgiving concert given by the choir of the Elm Street Methodist Church drew a large audience on that evening. The concert was one of uniform excellence, and as is usual, encores were plentiful, in fact, were decidedly a nuisance. The choir, directed by Mr. Harry Blight, sang exceedingly well in March of the Israelites from Eli, an anthem Great is the Lord, and the well known chorus of the Japhitides from the Tower of Babel. The choir was augmented somewhat by singers from other churches, and sang with great excellence and precision. Of the soloists Mrs. Hamilton claims first attention. Her voice, a soprano of very great clearness, was heard to advantage in Gounod's Worker. Her second solo, The New Kingdom, is not a composition to call forth the resources of any singer, and it is to be regretted that her choice did not better display her undoubted ability. Herr Fried was very warmly received, and showed his splendid tenor voice to good advantage in Gounod's Hear Us O Father, and the recitative and aria from Barnby's Rebekah. But I must take exception to the entire absence of light and shade, his whole rendition displaying his voice with very little conception of what is due to the song. Greater attention to these details would make his voice more pleasant.

In Miss Bunton's singing I can notice a marked improvement, and can congratulate her that her work is thoroughly conscientious; though why she should have chosen the song she did, Eternal Rest, is a wonder to me. Mr. Blight sang with his usual success, and the other singers, Mrs. Glass and Miss Grainger, acquitted themselves very creditably. The success of the evening was, of course, largely due to the intelligent and painstaking organ playing of Mrs. Blight, who is constrained to express my disapprobation of the absence of programmes, forcing people either to buy books of words, or to remain in ignorance of what is taking place. It is not just to those who buy tickets expecting that that operation completes their preparation for enjoyment.

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A curious exhibition, managed in Toronto I believe by a gentleman named Thompson (not our own J. F.), took place on Monday evening, at the Gardens, at the extremely reasonable price of one dollar and a half. The peculiar feature of this concert was its general and undeniable worthlessness. The time has about passed when a show like this can strike Toronto under pretence of excellence, and leave the city with a good reputation. Whether we know much or little of musical matters, we have enough good taste here to arrive at a proper estimate of such array as Mrs. Alice J. Shaw's astral aggregation. I was glad to see the unanimity with which the daily papers gave her notices that her advance agent will not care to offer as testimonials. Mrs. Shaw whistles well, and, barring occasional skips in intonation, is a wonder, but the kind of wonder that belongs to a variety theater. Mr. Gaston Thalberg, who spent a winter here two years ago, sang tolerably well, not a word of his song being intelligible, and Signor Tagliapietra sang in his characteristic manner, and thought worn in voice, still showed the wonderful resources which captivated audiences ten years ago. The accompanist, Mr. Downey, was good and the rest, though having a certain air of personal refinement, would have found their level in an ordinary every day, track-walking, twenty-five cent show.

METRONOME.

Better at Preaching.

"I think you would get along better if you didn't whip your children so much," remarked Mrs. Whalem. "There is nothing like kindness after all."

"Perhaps you are right, my dear," replied her neighbor of the next floor. "By the way, what an awful noise that man made who was putting down your carpet this morning."

"We didn't have any man," she returned. "You must have just heard me spank the baby."

Love is an enduring and alluring quality, while wickedness is not. To be successful a drama must appeal to the highest sympathies. The minute it fails to do that all the accessories in the world cannot save it from failure. Men and women may for a time devote themselves to the consideration of that which is bad and impure, but the vilest heart that ever throbbed in human breast is touched by love or suffering or unselfish goodness. If you don't believe me go some time, when opportunity offers, and watch the people who will crowd to see East Lynne. Deep down in every human heart is an everlasting respect for virtue and purity and truth and a strong sympathy for suffering and for sorrow, and even if ordinary men and women do not carry into active life a very large stock of these desirable qualities themselves they like to read of them in their books and see them pictured in their plays. Human sympathy is a quality which belongs to all mankind and which is capable of being aroused in the most callous nature. It is as much an adjunct of existence as the fresh air of heaven.

The dramatist has the two master passions of existence to work with—love and hate. It is another instance of the innate longing for the ideal life which animates humanity, that no play which has taken the latter for its theme has ever achieved permanent success. Love, not revenge, is the most enduring quality which our nature's know. To our credit be it said that despite the cynicism, pessimism and skepticism of the age in which we live, we still like to see the old sentimental, mythical, delightful love treated purely and sweetly. We recognize that it will ennoble and beautify and preserve the humblest, homeliest and most perishable things. The books and plays which treat of it may not stimulate the jaded pulse of the sensation seeker, but they will continue for a long time to charm the healthy and innocent, who, after all is said and done, thank Heaven! form the great majority. They will steal into our hearts and into our homes and linger there and be remembered. Little Lord Fauntleroy, one of the most tender and touching stories ever penned, will stir the hearts of men and women long after Zola's picturesque filth has been relegated to the lumber room.

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It is in this quality of love, I think, wherein lies the main attraction of Clay M. Green's play Forgiven, which has held the boards at the Grand all week. There is nothing particularly novel in its characters or its plot. The story in one form or another is as familiar as a nursery rhyme, but it touches skilfully upon the ever enduring sentiments which live on among men and women. It is fitly described as a story of intense human interest. It gathers up a true tale with all its doubts and fears, its hopes and jealousies, its misunderstandings and its reconciliations, with here and there a grateful laugh and here and there a tear. There has been nothing sweeter or prettier or more human on the Grand's stage in years than the tableau at the end of the first act where Jack Diamond outlines his past to the girl he loves and she, with all a true woman's gracious sympathy and generous understanding, throws herself upon his broad breast, condones the follies—the sins if you will—of his past and looks forward bravely and hopefully to the future. Clay M. Green has written Sibyl and Louis Riel and numerous other dire bad plays, but he has given us some very tender, touching scenes in Forgiven. The whole thing ends fitly enough in the wilds of New Mexico where the usual accomplished villain meets his death in the usual gory fashion and his first assistant likewise receives his quietus. Then the reunited husband and wife parted for sixteen dreary, weary years by the accomplished villain aforesaid, throw themselves into one another's arms and the green drop falls, and the audience goes home satisfied and glad that virtue has once more had a signal triumph over vice. Forgiven is not by any means a perfect play. It needs editing badly. Its sequence is not at all times clear. It lacks cohesion. Trivial motives are given unjustifiable prominence and indifferent handling makes several of its strongest scenes, when reasoned out, illogical and absurd. A good deal of the "cow-boy" element might be omitted advantageously, because it neither adds strength nor picturesqueness to the plot, and the incidents which bring about the separation of husband and wife need strengthening. For all that Forgiven is a well-built story, abounding with startling surprises and strong dramatic situations. Its dialogue is crisp and never prosy, its action constant and natural in the main.

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The leading part in this characteristic picture of American life is John Diamond, a reformed gambler. This is played by Frederic Bryton, an actor of the romantic school, who was unable to do himself justice on the opening night, by reason of a very severe cold which made his voice husky and "throaty." He is a fine-looking man, but his acting does not impress you all at once. It grows upon you. By-and-by you become thoroughly in sympathy with the sturdy, faithful and generous nature of Jack Diamond and lose sight of the actor. You like him because you recognize in him a type of man who is familiar to us all, and who, despite occasional roughness of speech or uncouthness of manner, assimilates with his kind and builds up a happy, peaceful home. He is a very lovable sort of man, this Jack Diamond, and the more you see of him the more you like him. You even get to like the very roughness through which the sterling worth of his rugged nature shows. In Mr. Bryton's hands the finer qualities of the man are brought out with artistic lights and shades, while his broader and more surface characteristics are developed naturally and easily. It is a character that it is very easy to overdo; that is insensibly provocative of a tendency towards ranting and staginess; but Mr. Bryton portrays it naturally, gracefully, powerfully and well.

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With one exception Mr. Bryton's support is good. Miss Grace Thorne is a clever, capable, accomplished and refined actress. She has an unpleasant habit of rolling up her eyes till the whites alone are visible, a species of affectation that so good an actress should despise. It is neither natural nor pleasant to see. Mr. Frazer Coulter makes a very acceptable villain, though he hardly looks the part as well as he acts it, and Mr. Harry Harwood gives us a very ideal portraiture of the rough, slangy American "gam," who is a familiar figure on American steamboats and on the racecourse. The one exception to the excellence of things generally is the Frank Popham of Harry Harwood. Mr. Popham is described on the play bill as a back number, and the description hits him right. He is too much of a back number to be allowed to go without a chain.

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A Bunch of Keys is becoming so moss-grown and aged that it is due in the infirmary. There was a time when it was fresh and funny; now it is funny, but it is no longer fresh. It is as familiar as your last year's girl. You know every line, every incident, every scene of it by heart. It comes to you as a species of memory of a half-forgotten dream. When those old jokes limp across the footlights you feel like lifting your hat and saying, "How do, old chappie. Glad to see you again." Then you look around to see if the old jokes have got their crutches with them and you wonder if they are liable to catch cold in the keen November air that has such a pronounced hint of winter in it. There is no doubt about it, A Bunch of Keys is becoming altogether too old for humorous utility and should be laid quietly on the shelf.

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The company that has been playing this moss-grown relic at the Toronto Opera House all week is of tolerably excellent excellence. It is a pity their talents should be wasted in springing the gray-haired gags of A Bunch of Keys on the community. W. C. N.

LOBBY CHATTER.

Minnie Palmer is in Newcastle, England—for gold, not coal.

Rose Coghlan will play Jocelyn in New York next February. She is a great metropolitan favorite, but it remains to be seen if she will be strong enough to carry the play.

A Trip to Africa which the Duff Opera Co. No. 2 played here a few weeks ago, is not pulling much to the box office, and Gasparone and A Night in Venice have been added to the company's *reperتوire*.

The stage version of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's charming story, Little Lord Fauntleroy, has made an immense hit. Business in Boston has averaged $1,000 a day. Mrs. Burnett is superintending the New York production at the Grand Opera House, and has thrown her whole soul into the work.

Frank Moran is one of the wittiest men of the minstrel profession. He was at one time with Barlow & Wilson's Minstrels when they were not paying salaries. For the breaking of some trivial rule he was fined $10. Moran went to the telegraph office and sent a dispatch: "William Megonigle, Philadelphia: I have been fined; telegraph me $10. Frank Moran."

Mrs. James Brown Potter has done much better this season in Chicago than on the occasion of her last trip. At Cleveland, on the other hand, the critics would have nothing to do with her. A month hence Mrs. Potter opens in Brooklyn, and a week later she will be back in New York. Henry Abbey's office is cumbered with trunks and boxes containing the startling dresses Mrs. Potter is to wear in Antony and Cleopatra. And they keep right on coming.

Mary Anderson is turning New York upside down with A Winter's Tale. The chief feature of the production is the shepherd's dance. Nym Crinkle (A. C. Wheeler), the brilliant New York dramatic critic, in writing of the performance in the New York *Mirror*, says: "She has elaborated the shepherd's dance into an Arcadian picture that has never been surpassed on canvas or on the stage. The drama has in fact been heightened into a panorama that continually feeds the eye, and it moves to airs of Arcady, cunningly softened, and fades out in mellow hues that lull us to dreamy tolerance.

"Miss Anderson from first to last is seen in a subdued light. She no longer depends upon her trumpet declamation. That slightly acrid histrionism that she originally brought from the West has lost its glittering corners. A mellow radiance from the studio of Tadema settles upon her. Her virginal austerity gives way in the wantonness of rustic innocence. She never could exhibit the abandon of passion in Juliet, but in the pastoral play of the abandon of the shepherdess in Perdita. One appeal was to the feelings; the other is to the eye. One was passion; the other is motion. She throws herself into the dance with the delicious recklessness of a bacchante. Never were her superb limbs before unchained. They strode and defied the lightning; they paced the Clytemnestra, Siddons gait; they had a scrap with tragedy. Now they melt to the fluctuant and lascivious rhythm of Lydian airs."

A Fatal Omission.

Boston mother (severely)—I am astonished at you, my daughter. I supposed you had more modesty than to go out into the street in that condition.

Daughter (turning pale)—What is it, mamma? Can it be that I have forgotten my chatelaine, or not on hose that don's match my ties, or——

Mother (relenting)—No, you have done none of those things; but you have forgotten your spectacles.

Continually on Duty.

The Editor (kindly)—I'm afraid, Mr. Jokem, that you are burning the midnight oil too steadily. Don't you think that work in the day-time might bring better results?

Jokem—Bless my soul, sir! if I did my work in the day-time, when could I tramp round to sell it?

Art is Pitiless.

Shall I tell you a story of Bessie, a dear little girl I know?
A story of "once on a time," tho' it wasn't so long ago?
A blue-eyed darling was Bessie, with gleams of the sun in her hair,
And you scarcely could count the dimples that played in her cheeks so fair.
Now Bessie's mother and father had only herself to love,
And her presence was glad as the sunshine that fell from the skies above.
There ne'er was a care or a trouble that came to them any day
But wee little Bessie was ready to "comfort the weary away."
It was only a poor little cottage that Bessie could call her home,
But dearly she loved the meadows where daily she used to roam;
And in happened one day that she went there with many a sorrowful trace
Of tears and childish amazement all over the dear little face.
The reason? Ah, only that morning old Brindle, the cow, had died,
And no money to buy another, and Bessie's mamma had cried;
And Bessie had heard her father sigh, and, oh, so wearily say
Something about "the bills, wife, and little wherewith to pay."
So out in the fields went Bessie, but left her dimples behind,
And I guess that even the birdies knew something was on her mind.
For she quietly gathered her flowers, nor even lifted her eyes
Till a voice said, "Heigh-ho, little maiden!" and made her start with surprise,
'Twas only an artist searching the fields and meadows that day
For some beautiful picture to sketch, and what should come in his way
But the sweetest of all sweet subjects, a wee little brown-faced girl,
Her sun-bonnet hiding her blushes and many a golden curl!
But Bessie was shy of the stranger—shy and modest was she;
Coaxing would not persuade her. "I'll give you money,' said he.
Ah! then indeed she was willing, and thought to herself, "Oh, now
I've found how to comfort poor mother, and father can buy a cow."
So down to the brook she went with him, her cheeks as red as a rose,
And, all the while thinking of "father," Bessie learned how to "pose."
Oh, but it was wearisome duty! The little round limbs grew weak,
And a tear from the blue eyes slipped softly and washed the rose from her cheek.
Yes, "Art is pitiless," surely, for thirty long minutes went by,
And then the artist had finished and looked with a smile in his eye
At his poor little tear-stained model. "Why, child, are you tired?" said he.
"I'm tired just for myself, sir, but not for father," said she.
Then home sped dear, bonny Bessie, clasping her pennies so tight,
And back to her cheeks came the dimples, back to her eyes their glad light.
"Oh, father! I'm put in a picture! See what I've brought to you now!
I tried not to mind being tired, 'twas for mother, and you—and the cow!"

MARY D. BRINE.

"The Norway Sheep."

The fierce wind breaking from his bonds comes roaring from the west;
On every long, deep-rolling wave the white horse shows his crest,
As if a million mighty steeds had burst their master's hold;
For the wild white sheep of Norway are coming to the fold.

The storm drum shows its warning sign; the sea-gulls swoop and cry;
The fleecy clouds are driven fast across the stormy sky;
Along the sands the fresh foam gouts in ghastly sport are rolled;
For the wild white sheep of Norway are coming to the fold.

Wistful the fisher seaward looks, out from the great stone pier;
Wistful he stands, the breaker's call along the cliffs to hear,
To hear across the flowing tide the ceaseless rock bell tolled,
While fast and fierce the Norway sheep are coming to the fold.

"God guard the ships at sea to-night," the stern old sailors say,
Straining keen eyes across the waste of heaving, tossing spray,
Recalling many a bitter night of storm and dread of old,
When the wild white sheep of Norway were coming to the fold.

Oh! there is many an aching heart, here in the red-roofed town,
As wives and mothers hear the blast come wailing from the down;
Who knows what tale of death or wreck to-morrow may be told?
For the wild white sheep of Norway are coming to the fold

Time—A Hymn.

I.

Solemn yet beautiful, O Time!
Thy shadowy mantle sweeps
Along the mountains of the Stars,
And o'er the lower Deeps!
The music of the spheres is thine,
The music of the sea,
And at thy bidding accord keep
With these all-changing notes of our Humanity.

II.

Solemn yet beautiful, O Time!
Thou walk'st in regal worth,
Rearing the myriad sounding marts
And temples of the earth:
Thy very ruins are but change;
Still grander trophies rise
Where lesser monuments appeared,
Enriching evermore thy large and thoughtful eyes.

Solemn yet beautiful, O Time!
Thy shadowy mantle sweeps
Along the mountains of the Stars
And o'er the lower Deeps.
Thy ruins are a prophecy
Of still diviner might,
Telling to man thy own dark grave,
And o'er it, lit for him, the great Eternal Light.

W. R. W.

AN ITALIAN MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Madonna! gentle mother, virgin undefiled,
At Heaven's high throne plead for my little child,
Breathe o'er his languid frame thy healing balm
And shield! oh, shield! my little one from harm.

The night of Death has pass'd, its shadows flee
And joy fill all my heart, for now I see
The Lord of Life has gazed on thee, and smiled,
And kiss'd thy lips my own, my darling child.

—H. K. C.

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If it be true that this is the age of reforms many amongst us would be uncommonly thankful if the spirit of the times could only lend a helping hand to our lagging public dinners, which at present commence or rather, do *not* commence until close on 9 o'clock p.m. With a moderate sized toast list, this means 2 a.m. before Auld Lang Syne or the National Anthem prompts us to ask the weary waiter to telephone for a coupe, and bring usone of G. and W's. night-caps in the meantime.

* * *

Hotel men tell me it is impossible to get their usual guests out of the way and have a special dinner ready before 8.30 p.m. at the soonest, and to tell the honest truth, they don't care a rap for these extra affairs, especially when there is no liquor consumed. There is no profit in it, apart from the sale of liquor; their waiters and waitresses are kept up until they are fit for nothing the next day, and all the satisfaction the hotel man has is the consciousness of a vile odor of stale cigar smoke in his dining-room for a week to come.

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There would be no necessity for all this had we but a man or a body of men in our midst with enterprise enough to run up a building for concert purposes, with a room attached that could be utilized for public banquets. With such a place our public dinners could be commenced at 6 o'clock or 6.30, and people would be enabled to reach home shortly after eleven o'clock. If I am not mistaken the guests at the Academy dinner in London are able to reach home at that hour, and what can be done in London can be done here.

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Another important item, and one entitled to fair consideration, is the fact that the usual dining hour in Toronto is from half-past six to seven o'clock, and remembering this—what a complete bar to gastronomic enjoyment exists in having to wait for two mortal hours over one's usual hour for dinner. But not only on account of diners-out do I most respectfully kick at the existing order of things. There are the invited guests—men who are expected to respond to certain toasts, and I know from personal experience that it has often been midnight when I have risen to respond to a toast that was not half way down the list. Now, this is surely all wrong—doubly so when there is really no necessity for it; and I mention the subject, trusting that somebody will take it up and be the means of many besides myself enjoying a little more sleep in the future than we have been able to secure in the past.

* * *

I often wonder where some of our actors get their ideas; and I haven't the slightest doubt in the world the same cause for wonderment has struck many others besides myself. One very funny habit of many actors is that in drawing-room scenes they march in with all the coolness imaginable, without uncovering the head, and, after promenading around, march off and uncover when passing out into what is supposed to be the open air. Often enough the drop scene is a little frisky, too, and a trifle at variance with the spirit of the play. A case in point occurred the last time I saw Janauschek as Lady Macbeth, the scene of which I have always supposed to be laid in Scotland, but I must admit that my faith in this was slightly shattered on seeing King Duncan standing in front of a mile post on the drop scene, with *B miles to London* staring everybody in the face.

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In eighteenth century plays material anachronisms occur continually. The dresses are generally produced pretty faithfully, for it is difficult to go wrong in this respect with so many pictures of the *past before us*; but how often we see a costume of say 1780 with a wig that was fashionable ten, twenty or forty years previous, and ladies robed in the garb of the same period with patches that were worn when the hero of Dettingen was at the head of the Court of St. James.

* * *

I heard a man in a Sherbourne street car the other night express his views on the introduction of the Russian enthusiast, Nicolo Vassilli, into the Whitechapel mystery. According to his idea there is a good deal in it. His contention was that the actions of Vassilli in the past show that he is capable of like outrages in the present and the future. His revenge upon women is precisely the feeling that seems to actuate the Whitechapel fiend, and the fanatical craze of the former supplies a motive for the brutality of the latter, which has hitherto been wanting. All the world knows to what terrible lengths religious madness will lead. The Inquisition, the Tower Hill burning of heretics and Catholics alike, the slaughter of women and children during the Indian Mutiny—in fact, the history of the world shows plainly that there is no such incentive to bloodshed, in its cruelest form, as fanaticism, and when that form of mania is combined with misogyny, itself a passion as strong, if not stronger, than its antagonist, love, there is no atrocity too hideous for its gratification. I have heard more than one in Toronto express the opinion that the murderer of the outcasts of Whitechapel is not a Briton. The dexterous handling of the knife as a familiar weapon shows this. A Briton often bruises—but seldom does he carve. Among foreigners, the Russian is one of the most fanatical when he is not utterly besotted. Trained to assassination by the secret societies, we have, in the person of such as Vassilli, all the necessary factors for the production of a homicidal maniac, capable of revelling in a burst of atrocity impossible to the ordinary criminal.

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Those who went out to High Park on Thanksgiving Day, by street car, in the saddle, driving, or on Shank's mare, had little reason to be dissatisfied with the day's outing. The weather was all that could be desired, the company of the best, and our gallant citizen soldiers presented the material evidence of two crack regiments, at least, whose members are "ready! aye ready!" to fight for "our hearths and homes."

ST. GEORGE.

To Correspondents.

(Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," Saturday Night Office.)

J. F. C. (Toronto.)—William Nye is the proper name of the humorist.

Constant Reader (City).—We note your remarks regarding front page pictures, and it is more than possible your suggestion will be carried out in the near future.

L. M. G.—You might recover by a Division Court suit, which would probably cost you ten dollars before you get through with it. The treatment you have received is shabby in the extreme.

R. C.—The school you allude to would forfeit the grant unless you secure a permit from the Inspector in the city or county in which the school is situated.

Hildegarde (Ottawa).—The Holy Grail or Greal is a miraculous chalice made of a single precious stone, supposed to have been an emerald, possessing the power of prolonging life, and many other very valuable properties. It was believed by some to have been brought by angels from heaven, and was the vessel used by our Lord at the Last Supper. It was said that it was preserved by Joseph of Arimathea, and in it he caught the blood which flowed from our Saviour's wounds as He was taken from the cross. It is surrounded by many legends, and one is that if it is approached by any but a perfectly pure and holy person it is borne away and vanishes from their sight. It was in quest of this that most of the adventures which befel the Knights of the Round Table were met with: these form the subject of Tennyson's poems, The Idyls of the King. In the Cathedral at Genoa a cup is still preserved which was taken by the Crusaders in 1101, and for a long time was considered to have been the Holy Grail.

A Subscriber (City).—The young lady should write her name on her hostess' card if she goes out to pay calls with her hostess, or if she calls by herself on the friends of the latter. If she is calling on friends who have no acquaintance with her hostess she must write her name on her mother's card, first drawing a pencil through her mother's name.

Esther M. (Montreal).—As you very properly put it one wedding is indeed enough for a lifetime. (1). Your mother should invite some of the bridegroom's friends to the wedding, even if she does not know them. (2). The bridegroom's relatives must be invited to the wedding, and special attention should be paid to them. You know, of course, that it is the place of the bridegroom's father to take your mother into breakfast, and that your father escorts the bridegroom's mother. The bridegroom's relatives ought to call on the *fiancee* directly they hear of the engagement. They ought certainly to be invited to the wedding, however, unless there has been a downright quarrel. (3). Certainly, you should send cards for the "At Home" given on your return to all those friends and relatives of the groom with whom the latter desires to keep up an acquaintance. (4). No; it would be quite incorrect to send out the invitations for the "At Home" at the same time you send out the invitations for the wedding. The "At Home" should not be sent out until your return from the honeymoon.

"London, Ont."—1. Lefevre's, or Ollendorf's system. 2. As to price, consult a bookseller. 3. With perseverance you ought to acquire a fair knowledge of French within a year's time. 4. Capable of much improvement.

R. P. (Port Hope.)—1. Lack of proper circulation of the blood has a tendency to turn the face and hands blue when exposed to the cold. A good remedy is bathing and plenty of exercise in tepid water. 2. You would have to be on the spot to get any satisfactory answer to your second question. 3. A sponge and tepid water is best for cleaning celluloid cuffs and collars.

A Woman's Prayer.

Why did we quarrel? Oh, love, was it well,
We, bounden by ties too many to tell,
Should play our parts so ill,
That now when we meet, I may not lay
My hand in your cordial clasp and say,
"God bless you, darling!" still!

We used to finish our letters so,
In the dear old days of long ago,
Ere we learnt to thrill
At the touch of each other's hands, and burn
With a troubled, trembling, sweet concern.
God bless you, darling, still!

But you were hasty, and I was proud;
And neither spirit so yet was cowed
By generous love as to yield.
For you left me; and I—I let you go;
Nor shadow of sorrow I deigned to show.
God bless you, darling, still!

Yes, I say it now, though we meet so cold.
With never a word of the days of old,
And never a smile to fill
The aching void in each other's heart;
Yet, love, mine echoes before we part,
God bless you, darling, still!

What He Pulled Up.

"The other day I rowed down the river,' said an old Texan granger, "and saw some cowboys staking off a claim in the richest bottom-land on my place. They were armed with Winchester rifles, and were desp'rately impudent."

"Did you pull up their stakes?" asked his neighbor.

"Not much!" was the reply. "I pulled up the stream."

"The Barriers in the Way."

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE REV. ARTHUR BALDWIN, VICAR OF ALL SAINTS' CHURCH.

In a pleasant room, looking into the pleasant face of Rev. Arthur Baldwin, I asked about the barriers which keep well-intentioned men from communion and church work. I give his answer in the easy, flowing words, though somewhat fragmentary style, with which he answered me.

"The more honest a man is the more delicate he is in coming forward and taking a position in the church, and this feeling has kept a great many people back for fear they might not be fitted to hold such a position. At the same time Christianity does demand that a man come forward for whatever work there may be. Of course you would at once think that a man who is afraid to come forward and assume his duties is not worth much, but it is not always so. I have not much doubt abr .t the origin of a good deal of the trouble a. it exists; I remember years ago, when I was working in England in '65, the Dean of Ely said: 'There are two kinds of men that we cannot trust, as a rule. It is not owing to themselves, but to their system; one is the Romanist and the other is the Methodist. And this is why: You have the confessional in both churches; you have the confession of badness in the Roman Catholic Church and the profession of goodness in the Methodist Church. You may take the ordinary man when he goes to confess his iniquities; he desires to get off as lightly as possible; he wants to have as small a bill as he can, for he has to pay for every sin that he acknowledges having committed. It is the same way in the market when a man is buying anything; he does the same thing. Then,' said the Dean, 'you go to the Methodist Church, and every man there is selling—that is, the mass of mankind—and they want to get as good a price for their article as it is possible to get. The Romanist and the Methodist don't know anything about it, but they get into a positive system of lying. I mean just what I say; it is perfectly true. I pointed this out years ago, and was treated to two or three columns of pretty stiff abuse by Dr. Dewart for my remarks, but I had a conversation with a Methodist class leader, and he told me I was perfectly correct.

This is the method of holding a class-meeting: The first person in the class is asked what is his state. He answers; and possibly his answer is true. A second one copies it, a third and fourth. The sixth relation of experience may be true, but man is imitative, and there will still be many who will copy either the sixth or the first. There you get a perfect system of lying. They don't believe they are doing anything wrong; they are not, indeed, conscious that they are lying, except where they have some ulterior object in view. Owing to this very thing there has come to be a feeling amongst people that they have to make a certain profession—that they must come up to a standard—which is simply impossible for them to hold.

"In the Church of England I will tell you where the trouble comes in. There is a little passage in the second of Corinthians which speaks of a man "eating and drinking his own damnation." Because it is misunderstood it frightens many away from communion. The people to whom it referred were troubled in one of two ways: They conducted their meetings on the old system; it was like a picnic where each man brought his own basket, and one man might have a good lunch and another might not. Those who were rich were perhaps intoxicated before the time of the Lord's Supper, and the others were perhaps looking for something more. Paul said to them, 'You don't come for Christ's sake; you come in a drunken sort of way; you don't know what you are doing,' and to some 'you come for the loaves and fishes.' Then look at the state of things which prevailed in the time of James I and James II. At that time no man could hold an official position unless he was a communicant, and they became communicants simply to hold official posts. The only reason a man can have for coming to the Lord's table is for Christ's sake, and when he comes for anything else he is "eating and drinking damnation to himself."

Then there is another thing which keeps men from being known as Christians. They are of the kind who say, "I am afraid of my life, that I can't come up to the standard, I am afraid of bringing disgrace upon the church; I would rather stand back and not take a prominent position." That was one thing against me in my life at Oxford. I found that I wanted to lead a certain kind of life with other young men that were there. I had been a communicant, but I didn't want to go to the communion; I wanted to stay away from it. After a while I thought that here was a thing that I must not take out, that I might just as well take out faith in Christ or anything else; that I had no right to make an exception. I felt that I had to make my choice between one or the other. You have read Ecce Homo? The author says: Here is your initiation in baptism, and here is your bond of club union in the other sacrament. There you are bound to go. Well, you find an enormous number of people in Toronto who don't deny Christianity, who admire it, but they don't want to come out decidedly and prepare themselves to be members by such an open act as going to the communion.

I think it is a very singular thing that the whole Baptist form of life—that is its division from the rest of Protestantism—rose out of one simple little thing that I don't suppose one Baptist in a hundred knows, and that is that it was held by some that if a man committed mortal sin after his baptism, he was damned for eternity. There was nothing more for him; he had to stick there or be lost. And so in the time of Novatian they tried to put off a man's baptism until he was about to die, the same as extreme unction is administered in the Church of Rome. There you find the whole theory of being afraid of eating and drinking one's own damnation as far as I can understand it. A man says, here is a solemn thing; I would like to have the privilege; I would like to be a child of God, I would like to be saved, but I am afraid to come out! Well, it is just as a man remarked about the Bible. If the Bible is all wrong and was written by man it is a proof of man's longing after immortality. Here is a desire on the part of people for eternity, and yet they wish to keep away from their duty just as long as possible. That is human nature.

Then there are excuses. One of the biggest excuses the Devil ever gave a man is that he fears he might become a hypocrite. I remember a man saying to me, "Mr. Baldwin, I haven't been to church, and I will tell you why." Said he, "There is So-and-So and So-and-So who go to your church and some of them are communicants. Well, I don't care to be mixed up with that crowd, some of them are no better than they should be. I don't believe in hypocrisy."

I said to the man, who was a chemist, "I want you to do one thing for me; put up your shutters on your shop windows."

"What do you mean?" said he.

"Why, do you mean to tell me that all chemists are honest men? If you tell me that some of them lie and are humbugs, you had better put up your shutters. If I were you I would not be mixed up with such a crowd; or be in a business in which there are hypocrites and humbugs."

He said, "We can't keep out hypocrites; it is impossible!"

"No, nor we can't keep them out of the church," said I. So I think the fact that men are afraid of being hypocrites is simply one of the devices of our enemy. I have often said this to my young people, using as an example: Here is a lady who goes out and leaves a bit of silk on the table, and her little child comes in and sees it and thinks it very nice and gets a pair of scissors and cuts it all up. Then it goes to work with needle and thread and sews it into something that it thinks is very pretty and presents it to the mother when she comes home. The mother is very sorry that the silk is all ruined but as the child did it to please her, she is not angry with the child. Now you can go to the holy communion and do it all upside down but it will be pleasing to God as long as you go with the right heart. I think that is the only hope there is. We are all failing creatures; all the time doing what is wrong, the disciples of our Saviour made mistakes and Peter made a mistake years after the Holy Ghost fell upon him and St. Paul had to reprove him for it.

Many a time as I have given the communion to people I have wondered how it could possibly have existed to this present time, it is such a simple little thing. It is the very simplicity of the thing that binds us all together.

Why men should be afraid of being called hypocrites in religion and not in the world is something I cannot understand. Men may go into business and profess to be honest men, yet they might be mistaken for hypocrites. Some action on their part which was perfectly right might be misinterpreted. It is the same thing in religion as it is in the world, as it is in business. No more sincerity is required of a man in one than in the other. If a man does not want God, to live to God, he is not forced to come; he is invited and is drawn that way, but he is not obliged to come. It is just as if you invited me to your house. Now I am not to suppose that you do not wish me to come and stay away from it on that account. Why should I put that barrier in the way? God says come to my house and I will give you all that your soul requires. Why should we put barriers in our own way?"

On being asked if he had read Robert Elsmere, Mr. Baldwin said he had read a portion of it, but found nothing to alarm any one in it; the hero was not very marvelous after all. Said he:

"I know a good deal about the schools of thought of which the author speaks. I know how easy it would have been for Oxford men at that time to have gone perfectly wrong. We began to think there was very little in spiritual things and questioned them pretty broadly, and there was only a sort of paper-wall to keep us together. When I went to Oxford in '65, as regards ourselves, there was practically no religion at all; there was the outside shell, you might say, but there was nothing else. At Cambridge there was a nucleus of religious men. At our college—Queen's—at Oxford we had a sermon only once a year; that was all. We had chapel at 7 o'clock in the morning, which was merely gabbled over. You had to be there right at the minute the clock struck, or you could not get in; the door went bang! The service took a quarter of an hour, and twice a week it only took ten minutes. If you kept only three of these morning chapels in the week you would establish a bad record and you could get off easily, but if you were a pious fellow and usually went the six days in the week and missed one day they would haul you up because they would think you were failing in grace. If you had established a bad record they were pleased that you attended at all. On Sundays I think we used to have chapel at eight o'clock, which lasted for twenty minutes. That was gabbled just as hard as it could be gabbled right through, and sometimes we slept through it. Then we used to have a big breakfast. I belonged to the Pre-Adamite Club, which meant that things were to be free and easy. After our breakfast we would go for a grind in the country, being required to be back at chapel at five o'clock. That took half an hour; nothing more. Then there was dinner, and after that we were at liberty to go and wine in some one's room. That was the religion of Oxford. We had a few people who were what was called ritualistic,—I think about half-a-dozen,—who tried to fast a part of Friday, but had a blow-out at half-past nine in the evening on boiled eggs, etc. Then there were the godless ones; these belonged mostly to the Church of England, though there were some Presbyterians and they were the worst of all. They got so far as to play cards on Sundays and freed themselves from all restraints.

"Of course there was everything one wanted in the way of religion if one sought for it. You could begin by going to chapel at seven o'clock; then you could go to your own chapel, then to one of the university sermons, then to a morning service, and after that you could go to your own service if you wanted, while in the evening, perhaps, there would be some man lecturing on the Bible, but the fellows seldom went there.

"Prof. Gray in Robert Elsmere represents the broad school; it was the school of old Dean Stanley, Jewett and Tennyson. There was some beauty about the broad church, but the fact was that the low church and the high church fought like cats and dogs, and we felt that we could not belong to either one or the other. I thought, however, that there was a little Christianity in the broad church."

Mr. Baldwin also remarked that he could not take a church paper because they were intensely partisan and distasteful to him. With reference to Canon Farrar's recent utterances he thought they were generally misunderstood; his original statements differed greatly from what people have made out of them. Canon Farrar never taught, as one lady expressed it, that we have "got rid of this horrid bugaboo of everlasting punishment. There is an old mistake that people make about it. I believe the punishment is for those who persistently after enlightenment reject the Saviour; there is no question about that. The others are not in the same category at all; they may be 'beaten with few stripes.' The offers of God are all love and mercy and goodness—always, and it is for the rejection of these that the punishment is prepared. God's is like a woman's love; the stronger it is, when wounded, the more it will turn against the man who has wronged her, and rightly too."

DON.

'Varsity Chat.

The ladies of Moulton Baptist College, Bloor street, were entertained by their co-religionists of McMaster Hall Thanksgiving evening. The return match, if I may speak so irreverently, is soon to be played. So it is whispered at any rate.

*

Mr. W. Brydone, second vice president of the Literary Society, made his maiden bow as chairman last Friday evening. A stranger would not have known the difference.

*

Mr. J. W. McMillan, B.A., of Knox, dropped in towards the close, and apparently enjoyed the proceedings as in the days of his youth, when he was the chairman's right hand man.

*

The federation ripple has passed over us without producing any appreciable change in the temperature.

*

If, as Dr. Dewart says it must, the scheme be carried out as intended, we will be glad of it. There can be no doubt about its desirability, and we have looked forward with considerable expectancy to its consummation.

*

But on the contrary if it fall through we draw ourselves up in impregnable self-sufficiency and say "all right," going on our way rejoicing.

*

That a good scheme should be authoritatively decided upon and then without any new light be opposed through a small desire for puny independence is a curious comment on even regenerate human nature.

*

An effort is being made to boom class organization. It has been spoken of before, but active steps have not been taken till this time. A meeting of the class of '89 is called for Wednesday. There is room for a variety of opinions on this question; perhaps I may give mine when I am sure what it is.

*

We scan the pages of the '*Varsity* in vain for our old friend Di-Varsities.

NEMO.

Fun With the Editor.

A sad-eyed man with a bald head and ears so big that they looked like the fans of a windmill, blew in through SATURDAY NIGHT's editorial rooms one day last week, and interrupted the remarks of the Society editor, who has just become a male parent—twins—and was asserting in a positive tone that marriage was a failure. The sad-eyed man planted himself on a broken biscuit box and assaulted one of the artist's 25-cent cigars without a quiver. "I've got a little joke I'd like you to print," he said in a sad and solemn tone, while he reached out a pair of hefty feet and left them lying on the editor's desk. "It's a nice little joke. It kind of came on me in a lump, and I've been afraid to let it go for fear it might hit somebody and hurt him. I have said nothing about it to any one."

"That was very considerate of you," remarked the managing editor, sarcastically. "Ho might get mad if you did, and go after a brick or something."

"What for!" asked the man, innocently.

"Oh, I don't know. To build a house with or to crack something. Go on."

"You make me feel somewhat embarrassed," remarked the visitor.

"Pray, don't mind me," said the editor. "Go right ahead as if you were talking to the summer zephyrs or the midnight moon. Just turn the hose right on that joke, and if it's funny enough we'll make it echo down the halls of time."

"That's very kind of you," remarked the visitor. "I thought it would be a good scheme to work this joke of mine in the shape of a conundrum—conundrums are funny, don't you think so?"

"Some of them are," said the editor, reflectively. "Some of them are funny enough to open oysters with. Then, again, some of them are not; and some of them are in the hospital for repairs, and others have grown whiskers and are roaming through the wide, wide world on crutches."

"Well, this conundrum is quite new. Here she goes. Why should a girl who is constantly falling in love be called Potatoes? Give it up?"

"Yes."

"Because she often gets mashed."

*

The soft winds of the warm autumnal day blew through the broken window-pane, rustled the manuscripts on the editor's desk, stirred dreamily amid the exchanges on the floor, and lifted a long lock of black hair from the artist's pallid brow. A pert little sparrow on the window sill cocked his head on one side and stared inquiringly at the tortoiseshell cat in the yard below, who elevated his long tail and glared enviously back at the sparrow. And the editor sat down on the broken biscuit box with a weird, wan smile on his cultured face, and watched the office-boy pick up the mangled remnants of a sad-eyed man with a bald head, and ears so big that they looked like the sails of a wind mill, and cart them out to the ash barrel.

SPIFF.

SECOND OF OUR "FAMILY HERALD" STORIES.

GUELDA.

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CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

The girl's eyes were shining with a light Airlie had never seen before; and yet it was but mild radiance compared with the blaze of gladness in his own. As their eyes met, so they drew nearer by mute accord, and, as singer Tennyson, their spirits rushed together in full understanding "at the meeting of the lips."

"And so you have been wearing my ring since you won it?" he murmured, as hazarded Guelda presently, with a shy glad smile.

Airlie started, looking down at a plain gold ring he wore.

"What—you recognised it?"

"No; but the night we came I recognized the scar on your hand you got that day. And even in disguise I thought I knew you."

Ronald Airlie and Guelda Seaton had taken their first walk together; plans had meant it should not be their last, but that they were to be companions in a far longer walk on earth, till one or other grew tired and went home.

Between these two there seemed perfect sympathy. As neither could tell which had loved first or which could love best, so there was hardly any thought of conquest in the heart of either. It all seemed a natural consequence from the moment they had first seen each other under "the green wood tree" wooing or winning had been little in the thoughts of either when sad in heart these last long months—rather had the miserable feeling that a cruel fate had parted them as in sport, coupled with an inward strange certainty, born of great love's intuition, that if they could but meet neither was indifferent to the other. Happy pair, even in unhappiness! They confided all this and much more to each other's hearing, sitting down by the singing burn on a mossy rock overhung by the bunny broom and scarlet-berried mountain-ashes.

"Do you believe that beings really are ever made for each other, destined so beforehand in some unknown sphere?" asked Guelda confidingly in her lover's ear, with a pretty deprecation of the question in her voice and gesture.

Ronald laughed out cheerily.

"What—that in the plan of creation pairs were fashioned male and female, and yet sent separately into the world to wander up and down seeking each other, and more often in vain? Certainly not! No benevolent Providence, but only the goddess of discord could invent so fiendish a torture for poor humanity. No, no; had you and I never met but once, my forest-queen, we should each have loved the next best person we met in life, depend upon it—always supposing you thought me the best," he added, with playful but very loving humility.

"First and best and alone in my thoughts," owned Guelda, in the greatness of her joy. "Yet, Ronald, you yourself told me you felt from the first as if we two needed no acquaintance, as if we knew each other."

"Because of our rare sympathy, dearest. We are far happier in that than most, believe me. Think how many beings are miserable because they never seem to meet their other selves in life, or, meeting, find it is too late, and have to content themselves as best they can!"

"Then, if we were parted, Ronald, would you content yourself without me?" asked Guelda, earnestly.

"Never!" uttered the young man, half springing up, a red flush rising to his very brow, a strange set look on his face. "What—give you up when you have promised to be mine? No power on earth but your own will shall separate us now. Do you mean? Ah. I know—your grandfather—you may not forgive me because my name is Airlie! Tell me, Guelda—will you be true to me still in such a case? Which would you choose—him or me?"

"I have given you my word; I cannot change that," said Guelda, greatly troubled; then, in sudden pleading—"But what do your words mean? We were so happy till a minute ago. Tell me, Ronald—has your family wronged my grandfather?"

"No—Heaven knows!" returned Airlie, with a gloomy look. "It is always those who do the wrong who can never pardon it!"

"Only tell me what it is!" entreated Guelda.

"Ah, I remember! Was this your third reason for avoiding me. You said Islay believed you were the last person living who would be likely to care for me."

"It was my third reason," answered Ronald low, bending his head so that she could not see his expression; but then, after a few moments, he looked her gaily in the face, saying, with a laugh. "An old family quarrel, sweet-heart. It need not signify to us any more than the feuds of the Montagues and Capulets. Forgiveness belongs to the injured, you know! Well, I forgive for your dear sake. I can even do more—I will forget!"

"And you will not tell me what it is?"

"Another time. Let us be quite happy together now."

Thereupon they were perfectly blissful for a long, long time, while the sun sank lower and lower. How they talked! Guelda told of her old and new life, her bewildered feelings at the sudden transformation-scenes through which she had passed. Then she confided how she had fancied Ronald to be like St. Michael.

"I kept that little book always with me; it was the one thing I carried away from the cottage that night," she owned, blushing as Ronald bent in eager to hear her.

And Airlie, to please her, had to sketch his own life from boyhood upwards—the orphan's loneliness—for his mother died at his birth, and his father but a little later, leaving him one with trouble—then the coming to Islay Castle, to his only relatives and nearest of kin, his second cousins—how Islay and he had rambled over these moors together, knit in love passing that of brothers; of their first guns, and of Ronald's first success in one holiday-time, and how proud Islay had been, as if the achievement both boys had longed for were his very own. Then he spoke gratefully of the dead Duchess' early kindness, and how Grizel had been a sister to him.

"We must confide in her!" exclaimed Ronald. "She will be so glad!"

"Yes," replied Guelda slowly.

"Ah, I know what is in your mind!" pursued Ronald, wrong for once in his divining of his love's thoughts. "But, without doubt, I really believe Grizel has always cared for me just as much as for Islay, or even more. We are her bro' hers and you are her greatest friend."

"Tell me of your later life," went on Guelda gently. "You went to London—you entered the Guards. I heard everywhere of your name in society."

The girl looked at him proudly. Few men indeed were more admired, praised, and loved in secret by women than Ronald Airlie, who had taken all his conquests lightly hitherto; fewer still were as great a favorite as he was among his comrades and those who knew him well.

"Never mind my life these last years. It was no better—I hope no worse—than that of hundreds of other men," answered Ronald somewhat humbly. "I liked society, but often felt one in a crowd. Only for meeting you, dear, I should have volunteered for active service this winter, just to get my pulses stirred. Never mind the past; let us talk of our future lives instead."

So they made happy plans in which the course of their true love ran smooth; or, if Lord Loudon should frown on them, then they must be patient. Like happy children, they babbled at times of impossible castles in the air, laughing at each other's fancies. Like lovers they had been from the moment up the glen as the evening fell; and Guelda insisted that Ronald should pick her purple whortleberries he found here and there in crannies of the cliff.

"See here—I have far more than you!" laughed Guelda, holding out a stalk on which four or five crimson berries delicately hung. "But I will be generous, and divide all with you."

"You are generous in more than that!" exclaimed Ronald, with sudden pain and passion in his voice, as she stood before him transfigured in her beauty broke evening sun that glinted her bare head with the glory as of a halo. "Darling, do you know what you are doing in promising to share you all with me that is more than mine? Suppose I were an heiress, they say, and the beauty of the season, whilst I am—"

"My King Cophetua, who loved the beggar-maid!" cried Guelda, in an answering rapture of emotion. "For your sake I have refused till now every man who has asked me to become his wife. Henceforth, whatever happens, if even we are for ever parted, I will marry no other man."

"You promise that!" exclaimed Airlie, in a transport of love and joy, holding out his arms to her as the girl stood above him on the rocky path.

"I promise that!"—and Guelda stepped royally down, to be folded in his embrace.

The rabbits played down the glen, and a flight of plovers passed high over head, bound for the loch where the tide was coming in salt and fresh; grilse were springing up the little white waterfalls of the burn, which foaled and foamed with mimic roar, unheeded in the ears of these two. They saw nothing but each other's faces, heard naught save each other's hoyered words.

Man and maid at last remembered there was another world outside the Eden in their hearts—nay, even beyond this little one of nature's making in the glen around them. With footsteps that pressed lingeringly the springy heather-turfs, they went up the ever-deepening, narrowing glen. The rocky path still wound under high cliffs overhung with trees and mantled with broom and bramble trails. The burn slipped among huge boulders into clear cold pools, such as Dian's nymphs would have loved to seek during noon-tide heats, and bathe their white limbs in, unseen of prying Actaeon.

Up a narrow zig-zag path they wandered, over rocky crags and wooden bridges to the upper moor—through the dark fir-woods to the grand old Castle, back to the world of society and of fellow men and women.

CHAPTER XIV.

A few days later Guelda Seaton, in heather-colored dress, a deer-stalker's cap covering her bright hair, was slipping out alone, and, as she hoped, unobserved, through a postern door in the old castle when she met Lady Grizel face to face.

"Why, Guelda, you are not going out!" exclaimed her ladyship. "Look at the sky—there will be a storm!"

"Dear Grizel, don't mind me. I am a country girl, you know, and not afraid of weather; besides, I like the fresh air and to go out alone sometimes," pleaded Guelda, feeling like a culprit towards her friend.

"But not to be alone all the time," returned Lady Grizel, with a strange set look on her black flashing eyes and in a brusque tone. "You are going to the glen, I suppose? You have grown very fond of it since you met when you left us fishing for trout in the lyle; but you must have found something better worth the having."

"Grizel!" was all poor Guelda answered, but in a tone so gentle, so touching in its loving reproach, that it sank deeply into her friend's heart, as the speaker passed in the glen slowly. "Even if I did find a treasure in the glen, do not be angry with me. I would give up anything else in the world to you, Grizel, believe me—perhaps this; but it is not mine to give."

There was dead silence for a few moments in the little hall. It was a small stone room hollowed out of the thickness of one of the towers; no one passed out this way but members of the family or intimates—Ronald Airlie had shown the way to Guelda. Lady Grizel had turned away her head; then she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"I am an ill-tempered wretch!" she muttered. "Forgive me, dear; you know I do love you with all my heart—and him. No, you could not help it. I had imagined another future for you both—that was all; as I have been cross and disagreeable during the last few days, as you must have seen."

"Then you knew!" asked Guelda, amazed, remembering now that Lady Grizel had of late looked gloomy at moments. "Does any one else—"

"No, no one else that I know of. I watched you going to the glen—that was all; and I guessed the rest. Now go—Ronald will be waiting for you."

"Guelda hesitated a moment; then, coming humbly quite close to her friend, she whispered pleadingly:

"Grizel, forgive me; indeed I could not help it! We should have told you, but he thought it best to wait a little till nearer my time for going away. It has all been so sudden, or rather it began on the first day we ever saw each other in the forest."

She did not say why she sought forgiveness; but Lady Grizel must have understood, and her own heart could hold out no longer against the winning accents of the friend whom she had loved better than herself; so the two girls put their arms about each other and wept. Suddenly, with quick returning pride, Grizel forced a laugh, and recovering herself good-humoredly, pushed Guelda to the door, and, gaily bidding her "Go and be happy," shut her out.

The soft air had felt strangely heavy all the morning. Now, as Guelda hurried towards the glen, there were thick clouds that seemed to be playing with the mountains, at times curling over their bare crests in coquettish gray mists, anon dragging heavily great masses of vapor along the higher ridges. It was a visible meeting of earth and sky.

She went through a dark fir wood, like a vast natural temple, with carpets of heather, red pillared stems, and thick spreading roof overhead. Not a bough stirred as the girl descended a narrow dangerous path leading into the glen; having to use a needle spray of the pine-tree feathery branches of the tall larches; the stillness was intense. All at once a warning shiver seemed to pass over the hills; a current of colder air rushed up the glen, across the moors above a breeze blew at the same instant, and great drops of rain pattered down.

In two or more seconds the storm began. Rumbling peals of thunder broke across the sky, then grew louder and came nearer. Forked flashes of lightning played over the mountain-tops, and the heavy rain poured down thick and fast. The wind caught Guelda's dress, wrapping it round her so that she could hardly struggle on; the rain beat in her face. Bewildered and frightened, for she dared not go back up the slippery path through the wood, knowing the terrors of such a storm, Guelda paused to think.

She remembered a little cave near at hand, a narrow fissure in the cliff, and hastened thither for shelter. Safe herself, her thoughts flew instantly to Ronald. "He may be caught on the open moor, coming down to the glen head," she reasoned in anxious fear.

The duke and all the rest of the house-party were at that very moment in a still more exposed spot on the mountain-side; but, woman like, Guelda hardly gave them even a thought. Ronald had urged her to meet him here, as they had met each day of late, promising to quit the shooting-party on some excuse—that lover could do more when staying at a Highland deer forest famous through both Scotland and England for its sport!

But, alas! he was late! An accident must have happened! Guelda had waited barely five minutes, but she was trembling already; fearing for herself, her loved lover's safety was beating fast with terror for another. In a moment more she must have rushed out of shelter and struggled on her way up the glen, through the wild rain and fierce wind, when a man's tall figure came past a rock; a cheery "Hallo!" answered a little cry from the cave, and in a moment, regardless of the rain, herself as well as any merman, Guelda had thrown herself into Ronald's arms.

"So you came after all! I determined to search the glen through, but almost hoped you were safe and dry indoors," exclaimed Airlie.

"Do you still wish me back at the Castle?" said Guelda, laughing lovingly up into his handsome sunny face. "For, if so, I can go this minute. I am no more afraid of a wetting than you are."

"Not for worlds!" uttered Ronald in a deeper voice, holding her in his arms, and looking down on her, as if afraid she might really rush into danger. "You are brave enough to be a soldier's wife; but, child, I thank Heaven you were not out long in this lightning. Coming down to the glen I saw blue flame on the barrel of my gun, and a hot blast seemed to scorch my arm. No, no; I am not hurt—only a little numbed"—as Guelda turned pale and looked at him in anxiety. "But think of my feelings if I had found you perhaps lying still and lifeless in the heather up there!"

"Or if we had to not separate our love, even in thought, Ronald, or our lives either."

"No; we ought to be struck down in close embrace, as I have heard a 'lover and his lass' died by lightning, and I should have you always," burst from Ronald's lips with a curious short laugh, half hysterical, half reckless almost; startled Guelda, although she knew that beneath his sunshine of manner and glad temper her "St. Michael" had the resolve of him who slew the dragon, with strong human passions besides. "Would you wish such a death as that?" he added, his gaze seeming to search her soul.

"Yes," replied Guelda, solemnly. "I should be glad if we might die together when our time comes."

The rain still fell thick and fast for an hour or more, while the chariot-wheels of the old gods seemed rumbling across the sky, to clash together in flashes. And battle-fray, and their hurled lightning spears were hurled in furious flashes. But these two cared neither for weather, place, nor flight of time. To them January would have been as much of a month of rose-buds while they were planning the happiness of their future joint lives.

"But I must tell Islay—I feel such a hypocrite in keeping our secret longer from him," declared Ronald, sighing. "After all, he would only have had the misery of knowing our happiness for few days, and we should have been miserable even in our joy. But to-night, if I can find an opportunity, it will only be fair to let him know."

"You did not tell him last night, then?"

"No; my heart failed me. I could not on the day of the gathering, when he looked so proud among his Highlanders, and as happy as a king—dear old Islay!"

"Some one else looked even more like a king," murmured Guelda, nestling closer and closer to his shoulder. "How they all cheered you when you won the prizes so often! I would have cried, I felt so proud of you. They shouted for you as often as for Islay; and I heard some old Highlanders saying to each other, 'If we had not so good a Duke, you Airlie would make a grand one!'"

"Heaven forfend! They and you little know! Islay is worth a dozen of me," quoth Airlie, in honest humility. "You have made a great mistake in choosing me, my queen."

"How can I help that? You are my fate," said the girl, with a blushing happy laugh, as soft as wood-dove's note.

Slowly the rain ceased—the light grew clear but subdued as the sky brightened. The noises of wet nature succeeded in the glen, and cheerful sounds of birds and the lesser animal and insect life broke out around.

Looking down the narrow valley, they could just see the blue strip of loch, beyond which the colors of the fresh-washed moorland were exquisite, wonderful shades of reddish-violet heather mingling with the golden-brown of bracken and gorse, while here and there were tiny cultivated fens, the pale hue of late-mown hay-fields alternating with the sharp green of green of turnip-patches set in the vast expanse of brown rolling moor, with never a fence to break its beauty of freedom.

"See there!" said Guelda presently, pointing to where the nearest dark mountains loomed over the glen far above the highest tree-tops. White mist-wreaths were floating over their blue-black sides, assuming strange half-human shapes. "They remind me of how the immortals were thought to pass between earth and Olympus, wrapped in just such clouds."

"Or wraiths of dead warriors riding from the field of battle. This is the land of Ossian," answered Ronald.

Long enough the pair were in their rock-refuge, yet presently the scent going up from the wet heather around, which had been so sweet at first, became absolutely stifling. The air, still moisture-laden, seemed an invisible, impalpable weight that made Guelda's head ache, while her complexion paled.

Ronald noticed this quickly with his usual chivalrous thoughtfulness towards all women—especially this one.

"You are a little faint—let us come back at once by the near path."

"But the shooting-party—that is their way home."

"No matter! I exhausted myself in excuses lately for leaving these sportsmen; that was penance enough to propitiate Lady Venus, who ought to protect her followers," laughed Airlie.

They followed the windings of the burn to where the glen widened into a tiny piece of Nature's very own. It was planted with trees and carpeted thickly with tall purple heather; the river moved shallow and murmuring round it, while the high wooded cliff closed in to keep rough winds away. Crossing into this delightful spot and brushing through the broom that grew as high as themselves, their footsteps suddenly started a reddish object that sprang out of the heather, where it had been lying asleep. It was a little young deer, startled in alarm through its invaded favorite haunt and, plashing into the gravelly stream, tried this way and that to escape the steep wooded banks, dashing at last close back to where they stood hidden. Guelda whispered—

"How beautiful! I do not know how any one can have the heart to kill such—"

Before her words were ended a rifle-shot rang in their very ears. The little animal gave one convulsive leap, then dropped under a birch-tree, its blood staining the turf, while its great dark eyes were full of almost a human expression of anguish in its death-throes. Airlie gave a loud oath, as Guelda sobbed involuntarily at his arm. The deer had fallen not a yard from her feet.

A party of sportsmen, with dogs and gillies in attendance, came scrambling down the wooded cliff-side and waded the water towards them, laughing.

"What is the matter? Who is here?" he called out; then, confronting Ronald and Guelda side by side, he turned pale, ejaculating—"Joy!"

There was an awkward silence, some of the men in the background exchanging glances.

Ronald answered his cousin very quietly, both men exchanging a grave steady glance.

"Yes, we were here. It is lucky that shot of yours was so true, Islay, or it might have found another victim," said Guelda Seaton.

"Or yourself!" burst out the Duke, with a short bitter laugh.

"I did not mention that, because it would have caused you much less," returned Ronald, with the same quiet manner, while the frank look that still sought that of his best friend was fraught with sadness.

Islay turned on his heel, feeling as if a bullet had blazed through his own brain. He tried to occupy himself apparently in giving directions to the gillies about the dead roebuck, while the rest of the party moved slowly onwards.

Guelda could with difficulty force back the tears in her eyes. It grieved her to have grieved her sworn brother; she was so sorry—heart sorry—for good kind Islay.

"You are vexed at that poor creature being shot—and so near you too! Ah, ah, tender-hearted and nervous as women are, it was disturbing to the nerves!" said Sir Julian Inglis briskly, constituting himself her homeward companion. With ready tact he came to the front to save her from feeling uncomfortable. "My legs are stiffened to-day; a walking—shall we drop a little behind? That's right—thank you!" Then, in a lower, comforting tone—"Come, come, dear child—don't fret about this little incident; 'all's well that ends well, you know; and, pon my word, I believe this will end very well."

"You take too much such a kind friend to me, and I fear he is hurt," murmured Guelda, looking with wet shining orbs into her old friend's face.

"Tut, tut! Is that all? You are too sensitive; a lovely woman must make many men unhappy. What a small the Duke is, though—look at him behind! Ah—a man's life is not so important matters as well, I fancy, so no wonder if others get before him! However, we need not pity him, for, as Shakespeare says, he carries his house on his head'—and a fine inheritance, too, which ought to console any man for other losses."

Guelda was very grateful for the old man's well-meant and plausible attempts to dissipate her regrets. Still Sir Julian judged Islay only by a very delicate standard, and did not do him justice; neither perhaps did Guelda even, for that matter. Both looked up at the vast dark pile of the Castle towing before them, with its flag flying from the topmost tower, its gardens and park, woods, river and moor lying wide-spread around.

"It is a noble inheritance," said Sir Julian, dropping his tone of gay chat for one of seriousness. "Many women would give much to share it and its accompanying wealth that the Duke of Islay can offer to his future wife; they would throw every other consideration to the winds."

"The Duke deserves a better fate; he is worthy to be liked for himself—and so I trust he will be some day," said Guelda, in low firm tones.

"Well said! Ah, Airlie has been telling you of his cousin's good points, I dare say! returned Sir Julian, laughing. "I hope Ronald is a chief favorite of mine. May I congratulate you on that speech!"

There was such a twinkle in his eyes that Guelda could not help laughing, while a deeper rose-flush on her cheeks betrayed the fact that she pleaded guilty to the soft impeachment insinuated.

They were in a winding path between the garden yew-hedges at the time. Sir Julian stopped short and kissed the fair girl's hand with courtly grace.

"My dear, I am surprised, but very glad," he said. "You might not think such a battered old worldling had any romance under his grey hairs still, and yet, I assure you, it warms the cockles of my heart to see a young couple really in love, and like Romeo and Juliet, overcoming all the barriers of old family hatred and wrongs."

"Sir Julian," uttered Guelda, with parted lips, "you once promised to tell me why my grandfather was angry at Sheen. It was at the name of Airlie—so I guessed later—tell me the reason now!"

"You do not know the story then? Has not Ronald—"

"No. He put my questions aside; but I do wish to know."

"Well, it is best you did. Briefly, then, you are aware, I suppose, that Sheen and Sheen Abbey should also belong to the Loudon family in former generations? The escutcheon over the porch, the coats of arms in the stained windows of the chapel, the very tombstones that pave the chapel floor will tell you that."

"They did not tell me, and no one ever said a word on the subject. I remember the last time I have spent there; and all was so new. The coats of arms and escutcheons—I do not understand heraldry. The tombstones—I knelt on them, but they are so worn one could hardly decipher the inscriptions, and I supposed they were those of my ancestors. Then to whom did Sheen Abbey belong?"

"To a family whose ancestors may become yours, answered Sir Julian, with a subtle smile; "to that of Airlie."

Guelda started in surprise.

"Then how did they lose it? Tell me—tell me all!"

"I passed many years ago into the possession of a younger brother of a Duke of Islay by marriage with the heiress of Sacen. He was Ronald Airlie's grandfather, and Lord Loudon is yours. I remember them both well. We were wild young fellows in the Regency days, drinking heavily, and playing, equally, not only all night, but often all day! So your grandfather and Airlie played once together all night long and into the afternoon of next day, with the result that Airlie lost his entire fortune. Every one of the other players had been carried out long before in a helpless condition—manners of the time. Airlie had been perhaps, even tremendously, like a tyro's luck, for he seldom tried dice or cards, while Loudon was a famous gamester. But later, poor Airlie not only lost his fortune, but clipped the Sacen fortune so deeply that in reckless despair he at last wagered Sheen Abbey itself."

"And lost?"

"And lost," gravely repeated Sir Julian. "He came out of that gambling hell a penniless, homeless man."

"How terrible," mused the girl slowly, aloud, "to lose the old home, fortune, everything on a throw of the dice! But at least it was fair, surely? Sheen Abbey was your grandfather might have lost as much, might he not?"

"Humph!" Old Sir Julian tapped his stout stick on the river-walk very slowly twice on. "It is a delicate subject to discuss with a man's grand-daughter; still, the fact remains that Loudon was famous for being able to cheat at the dice himself, and to palm false and yet be able to keep his head clear—wonderful nerve and self-possession; but poor Airlie close, I suspect, had drunk himself into excess. No doubt he had made the wager; yet, when Loudon showed him his signature to a paper that he had written down stating over Sheen Abbey, Airlie recollected nothing of the matter."

Guelda stopped dead; her eyes blazed, a dark color suffused her face. She said low, in a suffocated voice—

"Then you mean it was a—shameful deed?"

"No, no—but, not so honorable!" interposed Sir Julian, airily, waving his stick, yet using constrained tones. "Only the affair made a sensation in society. Lord Loudon was a loud tone, but I think myself he might have forgone taking his 'pound of flesh' in this case. Curious, he has never enjoyed Sheen much, has he?—except, since you came to brighten his latter days."

"But the end of the story—what became of the Airlies?" asked Guelda low, with tears in her eyes; she could scarcely speak.

"Oh, ah!" Sir Julian hemmed, reluctantly. "Well, my friend Airlie was too high-spirited to dispute his own signature, of course, but—well, it broke his heart. He was grieved to death at having destroyed, as he thought, his son's prospects. However, Ronald's father married well, and, though he and his young wife died early, Ronald has a fair future, I think, before him. Eh, Miss Guelda, you will right the wrong?"

When they reached the castle, Guelda found a telegram awaiting her, signed by Hillis, the old family butler—

"Lord Loudon is dangerously ill. Please return immediately."

CHAPTER XV.

Guelda Seaton left Islay Castle in haste an hour after receiving the summons to her grandfather's bedside.

That same evening Ronald Airlie went straight to the duke's private study at an hour when he was likely to find him disengaged. Islay rose hastily from where he had been sitting, gazing dreamily at a writing table, a pile of untouched letters before him, and looked straight at his cousin with a heavy countenance. Never handsome at any time, yet his face was generally made pleasant by the good-humored expression that gave it light and play. Now that radiance was gone; his eyes were dull and fixed, the muscles about the mouth were strained as when in pain and only largely-moulded, inert features, seemingly dull and stolid, met Ronald's sympathetic gaze.

Islay's inner self was hidden. But Ronald knew his cousin's good heart thoroughly.

"You want to speak to me," said the duke stiffly, rising.

"Yes," returned Airlie impetuously, with stress feeling in his voice, his blue eyes showing an eager sympathy and affection that could not be gainsaid. "I have been waiting anxiously for the first moment that you were alone to tell you the news I have made my meeting with Miss Seaton this afternoon."

"Stop a moment!" interposed the duke, in a harsh voice. "Are you engaged to her?"

"Islay, you have been better than ten brothers to me!" returned Ronald with faltering slowness. "Heaven knows that I tried to keep my word to you in this matter, and that I would give anything to spare you pain; but we are engaged."

"I thought as much. Well, I am glad you are so, at all events, and not merely trifling with the girl. You are rather used to affairs of the heart, I believe; I am not," said Islay, with a bitter laugh.

"You are unjust," was Airlie's slow answer, feeling deeply hurt, but yet knowing that it behoved him to keep his temper under control, because he had won the prize. "If I have had experiences of the kind you mean, they have not been always of my own seeking."

After a minute's pause Ronald Airlie burst out again, speaking with his whole heart.

"At all events, Guelda is the only woman in the world I ever loved sincerely, madly, and that at first sight, from the moment we met her in the forest."

"And yet you received my confidences, and even wished me good luck!" put in Islay hoarsely.

"I did. The moment I found she was Lord Loudon's grandchild my pride rose, and I vowed to keep out of her path, if I could not conquer this overwhelming feeling that had taken hold of me. Besides, I am no pauper of society, and, as you yourself said, the last man living likely to wish to ally myself with one of the Seatons. But it was too strong for me—the harvest revels were too great a temptation."

"What—then it was you! I might have known as much!" ejaculated Islay to himself.

"Yes, I was the Wanderer! Islay, I thought," went on Ronald, hurrying out his self-justification, "that I could venture to trust myself near you and your sister. Ronald Airlie was engaged to her—that would have been a sacred bar—but the first evening she came I knew it was not so."

"No; but it might have been with time," groaned Islay; then, recollecting himself with a start—"What a fool I am! As if all were not fair in love, and you as free as myself to try your chance!"

"Believe me, dear old Islay, for your sake I did not feel free. The wish to win her—to see, we loved, and, when at last we met, all was understood."

Then Ronald unfolded somewhat more of the romance. He told of his own vain struggles to resist what seemed a hopeless infatuation that warred with his pride, besides a betrayal of Islay's trust. Before he had finished, Islay interrupted him with the old honest look in his eyes, the old honest ring of his voice.

"Say no more, Ronald—I know it. You could not help yourself; and she"—with a big sigh—"has chosen the better man by far of us two." He wrung Ronald's hand with a hearty "God bless you both!" adding, "But now do you mind leaving me alone for a while?"

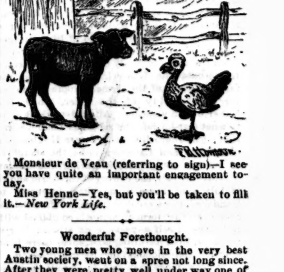
As Ronald Airlie went away, at peace with himself once more, but grieved for his cousin, he thought, "What a gentleman dear old Islay is! The better man of the two—he is that. I could not show his patience under such a loss."

(To be Continued.)

The Grave of Genghis Khan.

According to Abbe Armand David, the traveler, the last remains of the great conqueror, Genghis Khan, or Genghis Bogote, as he is called in Mongolian, are preserved at a place called Kiay-sen, in the land of Ordos, a desolate region in a bend of the Yellow River in Mongolia. They are contained in a large silver coffin, which the Mongols will not show to strangers without special permission. The coffin is wrapped round with rich stuffs, and numerous pilgrims come to kiss these and to pay the same respect as they would to a living Emperor. The coffin is in a special building which is guarded by a Mongol prince. It is said that the coffin of silver coffin was at first carried about all over Mongolia in order to save it from eager enemies of Genghis, and at length was deposited in Ordes because that was a country of little consequence, free of its remote situation and its poverty, was safe from hostile invasion.

He Laughs Best Who Laughs Last.



Monsieur de Veau (referring to sign)—I see you have quite an important engagement today.

Miss Henne—Yes, but you'll be taken to fill it.—*New York Life.*

Wonderful Forethought.

Two young men who move in the very best Austin society, went on a spree not long since. After they were pretty well under way one of them said in an inebriated tone of voice:

"Let's bid each other good-night, Bill."

"Why, you ain't going home already! It's bright in the shank of the evening."

"Of course I'm not going home now; but after a while we won't know each ozzer from a bhide of whole leather, sho let's shay good-night now, before's too late."

They embrace.

WITCH HAZEL;

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON,

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

As she did so the gleam of something white, and a slight movement near her, startled her afresh.

"Who—who is here?" she gasped, in a faint voice, but too weak to stir.

"Do not be alarmed, Miss Stewart,' said a quiet voice, "it is only I—Hazel."

"Hazel Gay!" cried Helena, shocked to new life and angry strength at thus meeting her hated rival; "you, of all persons in the world!" and she sprang toward her, clutching her arm with almost frantic energy. "How long have you been here!—what—what have you heard!"

"I was here before you came, Miss Stewart. I have heard—everything."

"Everything!" moaned Helena, despairingly.

"Every word. I could not help it."

"Oh! and you know that I——" Miss Stewart could not go on.

"Yes, I know your sad secret," Hazel returned, regretfully; "but I had no thought of being an eavesdropper. I was forced to be a listener against my will. I came out because my head felt badly, and wandered down here by myself. I had not been sitting here five minutes when a man came and stood in the door-way. I was very much frightened, but I thought, as he did not come in, he might go away presently, if I kept very still, and not discover my presence. While I was hoping that he would go you came. I had no desire to listen; but you see, I could not help myself, although it I had suspected the nature of your conversation before it was too late nothing would have kept me."

Helena had recovered herself somewhat during this explanation, and now adopted an aggressive attitude.

"Well, and what are you going to do about it, now that you have learned so much about me? Tell mamma, I presume, the conscientious little saint that you profess to be," she said, scornfully.

"No, Miss Stewart, I shall not tell your mother; but let me merge—let me entreat you to tell her,"

"Indeed, I shall do no such thing. Mamma would never forgive me," Helena retorted, angrily.

"Believe me, it would be the safest and wisest course for you to pursue. Mrs. Stewart is the best friend you have, and she would give you good counsel," said Hazel, earnestly.

"You can keep your advice until it is solicited, Miss Gay," Helena rejoined, haughtily; "and now you must give me your promise that you will never lisp one word that you have heard to-night to any living being."

Hazel sat in thoughtful silence for a moment; then she said:

"I cannot make such a promise unconditionally, Miss Stewart. I have no desire to do you an injury, nor to betray what I have learned of your history; but I cannot bind myself unreservedly to keep silent, for I feel that, under some circumstances, it would not be right for me to do so."

"You dare to make conditions with me!" Miss Stewart cried, insolently. "What reservations do you make!"

"The only condition that I would impose is, that you will never deceive the man you marry regarding your true position—that, if you should receive an offer of marriage, you will confess what I have heard and learned before you accept it," Hazel said, in a calm, clear tone.

Helena arose, nearly beside herself with wrath, still clutching the young girl's arm.

"Would you betray me if I refused to do this?" she demanded, through her set teeth.

"It would be my duty—I should have to," the young girl replied, steadily, but cringing with pain beneath her fierce grasp.

"If—if, for instance," Helena pursued in a malicious, mocking tone, and bending her face closer to Hazel's, "Doctor Morton should make me an offer of marriage, I suppose you would feel it to be your duty to inform him of what you have learned, and thus, if possible, save him from a tragic fate."

Hazel shrank as if under a lash at the mention of Percy's name, and the companion laughed aloud in derision as she felt the movement.

"It would make no difference who the gentleman was; I must do right in any instance," Hazel responded, her face burning, but speaking with what calmness she could maintain.

"But you would have to prove your statements, Miss Gay."

"No; the burden of proof would rest upon you, Miss Stewart," she said, indignantly; and Helena Stewart knew that she spoke the truth.

"Well, do your worst; it matters little to me," she savagely retorted, while she threw Hazel's arm from her with brutal violence.

It struck with cruel force against the back of the seat upon which she was sitting, extorting a shriek of agony from the young girl; but her cry fell upon unheeding ears, for Helena, after that cruel act, had dashed out of the summer house and hastened with all speed back to the villa.

A few moments later she returned to the drawing room, calm and smiling, and no one would have believed it possible that she could be guilty of the heartlessness and passion she had exhibited during the last half hour.

The party were just changing tables as she entered, and Belle yielded her place to her sister, and then went to seek Hazel.

She could not find her anywhere in the house. She went out upon the veranda, and walked entirely around the villa, calling her several times by name.

Still there was no response.

Then she ran down the walk until she came near the summer house, when she called, anxiously:

"Hazel, Hazel, where are you?"

A low moan of pain evoked from her fell upon her ear, the next moment she had sprung within and thrown herself upon her knees before the almost unconscious girl.

"Hazel, what is it, dear? Are you ill? Are you hurt?" she cried, anxiously, as she realized that something very serious was the matter.

"What can I do for you?" she continued, clasping one of her hands, which she had found in her groping, and thus wresting another shriek of pain from the injured girl.

"Oh, what have I done!" Belle exclaimed, terribly alarmed. "Tell me, what has happened to you?"

The fearful pain had restored Hazel fully to her senses, for she had not been conscious of anything, after Helena left her, until she heard Belle calling her.

"I think I must have fainted," she said, weakly, "and I believe my arm is badly hurt. Do you think that you can help me into the house?"

"Of course I can. Let me put my arm around your waist—so; and you put your well one around mine. There! now I believe we can go nicely. To think of your being out here all alone in a dead faint!" exclaimed the kind-hearted child, regretfully.

She supported her tenderly to the house and up to their sitting room without attracting the attention of any one. But Hazel was in great distress, and Belle cried out in a voice of horror when she turned up the gas and saw her poor injured arm.

It was badly swollen; there were three purple marks—almost indentations—as if from the pressure of cruel fingers, just above the wrist, and a livid line and lump where it had hit against the sharp back of the seat.

She could not mov i, and it hung limp and useless by her side.

"I am afraid one of the bones is broken," Hazel said, touching that unsightly lump; then with the uninjured hand she tried to lift the helpless one, but a sharp cry broke from her, and she sank almost fainting again upon the nearest chair.

"Oh, I hope not!" Belle cried, gazing at her with startled, sympathetic eyes, "how could you have done it? You must have fallen upon it in some awkward way when you fainted."

Even in her great pain Hazel was thankful to Belle for thus explaining her injury, for she had resolved that no one should ever know of Helena's exceeding cruelty to her.

"When refreshments are served to the company, do you suppose that you could get Doctor Morton to come up here for a moment, just to tell me what to do?" she asked, feeling that she must be relieved in some way from her suffering very soon, while, if there was a bone to be set, she felt that she could better bear to be hurt by Percy than by anyone else.

"I will go and tell mamma instantly, and she shall bring Doctor Morton here," Belle said, turning eagerly to leave the room.

"No, indeed, please do not," Hazel pleaded in a distressed tone, "I do not wish anyone else to be disturbed. If I knew just what to do I would not have you call any one. Go down, watch your opportunity, and if you see Doctor Morton at liberty bring him quietly here and not let any one else know that I am hurt."

"But you are utterly prostrated with pain now," Belle protested, "you are as white as a sheet, and your eyes are perfectly wild; do let me call mamma."

But Hazel was resolute. She did not wish to see Mrs. Stewart until she was more composed and the evidence of her daughter's heartlessness hidden from sight.

"No, Belle," she returned, decidedly, "if you would increase my suffering do just as I ask you;" and the young girl went to do her bidding.

As it happened the game had just been finished, and refreshments were about to be served, while Doctor Morton was on the point of leaving.

He had some letters to write, he told Mrs. Stewart, and they must be ready for the post before he slept, as he was going to London on the train the next morning.

Belle's purpose was quickly formed, as she heard this from the upper hall.

She turned quickly and ran down the back stairway, passed out upon the veranda, and glided around to the front entrance, where she waited until Percy had made his adieus and bowed himself out. Then she stole forward and touched him lightly upon the arm.

He turned with a smile to her; but his glance became instantly grave when he saw her pale face and frightened expression.

"Will you come upstairs with me? Hazel has been hurt," she said, in a low tone.

"Hurt! How?" he questioned, eagerly, and looking as anxious as herself, while he hastily unbuttoned his gloves and began to remove them.

"She fainted and fell on her arm," Belle explained, taking it for granted that this must be the way the accident had occurred, since Hazel had first corrected it; "it is badly swollen and bruised, and she wanted you to come and tell her what to do for it; but she would not let me disturb any one else."

"That was right; take me to her at once," Percy commanded, and followed her with a light, quick tread, as she led him, by the way that she had come, to their private sitting-room, where he found Hazel sitting in a low rocker, white and wan, and trying to bear her pain in silence.

He went directly to her, and knelt upon the floor beside her, taking her injured arm tenderly in his skilful hands for examination.

The instant he looked upon it he knew that it was broken; he knew, too, that no fall could have caused such an injury—that those three purple marks above the wrist had been made by the grasp of a cruel hand, belonging to some one who had done her personal violence.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PERCY TREATS HAZEL PROFESSIONALLY.

"One of the bones—the ulna—is broken," he said, looking pitifully into her white, drawn face, as he touched the swelling where the bone was diseased.

"I thought so, and I knew that you could set it for me," Hazel replied, a little smile flickering over her pale lips, while she tried to speak bravely.

"I think Mrs. Stewart should be summoned," Percy observed.

"Oh, please do not, Per—Dr. Morton; I will be very quiet, and give you no trouble. There is some strong cloth in my work-basket which can be used for a bandage, and there are some thin wooden panels on the table, which I was going to paint, and which broken in halves, will do very well for splints. Truly I can bear it better if no one else is present," Hazel said, so earnestly, while she seemed so excited at the idea of Mrs. Stewart's presence, that Percy decided to humor her.

He told Belle to bring him the cloth, from which he tore a long strip, and then showed her how to make it into a tight roll for his use.

Then he found the panels Hazel had mentioned, cut them once through with his knife, thus making some very good splints, and then everything was ready.

"Belle, dear, just step into the next room for a few minutes, and Dr. Morton will call you when the bone is set," Hazel said, seeing how pale the young girl had grown, and wishing to spare her the sight of her own suffering.

"Indeed, I shall not leave you—I shall stand right here beside you; and if Dr. Morton wants anything he can ask me to get it for him," she bravely returned, and Percy gave her an appreciative smile for her forbearance.

"Now, Hazel, are you ready?" Percy asked, forgetting to be formal in this emergency, and looking tenderly into her face, his heart aching at the thought of the trial awaiting her.

"Yes, I am ready," she returned, quietly.

"It will be all over in a few moments—I only wish I had some other here to make it easier for you," he said, gently, taking the wounded arm again in his strong hands.

Then, with firmly compressed lips and a face almost as white as her own, he bent himself to his task.

It was no light thing for him to see the look of keen suffering on that dear face as that broken bone was brought into place, and not shrink from his duty; though she made no sound, save a quick indrawn breath, while a shudder of agony shook her from head to foot in that supreme moment.

The splints were then laid around the arm, and the bandages quickly and skilfully wound about them, Belle assisting quite creditably in this operation, and the rest was over.

But before the last pin was put in place Hazel's endurance forsook her, and she quietly fainted again.

Percy gathered her slight form in his arms and laid her upon a lounge, then commanded Belle to bring him a sponge filled with water. He loosened her belt and collar, then bathed her face freely, now and then dashing the water forcibly over her, and she soon began to revive.

"I am so glad that you were here, Percy," she whispered, when she was able to speak, and there was a look of rest and content in her eyes that went straight to the young physician's heart.

"What does she want?" inquired Belle, who had seen her lips move, but had not caught the words.

The question sent a startled look into Hazel's eyes, for she feared she had betrayed herself and the man whom she loved.

"A glass of water, please," Percy replied, with quiet self possession, and the young girl nastened away to get it.

Percy seized his opportunity and, bending forward, looked searchingly into his patient's face.

"Hazel, how did this accident happen?" he asked. You never fell and did it yourself; there is the print of three fingers on your arm. Some one has done you personal violence, and want you to tell me about it."

"Percy, do not ask me—I cannot tell you," Hazel replied, a pained look in her eyes.

"I do not know why you should not tell me," he persisted. "If any one has wilfully done you injury it belongs to me to resent it and it shall go hard with the offender if I discover who it was. Did you really faint and fall out there in the summer-house, as Belle says?"

"Yes, I think I must have fainted, for I was just coming to myself when Belle found me."

"Did you fall?" Percy persisted.

"No," Hazel was forced to admit, though reluctantly.

"Did you faint before or after your arm was broken?"

"Percy, please do not make me tell you any more," Hazel pleaded, looking distressed.

"Was it before or after?" he reiterated, relentlessly.

"It was—at the time; the pain made me faint. I did not tell Belle that I fell—she jumped at that conclusion herself, and it is just as well not to correct the inference, for I shall say no more about it," Hazel replied, with decision, and, as Belle came with the water just then, Percy was obliged to refrain from further questioning, although he secretly resolved that he would yet compel her to tell him the whole truth.

Fortunately he had a small medicine-case with him, and he gave her something to quiet her nerves and make her sleep. Then he told Belle to call a servant to help her to retire.

"You must keep very quiet for several days," he said, as he arranged a sling for her arm to rest in, "and I shall drop in as often as I can to see that you are doing well. When I cannot come Sir Henry will visit you. I shall see Mrs. Stewart before I leave, and give directions to have you carefully looked after. Miss Belle," he concluded, as he rose to go, "you have proved yourself a very helpful assistant tonight, and I congratulate you on your courage and self-possession."

Belle's eyes sparkled at this praise and she replied, with a fond look at the invalid:

"I could do anything for Hazel."

Whereupon Percy smiled his approval again, and then, bidding them both good night, he went below, where he quietly sought Mrs. Stewart and communicated to her what had occurred.

She was both shocked and astonished, and, before returning to her guests, she went upstairs to see the suffering girl.

Belle and the housemaid had helped her to retire, and she found Hazel lying, pale and exhausted, among the pillows.

She saw that she was not in a condition to converse, therefore she directed her inquiries to Belle, who gave her own version of the affair, Hazel saying nothing. She could not bear, even tacitly, to sanction a deception of any kind; but she was determined not to implicate Helena in any way, and thus she could do nothing but remain silent.

Helena had caught the sound of voices in the hall after her mother left the supper-room, and her curiosity, as well as her fears, being excited, she stole out just as Mrs. Stewart passed up stairs and found herself face to face with Percy.

"Doctor Morton!" she exclaimed; "I thought you had gone long ago."

"I started," he answered, "but was called back professionally."

"Professionally!" she repeated, looking surprised. "I do not understand. Who is ill?"

"Miss Gay has met with an accident. Her left arm has been broken," he replied, briefly.

"Broken!" she cried, in a tone of horror, while she gave a violent start, and grew pale to her lips. "How did it happen?"

Percy, not unmindful of her excessive emotion, watched her narrowly, as he replied:

"Miss Belle says that she found her unconscious out in the summer-house, and thinks she must have fallen when she fainted, and thus broken her arm."

"Belle says so! What does Miss Gay, herself, say?" Helena demanded, a nervous tremor rendering her voice somewhat unsteady.

"She says that she cannot tell how it was done," Percy answered, his searching eyes looking straight down into the beautiful, but unmistakably anxious face before him, and he was quick to note the look of relief that swept over those faultless features at his words.

"Poor child!" she said, with pitying sweetness. "I am very, very sorry. I suppose you have set it for her!"

"Yes; and I have no words to express my admiration of her courage. She did not make a sound during the painful operation, and would not even allow Mrs. Stewart to be called from her friends," Percy returned, wondering if this wondrously fair woman could be guilty of this great wrong and yet counsel so effectually. He remembered that she had been absent from the parlor for some time.

"Did she suffer much from it?" Helena asked, a troubled expression in her lovely eyes.

"No; the worst is past in the breaking and the setting, and she will suffer comparatively little, unless the shock to her system should produce fever. I think, however, there is not much danger of that, if she remains quiet for a few days, for she has a naturally vigorous constitution."

"How do you know? Had you ever seen her ill before, that you speak so positively?" Helena asked, a sudden suspicion darting into her mind.

"How do I know?" Percy repeated, smiling, and ignoring her second question. "I judge so from her appearance. You forget that I am a physician, and it is my business to know the human system thoroughly. But I am keeping you from your friends. Good-evening."

And Percy bowed himself out again, while Helena Stewart went back to her guests, her heart beating with conflicting emotions.

She was not quite hardened enough yet not to feel both sorry and guilty for having allowed her angry passions to overrule in such cruelty, and yet, even with this feeling of remorse, she was asking herself how she could manage to rid Crescent Villa of Hazel Gay without her or it appear that she had anything to do in accomplishing it.

She was sure that Percy Morton was deeply interested in her. Hadn't his face kindled when he spoke of her courage! How it softened into tenderness when he told of her suffering! Then, too, she could not rid herself of the suspicion that had come to her so suddenly, that he had seen her before he ever came to Brighton and had come hither to seek her, although she could not account, if that was true, for the fact of their having met as strangers. There was something suspicious about their intercourse, and she vowed that Hazel should go elsewhere very soon. With the dangerous knowledge which she possessed regarding her own history, it was absolutely necessary to get her out of her path, and thus prevent her from marring her whole future.

But how to accomplish this was a puzzling question, for Belle was infatuated with the girl, and her mother was so delighted with the hopeful change in Belle, that she would not be willing to give her up under any circumstances or to gratify a mere whim of her own.

"At all events," she muttered to herself, "her crippled state will keep her out of company for a while, and, meantime, I will make the most of my time."

Everybody professed profound regret over Hazel's injury as soon as it became known. The duchess sent over a basket of choice fruit from her own hothouses the next afternoon. Lord Nelson culled the choicest buds from his greenhouse—knowing her preference for rosebuds—and brought them himself, so that he could inquire for her personally.

Mrs. Harwood sent her a bottle of rare old wine, and her son brought a portfolio of valuable engravings, to help pass away the long hours while she could do nothing. Belle could not do enough to show her affection, and Mrs. Stewart was unusually kind.

Helena alone held aloof from her, and sneered at "so much fuss over a very common accident."

"One would think she was a person of high degree, instead of an humble governess," she maintained, impatiently, one morning, after the departure of a string of inquirers. "One would think nobody ever had a broken arm before."

"Well, it must be a great trial to a girl. You must remember, Helena, that she has no home nor friends," Mrs. Stewart replied.

"Do you think that a strange circumstance, mamma?" Helena asked, after a pause. "Isn't it a trifle suspicious that she represents herself as being all alone in the world?"

"Why so?"

"Why, she was a graduate of that expensive school in London; she took all the higher branches and accomplishments, and her wardrobe was very well stocked for a girl who had no friends" Helena concluded mockingly.

"All that is easily accounted for," responded Mrs. Stewart. "She told Belle that she had some money when she was left an orphan—five thousand dollars, or more—and that it was all spent upon her education."

"How early was she left an orphan?" inquired Helena.

"When she was only three or four years old, I believe."

"Had she been in that school ever since?"

"I do not know."

"If she had, do you suppose that five thousand dollars would have paid for her all these years?" demanded Helena, skeptically. "No, indeed. She is very reserved about her early life, and I am free to confess that I am suspicious of her."

"Well, as long as she does her duty by Bella, I do not think we need to trouble ourselves about her private affairs, and she is under no obligation to confide in us unless she chooses to do so," said Mrs. Stewart.

And Helena let the matter drop for that day. She had simply inserted a wedge, at will she intended to drive a blow upon every occasion.

Percy came every night and morning, when he was in Brighton, to see how his patient was progressing, and this was another source of annoyance to Helena; while, but for the pain Hazel had suffered, he felt that he could almost regard the accident as a blessing, since it gave him a right to come to her whenever he chose.

Either Belle or Mrs. Stewart was generally present when he made his calls, but now and then he managed to get a word alone with her.

Again he tried to make her tell him how her arm had been broken; but as before she begged him not to ask her.

"Can you not confide in me, Hazel?" he asked, with a pained expression.

"Indeed I would, Percy, if there were any need," she affirmed with a flush, "but, truly, I cannot tell you any more than I have already told you."

"Do you think I surmise that there is connected with the event something that you do not wish to reveal," he remarked, searching her downcast face.

"I would rather say no more about it," she returned.

"You were not alone when it happened—that I know from the print of those fingers on your arm," he persisted; "but tell me just this—has any man dared to lay violent hands upon you?"

"Hush!" Hazel whispered, as she heard a step on the stairs; then she added, with a nervous tremor in her voice: "Please, please, dear Percy, let the matter rest."

He would have granted almost any request for the sake of that "dear Percy," which thrilled him with rapture.

He bent forward and touched his lips to her forehead, saying:

"I will do anything you further since it pains you so; I suspect, however, that the secret affects some one whom you desire to shield, and who has done you a great wrong."

He could not say more, for the door opened just then, and Helena entered the room.

"Ah! Dr. Morton!" she exclaimed, as if surprised at his presence, and turned him with a jealous twinge the vivid color in Hazel's cheeks, which had leaped to the surface at Percy's caress. "How do you find your patient this morning?"

"Very comfortable, and a couple of weeks more will set her all right again, I trust," Percy answered, rising to go, for it was nearly time for his train.

He bade them both good-morning, and then passed out.

The moment the door closed after him Helena walked forward and stood before Hazel.

"I have tried to see you before," she said, speaking in cold rapid tones, "but some one has always been here, and I could not say what I wanted to before anybody. Of course you know that I had no intention of doing you personal violence—that I did not mean to break your arm."

"No; I know you did not," Hazel answered, as a visitor paused for a reply.

"I am sorry," she continued, in a tone that brought a brighter flush to her cheek, it was so unchanged from her manner, and so you would have had to reveal all you had overheard. This you had promised not to do unless I violated certain conditions. However, I came this morning to tell you I am sorry I hurt you—I owe that much to you; but I shall never forgive you for possessing the secret of my life."

Hazel was hurt by her cruelty, but turned and walked abruptly from the room, and Hazel knew that what she had said amounted simply to an open declaration of enmity.

(To be Continued.)

Made a Good Deal Of.

Woman (to tramp)—Have you traveled far; you look footsore?

Tramp—All the way from the Catskill Mountains, ma'am.

Woman—Is it must be pleasant up there in warm weather?

Tramp—I found it very pleasant, ma'am. You see there was a great many women in the mountains during the summer, but except on Sundays men are scarce.

Unnecessary.

Colonel B. (sojourning in Paris)—What is the proper French expression to be used in accepting an invitation to drink?

Mr. Cobalt—You should say "Avec plaisir," Monsieur le Colonel.

Colonel B.—A "Avec plaisir." All right! Mr. Cobalt—And when you decline an invitation you should say, "Non, merci."

Colonel B.—Oh, that wouldn't be of any use to me.

Quick Wit.

Some years ago one of the French horses which are annually taken to England, to be entered in the great races, won the Derby, the chief racing event of the year.

The Frenchman present, as was natural, cheered vociferously, and not content with that, one of them shouted: "Waterloo avenged!" "Yes," said an English statesman, who happened to hear the remark, "you ran well in both cases."

The Cigarette Has its Good Points.

Wasteful.

But what an awful lot o' money these high-toned travelers waste for drink," said Uncle Abner, as he laid down his newspaper. "A man who'll pay a hundred dollars for a saloon passage to England, when he can go in the steerage for twenty, is a slave to rum—that's what I say!"

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The Grinder and the Girl.

Sweet reader, carry yourself back to the erstwhile days of summer. If you can't carry yourself, take a horse-car or one of Ernest Albert Edward Princeofwalesandallthroyalfamily Macdonald's T. T. P. Co. coaches. You will please observe that it is a balmy day in July. The gentle zephyr is getting in its fine work, so is the gentle dust, and both are toying abandonedly with the long, unkempt hair and extensive nose of the organ grinder who would be pictured right here if there were any pictures in this article.

There is nothing particularly remarkable about this particular grinder. He is just the same homely sort of fiend whom we all meet day after day. He is just one of the promiscuous throng of dirty Italians who get their macaroni and fried cat by grinding handorgans. Sometimes he varies the excitement by shoveling snow and cleaning streets, and if he wants to have a particularly extraordinary good time he either kills his wife or bathes himself. He may be seen occasionally selling peanuts, chestnuts and earrings of eighteen karat old brass.

But just now he is organ-grinding. He is working hard on Sweet Violets, with an occasional slice of We Never Speak as We Pass By to lend variety to the proceedings. He is doing this on a back street before a big house with trees in front of it and several flower beds scattered about the lawn, where lazy bees are humming. Nobody minds him. He is in great luck. He might be doing this before the house of a man suffering from nervous prostration, and the conditions would be ripe for a circus. The circus would include the Italian, the organ, one shot-gun, eight bricks and a dog. The dog would be plain and quite homely, but he would assault the fried cat in that Italian's system as gracefully as if said fried cat were alive and singing on the wall.

Presently the front door of the big house opens and a girl steps out. She is a nice girl and we would like to see her do well. She is the kind of girl who thrives best in an atmosphere of dance music and hot-house flowers. She cannot talk much. It talked to she [illegible] will say "Yes," "No," and "I don't know," especially the last with great distinctness. She can also open and shut her eyes quite naturally. She wants but little here below, and wants it all from Ford's in pound packages. She is calculated to leave about as much impression on the course of human events as a false tooth on a restaurant pie.

The Italian sees her and smiles. The young woman observes him with a haughty stare. As the girl opens the gate the monkey, who plays a prominent part in the Italian's financial operations, concludes to take a hand in the game. There is nothing about this monkey apt to paralyze the community. He is just an ordinary, guileless, innocent, playful and previous fowl with a red and blue cap, a coat of the same harmonious colors and a chain. Just now he is cracking a nut which he will shortly swallow. This is where he has the bulge on the scientist, who cracks nuts which no one can swallow.

The monkey reaches up his liver wing pleadingly, and the Italian mutters a half audible request to the young woman to "giva soma de mon." The young woman shakes her head, and the monkey catches hold of her dress and in about two seconds is on her shoulder. Then he seizes that young woman's hat, and her back hair comes off and she begins to scream.

The screams bring her fond male parent to the scene. When he sees the circus he laughs. This is cruel, but he is built that way and can't help it. "Matilda," he says, "what is the matter with you?"

Matilda screams again and says, "Oh! paw!"

The Italian remarks, philosophically: "She notta giva de monk de mon and he gotta mada."

"Matilda," observes her male parent haughtily, "it serves you right. You go in the house and fix yourself up pretty again." Then he hands the organ-grinder a quarter, and adds: "Here, sonny, you yank something soulful in the way of music out of that box, and yank it sudden."

Then Matilda goes back in the house, and the organ-grinder resumes proceedings on Sweet Violets, mingled with sections of We Never Speak as We Pass By.

This touching incident teaches us that we should always Remember the Poor. SPIFF.

Trinity Talk.

J. F. Dumble, '84, stands second in the list of barristers who have recently been gowned at Osgoode Hall. Mr. Dumble will practice law in Cobourg.

I hear that A. C. Allan, '87, will shortly renew his acquaintance of last year with the Old Country and the Continent.

Professor Clark, who is well known and warmly appreciated by our neighbors across the line, left on Saturday for Geneva, N.Y. On Monday night he delivered his able lecture, The Water Babies, before the alumni and students of Hobart College. From Geneva he went to Buffalo to attend the Church Congress, which met on Tuesday, and read a paper on the Use of the Fathers.

The Literary Institute has been very popular among the students this year, and they have taken a great interest in the meetings. The freshmen particularly have been constant in their devotion to this most useful society. At the last meeting Mr. Houston was in the chair. Excellent readings were given by Mr. Waller and Mr. Sills. The speakers on the debate, which was on the subject of French encroachment in Canada, were Messrs. Leake and Martin on one side and Messrs. Stevenson and Bedford-Jones on the other. The former presented their arguments in a very striking way, and won the debate. I was glad to see that the motion to place the New York *Clipper* on file in the reading-room was lost.

I know of no occasion which the students enjoy more than the supper which the members of the first year give to the seniors. Friday night was the date on which this annual event was held, and every one wended his way to the reading-room with the intention of having a good time. The refreshments are of a light nature, and full justice was done them by the guests. After the freshmen had each spoken and sung in response to the toast of Our Hosts, music was indulged in. Messrs. Carter, Troop, Bradbury and Stevenson especially delighted the assembly with vocal solos. Bow-wow-wow, the Kai-yi-yi, has always been a favorite chorus at Trinity, and there are additions and improvements in the solo parts every year until the jolly ditty is now an evening's amusement in itself. Several additions made their debut at the supper and occasioned much amusement, particularly the one about the Freshman. Of course Auld Lang Syne was sung and danced at the close. ERYX.

A Famous Adventuress.

In the summer of 1773 a cunning woman, who had been transported a few years before, advertised herself in London as a sensible woman who gave advice on all emergencies for half a guinea. She pretended to be related to a minister, and called herself the Hon. Mrs. Grieve.

Among the dupes whom she caught in her snares was Charles Fox. According to Walpole, this woman undoubtedly had uncommon talents and a knowledge of the world. She persuaded Fox, desperate with his debts, that she could procure for him, as a wife, with a fortune of £80,000, a Miss Phipps, who had just arrived from the West Indies. There was such a person co...ing over, but not with half the fortune, nor known to Mrs. Grieve.

With this bait she amused Mr. Fox for many months, appointing meetings, and she once persuaded him that, as Miss Phipps liked a fair man, and he was remarkably black, he must powder his eyebrows. Of that intended interview he was disappointed by the imaginary lady falling ill of what was afterwards pretended to be smallpox.

Had a novice been the dupe of these artifices it would not have been extraordinary, but Charles Fox was a man of the world. He must have known that there could not be an Hon. Mrs. Grieve, nor such a being as she pretended to be. In one respect she had singular *finesse*. Instead of asking him for money, which would have exposed her plot at once, she was so artful as to lend him £300 or thereabouts, and she paid herself by his chariot standing frequently at her door, which served to impose on her more vulgar dupes.

The Doorstep.

Much has been written about the hearthstone, and the associations that cluster around it, but there is sentiment in the doorstep as well.

The front doorstep in the country is usually a substantial stone slab, roughly quarried and rarely adjusted by a plumber's level. It is placed with an eye to convenience rather than elegance, and often outlasts the house itself.

What a record the old doorstep could give were it able to talk—of the infant feet that tottered over it, children departing for school or returning, the sedate departure for church on Sunday; the timid young man hesitating on the doorstep of an evening, to ask if "his girl" is at home, and the lingering farewell when the call is over; the merry bustle at the door when the scion of the house brings home a blushing bride; relatives who come to birthday parties and anniversary and other weddings; the joys of the holidays; welcome guests from distant parts, come to make one of those protracted visits for which country homes are noted, and perhaps their equally welcome departure; a son going out to seek his fortune in the great world, or a prodigal returning broken and repentant from sinful wanderings.

A doorstep uniting sensibility of feeling with habits of observation must grow sad over the changes it notes from year to year. It remembers the master and mistress of the old manse when first they were wed and life was at its brightest. Now their heads are white with the frost of time and their forms weakened and bent with the weight of years.

Soon there will be a solemn gathering about the old doorstep, across which one of them is to be borne never to return, and the winter of life will be very solitary and sad to the one who is left behind.

Left on a doorstep! Such is the beginning of life for many a poor waif of humanity, whose mother, actuated by heartlessness or impelled by want, confides her offspring to the tender mercies of strangers. Fate sometimes favors the *enfant trouve*, and being set out on a doorstep proves the best setting out the child could have. As a general thing, however, a policeman is summoned, and it is bundled off to some orphan asylum.

The Author's Mistake.

Monselet, the French writer, who recently died in Paris, visited Baden Baden on behalf of a leading illustrated paper, at a time when this and other German watering places were the *rendezvous* of the victims of roulette and rouge-et-noir. The managers of the gaming tables were always very civil to French representatives of the press, and did their best to produce in the minds of these gentlemen an agreeable impression of the place. So according to the usual custom Monselet, on the day before his departure from Baden-Baden, received from Benazet (the manager) a sealed envelope in a thousand-franc bank note. He did not scruple to accept the money, and very naturally came back the following year. After a stay of two or three days he noticed the management that he was about to depart. Receiving no response to this intimation, he called on Benazet to bid him good-bye. "The Administration treated me exceedingly well last year," he began.

"Very true," Benazet replied, "but since then I have searched in your articles for some allusion to our spa, its attractions, and the festivities we get up to attract visitors. But I found nothing, not even the bare mention of the name."

"You are right," Monselet replied, "I have never alluded to Baden-Baden."

"Then, sir, what do you suppose the thousand-franc note was sent you for!" roared Benazet in a passion.

Assuming an air of candor mingled with surprise, Monselet answered: "I thought it was meant for hush-money!"

On a Chromo Basis.

Skinner Westpit (to art dealer)—An' how much d'ye say this 'ere picture's worth?

Art Dealer—Eight hundred dollars, sir; and you can, of course, select any style of frame that you may think appropriate.

Westpit—Eight hundred dollars! Why, man alive, at that rate o' figgerin' any decent kind o' frame would cost fifteen hundred! Come on, Mariar; I can't stand this foolin'.

Her Make Up.

First club man—When is young Vanderclam going to get married to Miss Knickerbocker?

Second club man—There is no idea of it. They have had a falling out, and it may take some time to make it up.

Well, if it takes him as long to make up as it does her, they will not be married for several years.

What makes you think so?

Well, you see I used to pay my addresses to that Knickerbocker girl, and whenever I took her out and waited for her while she made up, it seemed to me a small eternity.

Unexpected Compliment.

Justice—I shall have to impose a fine on you for rapid driving.

Cabby—Rapid driving! Well, won't my old frame of a hoss feel flattered when he hears that. He ain't used to that kind of taffy.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

CARLYLE—At Toronto, on November 15, Mrs. David Carlyle—a son.

GORDON—At Parkdale, on November 14, Mrs. Christopher M. Gordon—a daughter.

GARLAND—At Ottawa, on November 12, Mrs. John L. Garland—a son.

MURRAY—At Toronto, on November 15, Mrs. C. B. Murray—a daughter.

MACDONNELL—At Toronto, on November 19 Mrs. D. J. Macdonnell—a daughter.

LYONS—At Toronto, on November 19, Mrs. J. H. Lyons—a daughter.

MITCHELL—At Toronto, on November 10, Mrs. R. H. Mitchell—a daughter.

BARA—At Toronto, on November 9, Mrs. J. H. Sara—a son.

HOLLAND—At Toronto, on November 19, Mrs. W. H. Holland—a son.

FRAZEE—At Toronto, on November 16, Mrs. Lorenzo Frazee—a daughter.

WOODD—At Toronto, on November 19, Mrs. William N. Woodd—a son.

MARLATT—At Oakville, on November 20, Mrs. C. J. Marlatt—a son.

Marriages.

BOULTON—GILL—On November 10, at Assiniippi, Manitoba, John Graham Boulton of Russell to Elizabeth Gill of Assiniippi.

DESSANE—DE LA BRUIERE—On November 13, at Quebec, Alexis Dessane to Ernestine Boucher de la Bruiere.

HALL—WAY—At Sharpps, Minn., Henry C. Hall of St. Paul, son of Dr. J. B. Hall of Toronto, to Madge Way.

HUNT—GRIGOR—On November 13, at Cowansville, Que., George H. Hunt of Fairfax, Vt., to Ellen (Nellie) Grigor, of St. Albans, Vt.

LEE—ASHE—On October 18, at Monkton Farleigh, Wilts, John Edwards Vaughan Lee, Royal Scots Fusiliers, to Alice Elizabeth Ashe, a ward of Sir Charles Hobhouse of Monkton Farleigh.

McENTYRE—JOHNSON—On November 14, at Brooklyn, Edward McEntyre of Montreal to Annie Johnson of New York.

O'BRIEN—PARKER—On November 17, at St. James' Cathedral, by the rector, the Rev. Canon DuMoulin, M.A., brother in law of the bride, Lucius Richard O'Brien, R.C.A., to Katherine Jane, daughter of the Venerable C. C. Brough, M.A., late Archdeacon of London, and widow of T. Sutherland Parker, M.D., M.P.

SEYMOUR—AYER—On November 12, at Montclaire, N. J., by the Rev. Dr. Rainsford of St. George's Church, New York City, Harriet Taylor Ayer to Allan Lewis Seymour.

TORRANCE—JACK—On November 13, at "Hillside," Chateauguay, John Fraser Torrance of Montreal to Elizabeth May Jack.

WEIR—PRINGLE—On November 14, at Toronto, Robert Weir to Maggie Pringle.

OSBORNE—PARK—On November 19, at Hamilton, Alice Maria Swiny Park to John Young Osborne of Hamilton.

CHRISTIE—NOTTER—On November 14, at Owen Sound, Robert Christie to Dora Notter.

McLEAN—SQUIER—On October 24, at Fort Arthur, Alexander D. McLean of Sarnia to Marion (Dollie) Squier, Chandeboye, Fort Arthur.

Deaths.

DOBID—On October 29, at Carstairs Junction, William Dobie.

GRIMSHAWE—On November 5, at Whiteside Cove, North Carolina, Helena, and on November 7, Mary Helena Grimshawe.

LOVE—On November 16, at Toronto, Nell C. Love, aged 68 years.

PRICE—On November 16, at Toronto, Elizabeth Doel Price, aged 65 years.

ROSS—On November 12, at Picton, Ont., Walter Ross ex-M.P., aged 70 years.

THERADGOLD—On November 17, at Toronto General Hospital, Joseph Theradgold, aged 43 years.

GALBRAITH—On November 19, at Scarboro, Eliza Douglas Galbraith, aged 79 years.

ANDERSON—On November 19, at Toronto, Elizabeth Anderson.

BUILDER—On November 14, at Asheville, North Carolina, Rev. Joseph Builder, D. D., aged 35 years.

BENTLEY—On November 16, at Lugonia, Cal., Frank Bentley, M. D., aged 36 years.

BUCHY—On November 19, at Toronto, William Alexander Buchy, aged 10 months.

MILLER—On November 17, at Prince Albert, N. W. T., George A. Miller, aged 38 years.

McLEOD—On November 16, at Toronto, Donald Brooke McLeod, aged 21 years.

GAIN-FORD—On November 3, at Brighton, Eng., Anna Elizabeth Gainford.

GUNTH RFE—On October 28, at Camberwell, London, Eng., Sarah Gunthorpe, aged 91 years.

HARTRIDGE—On November 1, at Brixton, London, Eng., Mary Ann Hills Hartridge, aged 35 years.

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Every one should have them. Have what Staton's Sunbeam Photographs $1 per dozen. Studio southwest corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.

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Made from the best CONCORD and CATAWBA GRAPES. Guaranteed pure and without a particle of spirits. For family use and for Church purposes we can confidently recommend them.

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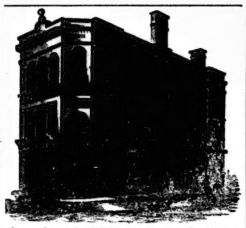
RUSSELL'S XMAS SALES AT 9 King Street West have commenced, and will continue to the end of the year without abatement. Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silverware, Cutlery, &c., &c., in great variety and at your own price.



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Is proving itself to be the most satisfactory treatment for removal of these facial blemishes yet discovered.

Ladies are coming from near and far to be treated by us. All cures are positive, and no pain is felt in the operation. Our treatment is the only one in Canada giving entire satisfaction.

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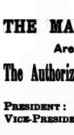

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WHOLESALE PROFITS ONLY

We wish it thoroughly understood that the prices on our hats cover but two profits---the manufacturer's and our own---which is in reality a wholesaler's profit. We buy in wholesale lots strictly for cash, direct from the manufacturer. We retail every day single hats at wholesale prices. Our stock is well known as the largest and finest in Toronto, probably in all Canada, and our facilities, thus explained, enable us at all times to sell any hat 50c lower than any competitor.

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Merino and Natural Wool

Shirts and Drawers, all Weights and Sizes.

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AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

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500 ULSTERS

VERY CHOICE, LATEST SHADES, IN TWEEDS, BEAVERS, MELTONS, CURLY CLOTH, PLAIN STRIPED AND CHECK, FROM $5 UP.

500 STREET JACKETS

LATEST STYLES AND ALL THE LEADING SHADES, FROM $2.50. ALSO FUR TRIMMED JACKETS.

Mantle Cloths, Sealettes and Plushes, Bear Trimming

Also SABLE, OPPOSSUM, ETC., SILK PLUSH AND SEALETTE MANTLES TO ORDER OUR SPECIALTY.

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LADIES SHOULD NOT FAIL TO SEE THE LARGE ASSORTMENT OF CHOICE EFFECTS WE ARE SHOWING IN SCOTCH TWEED SUITINGS, BROADCLOTHS, COMBINATION DRESSES, AMAZON CLOTHS, ETC., ETC.

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DECEMBER 1888

SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS

WILL BE OUT DECEMBER 1

Magnificently Illustrated! Illuminated Cover! Two Tinted Engravings as Supplements! Price 25 Cts.

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A Roman Gentleman's Idea of Happiness (poem) - By Prof. Goldwin Smith
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The Festival - - - - - - - - By Cermer Mada
The Dying Pugilist - - - - - - By Prof. Algernon Boys
An Idyl of Dog Lane: a story By George Stewart, Jr., Editor "Quebec Chronicle"
Christmas in the Backwoods (poem) - - - By E. Pauline Johnson
Christmas-Tide (poem) - - - - - - By H. K. Cockin
A Christmas Turkey (Illustrated) - - - - - By E. W. Sandys
Her Christmas Angel - - - - - - - By Isabel Holmes
Two Christmases - - - - - - - By H. J. P. Good
An Interview with Santa Claus - - - - - - By A. F. Pirie
What Our Young Canadian Women Read - - By G. Mercer Adam

The Christmas Tree at Blanshard's - - - - By John R. Robinson
Mental Telegraphy - - - - - - - By Ethlwyn Wetherald
Myra's Turkey - - - - - - - - By Pica (L. P. Kribs)
Xmas Eve in Muskoka - - - - - - By Esperanza
Xmas Reminiscence - - - - - - - By A. H. St. Germaine
An Old Idiocy (sketch) - - - - - - By W. C. Nichol
My Christmas Gift (poem) - - - - - - By "Van"
The Golden Key (poem) - - - - - - By Helen M. A. Merrill
My Dinner (story) - - - - - - - By James A. Smith
A Paying Investment (story) - - - - - By P. B. M.
Wintry Incidents (sketch) - - - - - - By Cecil Street
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"THE DANCE AT DEADMAN'S CROSSING," a story of the Canadian North-West, complete in seven chapters. By Edmund E. Sheppard, author of "Dolly," "Widower Jones," "A Bad Man's Sweetheart," etc.

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Limited), 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto

Lydia Thompson.

Lydia Thompson and her own new grand English Burlesque Company, numbering sixty people, appear at the Grand Opera House the first half of next week.

This magnificent organization is beyond doubt the largest and most complete that has ever presented burlesque to a Toronto audience. The costumes are the most gorgeous and elaborate ever seen here, and all the scenery of the burlesque, of which there are three acts, is carried by this company.

The burlesque is entitled Penelope, and is taken from the Greek story of Homer's Odyssey, and made famous by the translation of Pope. The libretto is by H. P. Stephens and the music by Edward Solomon, the author of Billee Taylor, is catchy and sprightly.

Miss Thompson does not depend on her own endeavors for success, but is ably supported by some of the best known people on the burlesque stage, among them being Miss Lydia Thompson, Marie Williams, Aida Jenoure, Florence Bankhardt, Lillie Allison, Florence Brandon, Ella Carrington, Rose Newham, Millie Marion, May Belle Raymond, Louie Kelleher, J. Belton Radcliff, Chas. Horace Kenny, Harry Starr, Harry Paulton, jr., and a carefully selected chorus of forty voices.

Evening Calls.

Much the same usage as that described for dinners prevails. The dress is influenced by the character of the occasion. Where a gentleman is calling to return the courtesy of a formal invitation previously accepted to an afternoon tea or reception, he should call within one week after the affair, preferably at the hostess' usual At Home or regular reception evening, and he should wear full evening dress. Now, the prevailing style of overcoat to be worn this season with full evening dress is what is called the Inverness, because of the ease with which it can be put on or taken off. These garments we are making up in the very latest styles, as usual to be had from the Fashionable West End Tailor, Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

Atlantic Travel.

An enormous improvement was made in the facilities offered for Atlantic travel when the celebrated shipbuilders, John Elder & Co., put on their ocean greyhounds, the Arizona and Alaska. The Umbria, Etruria, and latest of all, the City of New York and City of Paris, are the direct results of the bold policy then initiated. Of all the lines, none has, however, exceeded the enterprise of the North German Lloyds, who have placed upon their New York route, nine new steamships of the largest size, highest speed and most magnificent equipment, and all built by John Elder & Co., at Fairfield, on the Clyde. The North German Lloyd is the second largest steamship company in the world, and employs no less than forty steamships upon its various lines between Bremen, Southampton and New York, Baltimore, Brazil, South America, China, Australia and Japan. Being a perfect navy in itself, it has during the past thirty years educated a staff of officers and seamen, scions of the bold Northmen of early history, who navigate in its ships the seas of every quarter of the globe. The national will of Germany makes every seaman serve his certain term of years in the royal navy, and the company being the particular pride of Prince Bismarck, naval discipline is maintained on all its steamers. The New York line was adopted by the British Government as being the swiftest medium for carrying the Atlantic mails, and maintains its supremacy as heading the record for the fastest average of passages between New York and London. Added to this the superlative character of its equipment, the comfort, and indeed elegance, of the internal accommodations, and the high character of the table service, is constantly attracting an increasing number of patrons to its route. Its principles are, limited numbers but ample and princely accommodation for each, so that it is rapidly earning the highest reputation among those who know and appreciate a good thing when it is to be obtained.

Out of Town.

GODERICH.

Last week the Five O'clock Tea Club held its weekly meeting at Glengowan on Wednesday afternoon, quite a number of the members were present.

Thursday, the opening day of the Art Fair, was one of the most disagreeable of the season, the rain fell in torrents the entire day, so that however desirous one might be of attending it, the weather made one's leaving the house almost an impossibility. The second day was a slight improvement and a large number of people spent both afternoon and evening with the young ladies of St. George's. The booths representing Canada, France, Switzerland and Japan were most appropriately decorated, and the fair occupants of each attired in the national costumes, added to the charming picture. The tableaux and May pole dances during the evening were exceedingly good and reflected great credit on those who got them up. Altogether the affair was a pronounced success.

Thanksgiving Day passed very quietly, the customary services being held.

BRANTFORD.

Mr. A. J. C. Gallately, manager of the Montreal Bank, and family have arrived from Port Hope, and are occupying the Montreal Bank residence.

Miss Baird of Paris is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Thompson.

Miss Gould is in Ann Arbor visiting her sister, Mrs. H. C. Allen.

Dr. Clark, superintendent of the Toronto Asylum for the Insane, and Mrs. Clark were in town last week, the guests of Dr. and the Misses Phillip.

Mrs. G. R. Van Norman entertained a few friends at her residence on Brant avenue last Tuesday evening.

Miss Byrne gave a delightful little party last Wednesday evening in honor of her guest, Miss Mason of Hamilton.

Miss Farley of St. Thomas is in town on a visit to Mrs. J. E. Watson. Mrs. Watson's cards are out for a party at Eagle's Nest next Thursday evening, of which more next week.

Mrs. MacMahon of Simcoe is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. Watts.

Mrs. E. B. Wood, widow of the late Chief Justice Wood of Manitoba, is in the city the guest of Mr. Rubidge.

In the evening the officers of the regiment entertained the General, Col. Grey and Capt. Wise at mess in their handsome room. About forty were present and a very lively time was passed, the fun being fast and furious till the "wee sma' hours."

The General was the guest of Surgeon and Mrs. Harris during his stay in the city

The horse ridden by Capt. Wilkes, the adjutant, was a source of great amusement to the General and the spectators. The question now is: "What was the matter with the back action of the Adj.'s horse?"

The Season's Novelties.

Artistic Tea Gowns,—Productions of The Atrazione.

OWEN SOUND.

The marriage of Mr. Robert Christie, barrister, to Miss Dora Notter, was solemnized on Wednesday morning, at the residence of the bride's mother, by Ven. Archdeacon Mulholland of St. George's Church here. The wedding, which was a private one, only admitted members of both families and intimate friends. The bride, who was attired in a becoming traveling dress, was given away by her uncle, Mr. James Notter, her sister, Miss Fannie Notter, being the only bridesmaid, whilst Dr. Don acted as best man for the bridegroom. After the ceremony the happy couple left by the afternoon express for the Falls. As the united couple have a host of friends in and around town, they naturally were the recipients of many handsome presents. We wish them both all future happiness.

Quite a large and fashionable dance took place the same evening at The Chestnuts, the residence of Mrs. Notter, mother of the above mentioned bride. Dancing, as usual, was the order of the evening and commenced about ten p. m., and with the exception of the supper interval, was kept up most enthusiastically till about three a. m. As Mrs. Christie's presents were on view, I was able to get a glance at them now and again; they were very pretty, and by no means scarce. As it was impossible to obtain all the names present, I am only able to mention the following: Mrs. Griffiths of Toronto, Miss Christie, Miss Smith, Miss Fannie Smith, Miss Parker, Miss Lilian Parker, Miss Bishop, Miss Tucker, Miss Scott, Miss Doble, Miss J. Doble, Miss Wightman, Miss Kilbourn, Miss Edgar, Miss Creasor, Miss Trethewey, Miss McDougall, Miss Todd, Miss Minnie Todd, Miss Graham, Miss Notter, Miss Craig, Miss Douglas, Dr. Dow, Messrs. Foster, Christie, Scott, Notter, Tucker, Marsland, McKay, Cameron, Strathy, McDougall, Munro, Smith and H. E. Smith.

Mrs. Griffiths of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. Notter, Water street.

The Baltic has resigned its duties for the winter, and its commander, Captain Tate-Robertson, is staying at the Queen's Hotel here.

Mr. Howland spent Sunday with us. We hope he will make a longer stay next time.

Quite a surprise party, in the way of an impromptu dance, took place at the residence of Mrs. Le Pan on Friday evening last. As is generally the case, parties got up on the spur of the moment are always most enjoyable, and this one proved no exception to the rule. Dancing commenced about half past nine to a tastefully arranged programme. Mrs Le Pan, who excels as a hostess, was the recipient of many thanks for the pleasant hours spent at her house. The following were present: Miss Rixon (guest of the house), Mr. and Mrs. Wygant, Miss Bishop, Miss Notter, the Misses Doble, Miss Kilbourn, the Misses Todd, Miss Creasor, Misses Parker, Miss McDougall, Miss Scott, Miss Barnhart, Miss Trethewey, Miss Kilbourn, Messrs. Inglis, Rixon, Le Pan, Foster, Strathy, Marsland, McPherson, Munro, Dow, Notter, Smith, Scott, Christie, Smith, McDougall, Trethewey and Cameron.

BIJOU.

Grand Opera House
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A GREAT EVENT
Monday, Tuesday & Wednesday, Nov. 26, 27, 28

LYDIA THOMPSON
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English Burlesque Company
IN STEPHENS AND SOLOMON'S NEW SATIRE

PENELOPE

CHARMING MUSIC
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SPECIAL CARLOAD OF SCENERY

60—PEOPLE—60

JACOBS & SHAW'S
Toronto Opera House

ONE WEEK, COMMENCING
Monday, Nov. 26

PHOSA
McALLISTER
IN
Theodora

THE LION QUEEN
A TROUPE OF NAUTCH DANCERS. A DEN OF LIVING LIONS.

THE
Beacon Orchestral Club (of Boston)
7 LADY ARTISTS
AT
Permanent Exhibition of Manufactures
63 to 69 Front Street West,
Every evening during week commencing
November 26 and Saturday Matinee
ADMISSION 25 CENTS
Tickets at A. & S. Nordheimers', I. Suckling & Sons', and at Permanent Exhibition. Doors open at 7.30 p.m.

ELOCUTION
Miss Jessie Alexander, B. E.
Returns to this city on November 30, and will resume her teaching and reading. Communications may be addressed to TORONTO CONSERVATORY, or to her address
60 BRUNSWICK AVENUE

The Battle of Sedan will soon leave Toronto and be succeeded by another famous battle picture. Wednesday and Saturday evenings are popular prices (25c.), and all the children of Toronto are admitted for 10c. on Saturday. Our citizens should certainly pay another visit to Sedan before it leaves the city.

In response to numerous enquiries Messrs. Nicholls & Howland announce that their attraction during next week at the Permanent Exhibition will be the Beacon Orchestral Club of Boston, consisting of eight lady artists. This musical organization is excellent in every respect and will sustain the reputation already earned by the "Permanent" by engaging only musicians with an established record for general excellence.

NOTICE

The adjourned annual meeting of the Sheppard Publishing Company (Limited) will be held at the offices of said Company, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, on

Wednesday, Dec. 5, 1888

AT THREE O'CLOCK P. M.

WM. M. HALL, Sec'y-Treas.

Toronto, Nov. 24.

ROSES

HOLLY AND MISTLETOE CHRISTMAS TREES

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The Toronto Agency of this bank will be opened for business at No. 22 King street west on Monday, 26th November. A general banking business transacted.

EWING BUCHAN, Agent.

Stove Boards, Coal Hods

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JAPANNED WARE
PIECED TINWARE

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TIN PLATES
GALVANIZED IRON
and TINNERS' TRIMMINGS

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A beautiful little home on Grenville Street, ten rooms—Drawing-room, Dining room, Smoking-room and Library, two Kitchens, four Bedrooms, elegant Bathroom; superior plumbing; drainage perfect; lot 45 feet frontage; situate 25 and 27 Grenville Street. Apply to S. DAVISON, 14 Colborne Street.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT APPLICATION will be made to the Ontario Legislature and the Dominion Parliament at the next respective sessions thereof for an Act to incorporate the East Toronto and Richmond Hill Railway Company, with full powers to construct and operate a double or single line of railway from a point on the line of the proposed extension of the Canadian Pacific Railway from Claremont to North Bay, or from a point on the Midland Railway or both to a point within or near the Village of Richmond Hill, thence southerly as near Yonge Street as practicable to a point within or near the City of Toronto, thence easterly and southerly to and along the valley of the Don River to the water front, thence easterly along the water front to a point at or near Victoria Park, thence northerly and westerly through or near the Villages of East Toronto and Chester to the valley of the Don and to a point in the line of the said railway, with power to make running arrangements with and crossings over other railways as may be necessary or expedient.

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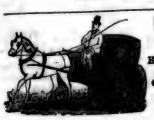

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SEAL MANTLES $150 TO $250

SEAL JACKETS $50 TO $125

PERSIAN COAT At Special Prices.

BEAR BOAS $9, $10.50, $12, $15, $18, $21, $24.

BEAR MUFFS $6, $7.50, $9, $10.50

LYNX BOAS $9, $10.50, $12, $15, $18

LYNX MUFFS $6, $7.50, $9, $10.50

Beaver Capes, Caps, Muffs, Gauntlets and Robes STRICTLY WHOLESALE PRICES.

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THE MART

By OLIVER, COATE & CO.

ESTABLISHED 1834

Peremptory Sale

Under instructions from the Executors of the late GLOVER HARRISON, of CHINA HALL, we will sell by Auction commencing on

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26

AT

THE MART, 57 KING STREET EAST

A Large Assortment of First-class

China, Earthenware

AND

Ornamental Goods

From the celebrated works of Wedgwood, Doulton, Minton, Haviland and other manufacturers.

The stock comprises Breakfast, Dinner, Tea and Dessert Sets, Chamber Sets, Table and Ornamental Goods, Dresden and Parian; Marble Figures, Rogers' Composition Statuary, etc.

Sale at 11 a.m. and 2 30 p.m. until stock is disposed of. Goods on view Saturday before sale. Terms cash.

OLIVER, COATE & CO., Auctioneers

Giving up Business

The Largest Stock of Jewelry, Diamonds, Watches, Electroplates, China and Fancy Goods in the Dominion to be disposed of by

PUBLIC AUCTION

C. & J. ALLEN

29 King Street West

Have concluded to retire from business, and will sell the whole of their immense stock, as well and favorably known,

By Auction each day at 2 p.m. and 8 p.m.
Private Sales Every Morning

Commencing Monday, Nov. 5

And continuing until the whole stock is disposed of. Anticipate your Christmas and other wants. An opportunity of this kind is rarely offered. Purchasers can have goods held for them for one month by repositing 25 per cent. of amount of purchase. Every comfort provided for ladies attending our sales.

Remember the date, Monday November 5.

C. & J. ALLEN

"The interesting and remarkable story of 'John Ward, Preacher.'"
—VEN. ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

"The story is full of delicate and discriminating comment, critical and suggestive."—*Christian Union (N.Y.)*

A greater book than 'Robert Elsmere,' it has all its charm, its literary vigour and best sustained American novel of the year.—*Boston Transcript.*

MARGARET DELAND'S Great Novel:

John Ward, Preacher

By MARGARET DELAND

Author of "The Old Garden and other Poems."

Published by J. THEO. ROBINSON.

For sale at all Bookstores. PRICE 40 CENTS

FREEHOLD, LOAN AND SAVINGS CO.

DIVIDEND NO. 58

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of five per cent. on the capital stock of the Company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after Saturday, the First Day of December next, at the office of the Company, Church street. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th November, inclusive.

By order of the Board, S. C. WOOD, Manager.

Toronto, 24th October, 1888.

China Hall

49 King Street East, Toronto

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AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

A FULL LINE OF

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SUMMER PASTIMES.

DECEMBER 1888

SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS

Our Xmas Number.

Our Christmas Number—may its honest worth
Find friends who'll catch the spirit of its mirth,
And pathos, which, good folks, be sure, are free
Prize sought approaching Cant or Bibaldry.

Maybe Dame Genius hath not shed her light
Upon each period's would-be lofty flight,
Neither has tameness with insipid face,
Made milk and water of its lettered space.

And should its quips and pathos serve to wile
One weary moment, or provoke a smile,
Each writer's heart will thank the cudgel'd brains,
That flung the humor of these Xmas strains.

The Christmas Festival.

There is no festival in or out of the ecclesiastical calendar that so impresses the heart of humanity as that of Christmas. What a testimony is this to the power and influence of that stupendous fact in history, the Birth at Bethlehem! There were, we know, festivities at the winter solstice among the old world nations before the coming of Christ. But these were either wild orgies in honor of Saturn or Bacchus, or heathen rites to appease some angry Norse deity or idol of the Druids. They were the outcome of pagan idolatry, and, for the most part, were purely animal in their character. They had no hallowing associations, and were commemorative of no divine event. Around these heathen festivities there gathered no tender human hearts, touched by the sacred memories of that expectant time, "while shepherds watched their flocks by night," and the angel-heralds sang of—

"Peace on earth, good-will toward men."

With us the festival, though a religious observance, is also and preeminently a social one. How this has come about, with the angel-song of "good-will toward men" in our ears, there is no need to inquire. With the Advent there came One who took upon Him our humanity, and thus may we—

"With gentle deeds and kindly thoughts,
And loving words, withal,
Welcome the merry Christmas in
And hear a brother's call."

This, if anything, is the lesson of the Incarnation, and it is the lesson the church at the Christmas season specially enjoins—that we "love one another." If we have learnt the lesson of Bethlehem, it is the lesson of self-sacrifice and of love to the brethren. What a noble lay-sermon the novelist Dickens has given us on this text in his immortal *Christmas Carol!* Was there ever a sermon preached that, going round the world, has more profoundly touched men's hearts, and, inculcating the duty of charity, has more effectively prompted to beneficence? And is not the source and inspiration of it all Him whose lowly birth ushered in the first Christmas morn?

"There's a song in the air,
There's a star in the sky,
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry;
And the star rains its fire,
While the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem
Cradles a king!"

The rise of Christianity is perhaps less a problem in history than are its reign and the scope and power of its influence to-day. This problem, however much it may puzzle a critical and unbelieving age, can find solution and become intelligible only, in the birth at Bethlehem of the God-man nineteen hundred years ago. It is that divine event that imparts to the season we commemorate its sacredness and hallowing influence. It is that also that makes the season one of rejoicing, that creates the feeling of human brotherhood, and that lifts men's thoughts above the things of earth, "wrinkled with her innumerable graves." We of to-day may not celebrate the season with the wild revelings and foolish frolickings of an elder time—with the masquerading, mumming, wassailing, and all the rude festivities of a feudal age. But if these bacchanalian revels would ill accord with our modern civilization, and with the rational habits and customs of a more serious time, it is no Puritan austerity or ascetic piety that forbids. The season is a kindly and a joyous one, and in its innocent pleasures and modest gaieties we may heartily and unreprovingly indulge. Nor need one's moral health necessarily suffer if, in frolicsome mood, though with becoming restraint, two or more shall agree to obey the old-time injunction, to

"Dance and sing, and make good cheer
For Christmas comes but once a year."

remembering, with the good Sir Walter, that:

"England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sport again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year."

But let the time of our Christmas gamboling be a time also for opening the heart and hand. When families gather round the festive board, and those are remembered who, it may be, have once sat with us, but who shall sit within touch of our hand no more, let us think of families whose board is bare, and who too need the solace of sympathy because of trouble and bereavement. In acts of charity at this sacred time we shall make Christmas a season of double rejoicing—a blessing to him who gives no less than to him who receives.

CERMER MADA.

Don's Christmas Sermon.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

My gentle reader, every one must feel gentle this Christmas morning after hearing this loving message and the music of the morn—did you ever make a sincere and earnest attempt to appreciate this text? Within your own heart have you ever experienced the beauty of the idea, has your life shown the glorious fruit of an every-day endeavor that on earth there shall be peace, that in your own thoughts and actions there shall be good-will towards men?

I have an uncertain recollection of having seen in a frayed and musty old volume in my father's library a different translation of this text: "Peace on earth to men of good will." The translation may have been an unwarrantable one, yet it embodies the idea and outlines the possibilities of peace on earth.

To whom does peace come on this whirling earth? Not to him who envies his neighbor, not to her who is jealous of her sister, not to those who cannot endure the prosperity of others, not to the slanderer, not to the one who wantonly wounds the heart that would lean up against him or her for rest and consolation, not to those who hold a grudge, not to the seething souls who nourish a hate. It comes to those only who feel good-will towards their fellow men. Rows of houses, acres of land, chests filled with gold, vaults stuffed with bonds, bring no peace to those who do not wish their neighbors well. Nor can poverty with all its deprivations, with its greatest sting—a lack of power to be generous to those it loves—diminish the glory of the Christmas morning or rob the soul of peace if it can look upon the happiness of others, if it can gaze upon the plenty, even the luxury of others without a twinge of envy or an impulse of rebellion.

And what is peace on earth? The cynic denies its existence, the fierce and contentious scoff at it as the monotonous reward of the soft and sluggish. To the avaricious it is the pleasant valley beyond the river of riches; to the ambitious the table land on the summit of power. There are none who reach the peace-country but men of good-will: it is always their habitation, for the good wish, the good deed, like the intoxicating bouquet of old wine, distils within the soul a soft and exhilarating incense more beautiful than the dream of the lotus eater, more soothing than the mother's lullaby, more lasting than all else within the reach of human ambition and more glorifying than anything save self-sacrifice and martrydom for principle.

Sometimes we hear of a man of whom it is said that he "bears So and So no good-will," and we understand by this when an opportunity offers he will do his enemy an injury, he will hurt him in his business, interfere with his promotion or destroy his happiness. The majority of human-kind believe this system of "getting even" is the best way to be happy, that revenge brings a greater pleasure than forgiveness. Did you ever notice the life of the revengeful man? To him a thousand disappointments come which never touch the hope of the thousands, of the tens of thousands, or hundreds of thousands of readers that that paper will prosper, and their determination to do their share to see that it does prosper. As long as this good-will lasts—as long as the old proprietor, after selling his business, does not engage in a rival enterprise with the view of alienating his old friends from the journal he has disposed of, and as long as the newspaper merits the continuance of its old patronage, so long will it continue to be a success. In nearly all agreements in which the sale of "good-will" is made, with a not unwarrantable suspicion of the avarice of human nature, it is stipulated that for so many years the vendor shall not in the same locality engage in any enterprise similar to the one he has disposed of.

Now, let us apply this to the good-will of our text: "Good-will towards men!" It means that we are anxious to see mankind, particularly those with whom we come in contact, prosperous and happy and that we mean to do our part to make them so. It means that we do not intend to interfere ungenerously, unrighteously with the prosperity and promotion of others. It does not mean that we are not to engage in business because others might possibly have their profits reduced by our doing so, but it conveys the idea that those to whom we owe a duty—and this in its wide sense means every man—shall not suffer by our over reaching, unreliability or treachery. It would be a strange world if one-half of mankind were waiting at the gate while the other half stood on the other side, each section too polite, too chivalric to pass out or in, lest their action might be considered ill-natured. The world would not progress; it would produce a stagnation in which one-half of humanity would be bowing and scraping with a silly and deferential grin to the other half who would feel itself outdone in chivalric self-abnegation unless it returned the compliment. While the man who has sold the good-will of his business to another would be a sneak and thoroughly a wrong-doer if he immediately started an opposition concern next door, any enterprise right in itself and not governed by the restrictions of a contract, either expressed or implied, must be legitimate, and one may be the successful rival of another without being accused of ill-will, yet the broad principle always holds that we must deal fairly and that we must not deal in those things which will injure the race.

Two men may love the same woman; it would be absurd for one to abandon her if he had entered the contest fairly, simply because the other one wanted her. It would be wicked if he hated his rival, and it is but natural to suppose that the kindest and sweetest nature would win, and that the hateful man would be defeated. The merchant who undertakes to make money by belittling his competitors simply advertises them, and at the same time makes public his weakness and irritation and turns his own customers against him. The professional man who cannot give an opinion or a prescription without sneering at someone else is universally despised and invariably outrun by those who can endure to hear of the success of a competitor.

When we hear this message, "Peace on earth, good-will toward men," and feel that the Creator of the heavens and the earth has told us that He wishes us to be prosperous and happy, and that He has done and is doing all that He can to make our lives worth living, our sorrows less, and our joys greater, it should make us feel that the trials of to-day are but trifles, and that we can implicitly trust in Him for the everlasting happiness of the great to-morrow. No matter what opposing dogmas are preached, they are nothing to us if we feel that we, have lived up to this rule of Good-will, this divine ideal, as far as lay within our finite power. He can understand the temptations that beset the path which has been made tortuous by circumstances and hard by reason of the burdens we bear. To Him all things are possible, and that we have His good-will should be an abiding and glorifying comfort. We may be sure there will be no rivalry, no recreancy, no failure of trust; that He is one whose good-will can never be taken away from us so long as we deserve it—not that we really ever can deserve it—but we know that our deserts will be measured out to us as we have measured to others. If the man who buys a newspaper with its subscription list and good-will makes a bad paper of it, lets it run down, prints spiteful articles, home-destroying scandals, or is guilty of the sins of omission and fails to provide his readers with news and all things which are reasonably expected, he cannot hope to hold the good-will which came into his possession by purchase; and if we fail to make our lives free from avarice and dishonesty, from bitterness and hate and back-biting and envy, or if we are slothful and fail to do that which has been set apart as our duty, we cannot hope to retain the good-will of the great God above us, which was purchased for us by the blood of His Son.

DON.

IN DREAMLAND.

In Dreamland.

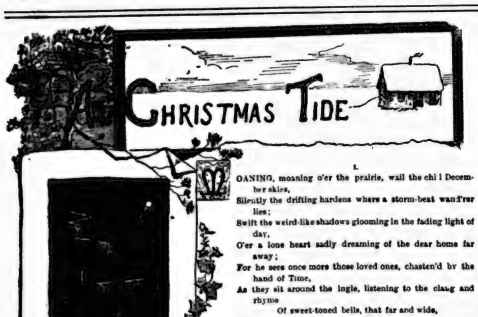
Sweet children faces. Tired at last with glad anticipations of the coming morn. Slumber, rosy, strength-restoring Slumber claims them for its own. Even Dolly, the especial pride and care of the nursery hours has fallen unrecognized from those dimpled, motherly arms. Sleep on! Sweet emblems of Home and happy Infancy. A bright awakening is yours this happy Christmas morn. Long before then, in the silent watches of the night, the white-haired old man whose name is held in reverence by every childish heart will have left his kindly tribute at the feet of Childhood, and Heaven's mallison rest on him who would gainsay the sanctioned fable. Sleep on—the happy sleep of guileless hearts—for soon, oh, too soon! the cares of life will press around your tender forms, and shorn of the sweet romance of Christmas-tide the struggle for existence will stand forth in all its stern reality. But a truce to sadness. Christmas! the blessed Xmas-tide is with us now and all Christian hearts rejoice in the return of that gladsome season when the natal air of Him of Nazareth is vocal with the gladsome notes of Peace on Earth—Good-will toward Men.

H. K. C.

The reason why some old ladies look so wise in their spectacles is because they drink sagetea. Bits of information like the above tend to discipline the mind.

As a matter of fact, Americans have just as many grandfathers as Englishmen, but in the hurly-burly of the new world, the old gentlemen have, to some extent, been overlooked.

It is curious how easily some people obtain a reputation. There is Ajax, for instance. He is world-renowned because he defied the lightning. If I should strike an attitude and tell the lightning to go to thunder, I wouldn't even get my name in the papers.



I.

OANING, moaning o'er the prairie, wall the chi l December skies,
Silently the drifting hardens where a storm-beat wan'rer lies;
Swift the weird-like shadows glooming in the fading light of day,
O'er a lone heart sadly dreaming of the dear home far away;
For he sees once more those loved ones, chasten'd by the hand of Time,
As they sit around the ingle, listening to the clang and rhyme
Of sweet-toned bells, that far and wide,
Ring in the gladsome Christmas-tide.

II.

Borne above the north wind a sobbing—o'er the clashing of the bells,—
Float the tones of quaint old carols, touching chords of memory's cells;
But the blessed vision passes; silent now the sweet refrain,
And the horrors of the Frost King rise before his ken again;
One more effort, onward staggering, till before his ice-dash'd eyes,
Beams the log-wood's cherry firelight, and his wild, despairing cries
Are heard by joyous hearts that glide
In the settler's dance at Christmas-tide.

III.

Lanterns flashing, hounds a-baying, where a swooning form is found;
Stalwart men and bright-eyed maidens, in the firelight gathering round,
Listning to the wand'rer's story; how he left his camp at morn,
Missed the trail, the blizzard's raging, how he lay, with strength outworn,
Till the storm had spent its fury, and the numbness of his limbs
Warned him of insidious slumber, which for aye the senses dims—
How but for them he should have died,
'Neath a shroud of ice at Christmas-tide.

IV.

Moaning, moaning, wails the north wind, and the moon beams break and pale,
O'er a nestling, peaceful homestead, in a pleasant English vale;
And around its glowing ingle kneel a gentle household band,
Who are praying for a wanderer in a far-off foreign land;
Pray the mother, sire, and sisters, pray they for an only son,
Asking Heaven to shield, in mercy, him, the wayward absent one,
And by that prayer is death denied
In the Western wilds at Christmas-tide.

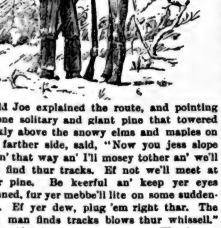
H. E. COCKIN.

Turkey unlimited, and half a dozen indigestibles on the side, is the time-honored custom for Christmas Day. Whether or no the turkeys like it is none of my business, nor will the point be discussed at present. The average human likes the custom heartily for one hour, and then repents as a rule. The medicos like it, for an overdose frequently brings an odd grist to their mill. Why the habit of gorging ourselves at a time when grace and good will towards men should prevail, is encouraged I know not, for the performance is anything but calculated to carry out the spirit of the Divine decree. However, we do it just the same, and long may the good old custom brought from the Mother Country flourish. Granted, then, that turkey is a necessity at Christmas, which shall it be? Reader, are you content to fatten on a mass of forced fat of the barnyard, or do you, as I do, go in for "wild meat?" I'm fully prepared to admit that many a grand bird has come from the stack, and that a great majority of them can boast a strong infusion of wild blood in their veins, for the genuine wild strain has been so frequently crossed upon the tame during recent years that few flocks do not boast a touch of blue blood.

But I'm one of those queerly constituted individuals who "must have it all if possible," and give to me the grand wild fellow, with strening beard and burnished plumage, glittering with a hundred shades of gold and bronze and green. A really good wild gobbler is simply unapproachable. Take him as he is, in all his royal pride, an aristocrat among the feathered tribes; a prince in shining armor, and By'r Lady a veritable king of the winged world.

A wary bird withal and shy to a degree; with an eye that catches the slightest movement of the enemy, and ear that detects the faintest rustling of a dangerous advance. Once let him get it into his head that there is peril afoot, and he stays not on the order of his going but is off at once. His strong legs laugh at space and can keep up their rapid trot for an amazing length of time, and he who follows a gobbler to the death in an average country, must go prepared for a hard task unless luck favors his chance. In all likelihood he will be led a dance that he will not soon forget.

So much for the bird, now for one of many chases I have had after the wild fellows. On December 23, 188-, "Old Joe" and yours truly, in the former's mongrel dialect, "Jest 'lowed we'd eat wile gobbler on Kristmuss," and at seven o'clock of the morning in question we were some four miles from the little village of Thamesville, and at the extremity of one of the big marshes that intersect the woods of that best of all localities for turkeys. Old Joe is a great hunter, short and spare, but wiry and tough as a knot. A fair shot, and the long single rifle he carried had cracked the fate of many a head of big game. The other fellow would make near two of his comrade and was perhaps the better shot, but he could no more hold the "little 'un" in a real out-and-out day's tramp than he could fly, and being but mortal his flying powers were seriously incommoded by limits. His weapon was a double breech-loader. It was a faultless morning for the work in hand. Some four inches of snow had fallen the previous day, and it was still as death and turning milder. Before them spread a marsh, half a mile across by two long, and surrounded by unbroken forest. There was plenty of water in many places, but it was now securely fettered with ice, rendering traveling comparatively easy. All over the open were clumps of tangled thicket and beds of withered rushes, forming secure haunts for many a grouse and rabbit, and favored resorts for the game now sought.



Old Joe explained the route, and pointing to one solitary and giant pine that towered darkly above the snowy elms and maples on the farther side, said, "Now you jess slope 'roun' that way an' I'll mosey t'other an' we'll jess find thur tracks. Ef not we'll meet at thur pine. Be keerful an' keep yer eyes skinned, fur yer mebbe'll lite on some sudden-like. Ef yer dew, plug 'em right thar. The fust man finds tracks blows thur whissell." The said whistle was an empty Winchester shell. So saying, Joe slunk noiselessly off in his peculiar crouching, wolf-like fashion, and I turned my way, after a parting glance at the view. It was like an enchanted scene; the untrodden snow covered the open, and all around a blue-gray wall of forest, every twig and lofty spray bearing a gleaming, diamond dressing, fair enough at any time, but simply marvellously beautiful in the first light of the cloudless dawning. Following Joe's example, I turned into the woods a few yards, and then began slowly working ahead, keeping a short distance from the edge of the marsh. There was not a sound save the soft "prut-prut" of the new snow under my boots, and I inwardly cursed the inoffensive articles and longed for the noiseless moccasins, though I knew well enough that the going would be wet before noon.

During the first few hundred yards nothing transpired. Then a grey rabbit got out almost from under my feet and bolted like a flash for a short distance; then, finding himself unmolested, he "sat erect upon his haunches, half in fear and half in frolic," doubtless wondering what kind of a fool hunter I was anyway. Like Hiawatha, I heeded him not, for my thoughts were with nobler game, and a shot then would have been simply treason. Later on this interesting performance was repeated several times, and one grey rascal seemed to thoroughly understand the situation, and kept hopping along ahead in such an exasperating way that I fairly longed to fill him full of big turkey shot.

Finally I reached the pine and found Joe waiting.

"Seen anything, Joe?"

"Nary thing."

"Where for now?"

"Wal, we'll work back to thur big mash, but it's jist a durned queer thing thet thar's no sine. Thar's turkey here'bout's I'll swar, but jist whar thur at beats me, dogged ef et don't."

I told Joe about the rabbits, and he laughed and said: "Wunner yer cud keep from plugging that one cuss, anyhow, but it allus haps jest so. When yer doan't want 'em thur right thar, 'an when yer dew want 'em, thar jist nowhars."

"Well, but Joe, I couldn't shoot him, you know; you'd have raised my hair if I opened on anything less than a turkey. Besides, when big game's the thing, I can't be tempted."

"Right yer be; never under no circumstance break yer rule. Ef it's turkey, let it be turkey an' nuthin' else. That thar's my rule."

"Right you are, Joseph, I'm after turkey, and turkey it must be or my shells will count the same to-night."

Rash boast! Just at the moment there was a sudden bursting roar of wings from a little clump of dwarf beeches right beside us, and five big grouse were up and away right in the open. Precepts were at once forgotten. Up came the gun, like a flash, and barrel after barrel roared forth as fast as finger could pull triggers, and I staggered back with my lip bleeding and my head ringing from the jarring recoil of turkey loads fired loose. "By gum, you downed a pair of 'em—but luka thar!" Joe's keen ear had caught another sound, and turning swiftly we saw three big turkeys getting up from the marsh we had left. They had been skulking in an out-lying thicket, and we had tramped all round their hiding-place. They were over a hundred yards away, but I grabbed Joe's rifle and pulled six feet ahead of the biggest one. He gave never a sign.

"No use whatsoever in wingin' at 'em with thur rifle," said Joe, but I always take chances and if the rifle had been a repeater the air would surely have been filled with humming balls, chance or no chance.

Joe watched them carefully until they pitched half a mile away in the marsh, and then we hastily arranged a route and parted again to head them if possible. Joe struck his determined dog-trot in one direction, and I sped away in another (the grouse had been secured meanwhile) and after about an hour's hard work we had tracked the quarry into a heavy stretch of thicket. To describe the various turnings and twistings, the difficulties and tracking that ensued would be monotonous. Suffice it to say that after a regular backsetting all round, we had reason to believe that the grand fellows were hidden in a tangled mass of brush covering about an acre at the extreme end of the marsh. Once in my quest I narrowly escaped a ducking—no joke in such weather. While crossing a deep water course, a part of which was yet unfrozen, I hovered for one instant between air and water. A fallen tree offered a convenient bridge, but my foot slipped and

I poised an instant over an apparently bottomless pit, but, luckily, a friendly branch, and energetic use of the gun as a balancing pole, saved me.

We now have the game located, and if one of us could head them off and drive them back, while the other laid in wait, one might possibly be secured. Joe volunteered to do the heading off, and I sought a point that seemed to offer the best chance. What seemed to be hours, but was in reality not more than twenty minutes elapsed, while I held the fort and wondered if Joe could drive them past or over me.

Suddenly the sharp crack of his rifle sounded, and at the report the game appeared above the growth, far away and rising higher and higher on strong wings. I could hear Joe whooping and yelling like an Indian, and fancied he had bagged one, but later developments proved that the wily Joseph was simply doing his level best to head the birds my way. Would they pass in range? Already they were nearing and bid fair to pass aside, but one old fellow, the heaviest of the lot, kept edging towards me. Nearer and nearer he came, lagging last of all. The rest were abreast of my position, but the big gobbler came bravely on until I could catch the metallic gleam of his grand plumage.

Egad! if I miss not, you're my meat. As I straightened up he saw me, but a turkey seldom or never changes his course. Now! and I swung the gun well ahead of his neck. I was quivering all over and clutched the piece nervously, but I knew it was held on the right spot. Whang! and he staggered in the air—Whang! and he gave up and came crashing down riddled through and through. A ringing whoop from myself and an answering howl of triumph from Joe's powerful lungs, and the splendid prize was ours. Joe came running up, and we sat down and examined the victim, Joe taking off his fur cap to make a seat for himself, and squatting thereon in a position as unique as it was peculiarly his own.

"Mi! he's a honey, ain't he, now? I 'lowed when I seed the way he headed yer'd be thar or thar 'bouts. I done my best, and when I seed yer stan' up, I jist thought of them thar partridges, an' 'lowed yer'd sliver him consid'rable."

I looked Joe square in the eye for a moment, and caught a wondrous beam of intelligence. The triumph was too great for words, but my hand sought my hip pocket and the comforter

came forth. Joe's left hand wandered across his mouth in the graceful gesture of acquiescence peculiar to the practised hand, and silently we drank to the shot that won the day, and followed it up with another directed at random to the surroundings. A splendid prize was secured, twenty-eight honest pounds of grand wild turkey lay at our feet and we cared not how the world wagged on. Before our two day hunt was over two more were secured by hard work, one a lucky snap-shot of mine in cover and the other falling to a beautiful long shot of Joe's far-reaching rifle. Divested of their glittering finery the game lost not a whit of their attractiveness and the unanimous verdict was "fit for a king," for to a surety never was Christmas board better graced than by a prime wild gobbler fairly killed.

E. W. SANDYS.

My First City Editor.

In the very salad days of my newspaper career, old Noah Count was my city editor. He was a queer little man, with sharp, black eyes and a smoothly-shaven, solemn face. I never saw him smile. I don't think anybody else ever did. Night after night he sat at his scarred and battered pine desk, drawing little five-barred gates with a blue pencil through the piles of copy the reporters left beside him. Yards upon yards of adjectives vanished beneath that relentless pencil point. Hills and valleys of humor and pathos faded before him. He dug out facts as a miner digs out diamonds. Every extraneous line was remorselessly scored out.

I hated that man. I cursed him every way I knew how. I prayed that the Fates would sow carpet tacks in his heart. Every time I saw him carving out my prettiest phrases I longed to load him with arsenic or disrupt him with an axe. He had no friends on the staff. Reporters clattered in and out. He heeded them not. Men on space work gave him chewing tobacco and cigars, but their presents made no difference to him. He had absolutely no sense of humor. I have seen men lean up against his desk and tell stories funny enough to upset the calm placidity of a mule. At the end Noah Count would say: "Oh, indeed!" and remorselessly proceed to carve the padding out of the reciter's copy.

The years went by, and Noah Count grew old and careworn. A racking, consumptive cough shook his feeble frame, and his hand grew as transparent as a plate glass window. But the point on his blue pencil remained as keen and precise as ever, though his nice little five-barred gates were often shaky and uncertain. Reporters came and went. Men whose pen work was as bright as sunshine sat for a time at the cheap pine desks about the room, but none of their best work got beyond his desk. No matter how funny or pathetic was the tale they told, he cut our everything but the barren facts. Every man on the staff hated him worse than heaven hates a bad cook. He had no friends among them, and he knew it. Sometimes I have seen him look tenderly at the heads bending over the flying pencils, but that was when he thought no one was observing him.

He grew feebler gradually. One day he disappeared. A new man took his place, and lively reporting became the fashion. The columns of the paper brightened up. Humor shook hands with I a twin sister, pathos, for that they both appeared in print. The reporters scrawled joyful rhymes on his desk, and on the wall above it. They made a wreath of colored paper and laid it on the stand of pigeon holes on his table with a ribald jest on the white card fastened to it. Two days after they laid another wreath—of white camelias—on the black casket that held a shrunken form, a pallid face and white hands folded peacefully across a placid breast. Noah Count was dead.

It was only then I learned what a self-sacrificing life the little man had lived. It was only then I learned how true and tender was his heart, how he passed long, sleepless hours that should have given him rest and health, beside the bedside of a fretful wife, and wore his life away in attentions that she needed not. His silent, lonely, uncomplaining existence made him a hero in my eyes. I longed to extend the hand of sympathy and of friendship, to ask forgiveness for my jeers and sneers, to do what little lay within my power to make his path more pleasant. It was too late. They buried him on Christmas Day, and the flowers that tender hands laid lovingly on his coffin lid and placed upon the mound that rose above it, were brighter than any that ever burgeoned in his lonely life.

CECIL STREET.

A Modern Philanthropist.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he says in smooth, oily tones, "at this glad season of the year let us not forget the poor. Here's a toast for you—the long life and prosperity of the poor."

Fancy the bitter irony of it! Inside the sumptuous Christmas dinner has been disposed of, and the groaning board has been freed from its weight. The host—a man of means—looks at the bright faces about him and lifts his glass high while the bubbles rise to the foamy top, and he gives as a toast the health and prosperity of the poor.

The poor are outside. They are on the streets and in the wretched hovels they call home. They have mournful eyes, pinched cheeks and pale, sad faces. Their clothes are in tatters, their pockets are empty and their hearts are heavy with woe. They have toiled and struggled beneath the weight of care and misery which fortune has pressed upon their shoulders; they have grown helpless and hopeless beneath their cares and tribulations; their lives are sad and miserable; existence is not so much a blessing as a curse; their joys and happiness—if they have any—are as transient and fleeting as an idle dream.

You who laugh, pity those who weep. Give of the wealth with which God has blessed you and carry into the homes where poverty stalks and misery is a daily guest, a little of the brightness and the sunshine of your own. "The poor ye have always with you." It is well at this season of the year to remember their presence, not as the pompous parvenus in the picture remembers them—with a toast—but in some practical way that will relieve them, if only a little bit, from the misery, the suffering and the despair which their harsh fate compels them to endure.

No love is so intense as that of the eighteen year-old youth for the twenty-six-year-old girl. He gets over it, of course, but while it's in motion it's sixty miles an hour, including stops.

A MODERN PHILANTHROPIST.

What She Used to Do at Christmas.

"What did they do in the olden time?"
Asks blue-eyed Belle, as to and fro
She rocks while the joy bells clash and chime
"What did they do in the long ago,
When Christmas came with its snow and rime,
In the brave old days of romance, you know,
And powder and patches and furbelows
And buckled shoes with the funny toes?"

I look at the dreamy, questioning face
And the starry eyes upturned to mine,
And feel the pell of her girlish grace.
Some sweet sensation I can't define,
Draws me nearer the fireplace,
Nearer the mild, demure, divine,
And I thank my stars and the mistletoe
That I did not live in the long ago.

"In the olden time," I at last explain,
Hovering over her rocking chair,
"The joys of the dance began to wane,
And the gallant lords and the ladies fair
Roamed through the palace halls again,
Daint ly dressed and debonair,
And the lover sat down by the firelight's glow,
Just—just—as we are doing, you know."

"And then," asks Belle, with downcast eyes.
"And then, Sir Hubert—(imagine me
If you can, apparelled in lordly guise)—
Knelt down as I am doing, you see,
And put his arm, as you may surmise,
Around her so—quite tenderly,
And under the mistletoe a kiss
He gave her something like this—and this!"

Her Christmas Gift.

I had thought and thought until my brain was weary of all the traditional, time-honored devices for masculine comfort and convenience. I was as far from a solution as ever, when a chance remark of Charlie's decided one point.

He had been reading Emerson's essay on Gifts. At its close Charlie said, laying the book down: "I agree entirely with the spirit of that article. It ought never to be the gift we prize, but the feeling that prompted it. A piece of handiwork loving fingers have taken hours to fashion is infinitely more precious in my eyes than a present selected after a five minutes' parley at the jeweler's."

Of course I resolved after that that the Christmas present should be something of my own manufacture. But in spite of my temporary elation I soon discovered I was in as much of a quandary as ever until dear old Mrs. Jenkins, my next-door neighbor, to whom I had confided my difficulty, suggested:

"Why don't you make him a dressing gown? Ezra allus wears one 'round the house and just takes solid comfort in it."

My imagination was immediately fired with the idea. We were just fairly settled in our own little house, and what could be more appropriative, more indicative of fireside comfort and domestic happiness, than a dressing gown! To be sure, the fact that Mr. Jenkins wore one rather detracted from the glamour of poetry I would fain have shed over the article in question, for Mr. Jenkins is nearly seventy and quite decrepit. Still I resolved Charlie's dressing gown should resemble old Mr. Jenkins' only in name. I felt convinced the latter was fashioned from some huge and dingy plaid and was probably very ill fitting. Charlie's should be of wine-colored velvet, with lining and facings of blue. He always liked deep red and blue. I remember I wore a pretty dark red dress, with light blue ribbons at my throat and in my hair the first time—but that is not my story.

It was delightful to be decided at last. There were still six weeks before Christmas in which to select the materials and manufacture the gift. But after various inquiries and mental arithmetic calculations I discovered that the cost of the materials amounted to a sum quite beyond the modest supply I had on hand after my winter shopping. True, I had selected the very richest materials, but I was convinced no others would do at all.

Charlie is a young lawyer and means to be rich some day, but at present he is not particularly harassed by a horde of wealthy clients or numerous cases. So our domestic life, though comfortable and very happy, is by no means luxurious. It is his custom to give me a weekly allowance for housekeeping expenses.

In my indigent circumstances I conceived the brilliant project of curtailing in that direction to make up the requisite amount. Whereupon I instituted a system of rigid economy, such as no chancellor of the exchequer ever attempted, whereby to replenish the treasury of a bankrupt nation. I studied the cook books diligently for frugal recipes, requiring few eggs and a modicum of butter, and for directions how to make Sunday's roast beef or fricasseed chicken appear in new and varied guise at several consecutive meals. My efforts were not always successful, nor did they meet with unfailing appreciation. Charlie made several unkind remarks about the value of good old friends and the fact of history repeating itself when the lamb stew appeared at the fourth meal in succession.

And when I attempted to abolish dessert I met with open rebellion. For my misguided motive, after plaintively and piously inquiring at several dinners if there was "any here-after," finally issued an edict that the cook must go and yield place to one who could and would makes pies and puddings. I immediately exculpated Bridget, assuming all the blame on the plea that pastry is notoriously unhealthful. Nevertheless it was recalled from ostracism and reinstated in our menu.

Corned beef hash I had always regarded with mild aversion. Suddenly I acquired a warm relish for the tabooed article. In fact, it became such a staple with us during the entire fortnight of my economical enthusiasm that once more my liege lord was compelled to remonstrate.

"Bessie," he said at the fifth breakfast at which the despised hash met his gaze. "Bessie, mine is not a fickle and capricious palate, ever seeking after some new thing. I cling with laudable constancy to tried and proved gastronomic favorites. But corned beef hash at breakfast daily may possibly become a bit monotonous. I would not mind," he pursued pathetically, "if you only introduced an occasional variation, executed a gavotte in the hash harmony, for instance, and perpetuated some beef and-potato symphonies or some beef-and-onion etudes. Anything but this perpetual beef potpourri. I am convinced it has a benumbing effect on the intellect. Mark the weak and watery character of my jests nowadays, as compared with the brilliant flow of esprit that used to charm your appreciative sense of humor. If I lose the Oliver case, Elizabeth," he concluded solemnly, as he arose from the table, "you can attribute it to the stupefying influence of your hash!"

Though assured by the financial result that my plan was a success, I concluded that it entailed too much discomfort on my martyred husband. So, after a two weeks' trial, it was abandoned and I began to devise ways and means once more.

Of course I said nothing to Charlie about these little commercial transactions. He would have wanted an explanation of my cupidity. I resolved to tell him all after Christmas, and thought what a laugh he would have over my financiering.

I had now fifteen dollars, but I needed twenty. The last addition to my little hoard required self-sacrifice of which I would never have been capable except for Charlie's sake. A certain milliner's window down town had displayed for some time among its tasteful trifles of headgear a little crimson velvet bonnet. I had called my husband's attention to it once or twice, and suggested incidentally that I had not yet selected my winter bonnet. What was my delight, then, when, one Saturday afternoon before Charlie had come home, a boy rang the bell and left a mysterious bandbox. I opened it in happy anticipation. As I expected, it was that dear little red bonnet. Of course I tried it on immediately. It was certainly becoming. I knew Charlie would think so.

All at once I prudently thought of the cost. Diving down among the numerous tissue papers I drew forth the bill. Ten dollars! I held the little bonnet in my hand and took an inventory of its component parts. A bit of crimson velvet, three ostrich tips and some irridescent pins! That was all.

By the time my liege lord came home I had made up my mind to a crowning act of unselfishness, whose success would purchase the dressing-gown. So I greeted him as usual, and did not introduce the subject of the bonnet for some time. At length:

"Charlie dear," I said, "It was very kind of you to get that little bonnet for me. It came this afternoon. I was sorry, dear, but it does not please me as much as I fancied it would. It is rather gay, and I like quiet colors, you know"—a glaring untruth!—"and it is not so very becoming either"—another! "If you don't mind, I will exchange it for a neat brown one I saw there." The brown one had no ostrich tips. I felt I was safe in suggesting it.

"Not becoming, Bessie!" repeated the dear boy. "Why, I should think it would be just the thing for your dark hair and rosy cheeks. "But, of course, I don't know; only let me see it on."

It was upstairs; I demurred. And not until I was combing out my long hair before the mirror that night would I recall his request. Then I dutifully put the bonnet on over my disheveled tresses. Of course it looked wild and frightful. Any bonnet would with one's hair in such a condition. But Charlie, being a man, did not know that.

"I guess you are right, dear," he said meekly. "It isn't very becoming."

And Monday I choked down my regrets and carried it back. In exchange I procured the commonplace brown velvet, that only cost five dollars, and was high at that. I wore it to church next Sunday. Charlie said never a word. That is his gentle way of expressing disapproval.

But I did not mind, for my cherished desire was on the road to realization. I had purchased the finest wine-colored velvet and the daintiest blue silk procurable. I cut a pattern from Charlie's Sunday coat and commenced my labor of love. Ah! the tender thoughts and loving fancies I wrought into that memorable gown! A hundred times a day, while busily plying my needle, I pictured my handsome husband in all the glory of his ruby velvet enjoying his post-prandial smoke or perusing his evening paper. And my needle flew the faster for the pleasant fancies.

It was done much sooner than I expected, fully ten days before Christmas. I hung it with loving care in an unfrequented closet and tried to possess my soul in patience till Christmas morning.

Two or three evenings afterwards Charlie and I went to call on the Rogerses. Mary Rogers and I were school friends ten years ago, when she was Mary Hood and I was Bessie Brown. She had "done well," as the saying goes, when she married Henry Rogers. He was a rich man then and had been growing richer ever since.

I own to a little sigh as I tied my brown bonnet strings under my chin, and thought of Mary Rogers' beautiful attire as she stepped from her carriage at her last call. Why is it we cannot philosophically enjoy our neighbor's pretty bonnets quite as well as our own?

The first thing I noticed as we entered their sitting-room was Mr. Rogers' dressing gown. It was of red velvet with blue satin facings. I felt a moment's chagrin that any one should have anticipated my design and then a moment's pride that Mary Rogers' excellent taste confirmed mine.

Mr. Rogers was reading as we were announced. Charlie glanced at the book. It was his favorite Browning, apropos of whom Mr. Rogers showed us his exquisite new edition of the poet, and the gentlemen fell into a discussion of his peculiar style and latent meanings, while Mary and I drifted immediately into the hired girl question and exchanged views and sympathy on that elevating theme during the entire hour we remained.

On our way home we discussed our friends, of course, their house and its appointments, Mary's ill-health and Mr. Rogers' literary proclivities.

"I never was so astonished in my life," exclaimed Charlie, suddenly, "as to see a man of Rogers' sense and good taste rigged up in such outlandish toggery!"

"What—what toggery, Charlie?" I faltered. But I knew what he meant, and I dreaded to hear him speak.

"Why, one of those ridiculous dressing gowns! Makes him look for all the world like a sick old woman!"

"I—I thought it was very handsome," I managed to reply weakly enough.

"Maybe it was, but I never could endure them," he answered, frankly. "Mother made me one, years ago, for Christmas. I believe I put it on twice to please her, but I never felt so uncomfortable in all my life. Nothing could induce me to wear another." And so he ran on and on, blissfully unconscious how each word went to my very heart.

I had a good cry in secret that night. The tears washed away all bitterness from my soul, and when I awoke next morning my disappointment was infinitely less keen. I resolved to make a clean breast of the matter forthwith.

So I took the poor disparaged dressing gown down stairs, and, amid weak little smiles and a few feeble attempts to make light of it, I displayed Charlie's Christmas present to him. The poor fellow felt thoroughly humiliated and remorseful for his words of the night before. But I knew they were true and would not let him take them back. I appreciated the kindness that prompted him to say he never saw prettier colors, and to admire the handsome cord and tassels, and even volunteer to try it on. But I refused my consent when it came to that. Laying it down, I drew a footstool to his feet and began to tell the whole story of its manufacture, excepting, of course, about the bonnet.

"And I hunted up an old checked suit of yours," I was saying, when Charlie interrupted me with:

"My summer suit! Did you let him have it?"

"Why, Charlie, it was an old suit," I expostulated, the tears starting to my eyes. "The pedler said it was very old-fashioned."

"Naturally he did, but it wasn't. I had worn it only a little over one season. It was an expensive suit, and your husband is not a Crœsus, Bessie."

I broke down completely then and sobbed as if my heart would break.

"Come, come, dear," said Charlie kindly. "It was only a mistake. Perhaps I can afford a new suit by June, the Oliver case is developing so finely. If I cannot I'll take to my dressing gown."

An intuition of a possible second blunder suddenly appalled me.

"Charlie," I asked in trepidation, "were those papers in the store-room of any account?"

"The *Legal News*? Yes, indeed," he answered. "I have kept a file of the *News* for years. It contains records of dozens of important cases."

"I have sold them all!" I announced with the tragic calmness of despair.

"Oh, Bessie, Bessie!" he groaned, "when, where, how did you do it?"

For answer I only broke into fresh sobs.

Tears melt Charlie when nothing else will.

"Don't, Beth, dear," he begged, smoothing my hair. "It was all my fault. I ought to have told you how I prized those papers. But perhaps I can get them back. At all events, don't grieve so. Come, let me put my gown on, do."

"Never!" I cried. "I cannot endure the sight of the hateful thing. I wish it was at the bottom of the Red Sea!" And with the wish a sudden gleam of hope darted across my clouded horizon.

"Charlie, I have an idea! I want you to take that dressing gown down to Mr. Collins"—Mr. Collins is Charlie's tailor and a good friend of his—"and see if he will not dispose of it for us. Please do not demur. I could not bear to keep it in the house. It would be a constant source of mortification and chagrin to me."

So Charlie took it down that very day.

That evening he announced, "I had an interview with our esteemed friend Collins to-day on a little matter of business. He examined the garment, inspected it inside and out, and wound up by saying he never saw a more exquisite piece of work! Bravo, little woman! He promised to sell it and refused to listen to a word about commission."

Two nights before Christmas he came home with a radiant countenance and threw an envelope into my lap without a word.

I opened it and drew out—a fifty-dollar bill!

"What does it mean, Charlie?" I asked in utter bewilderment.

"It is for Mme. Raymond, modiste and manufacturer of gents' dressing gowns for Collins & Co.," laughed the dear fellow. "I received it with a note from Collins this afternoon, saying he had no difficulty in disposing of the garment, and hoping the inclosed would be satisfactory. 'Satisfactory' is good, eh Bessie? How little I realized in what a gold mine I was investing when I became a Benedict?"

So Charlie had Browning for Christmas after all. And I was made happy by a dainty pink bonnet, prettier even than the coveted crimson.

Charley has been very fortunate since then. He has won the Oliver case and feels rich enough to indulge in a half a dozen summer suits now, and he has succeeded in getting the *Legal News* from a friend, who has just abandoned the law, "for something lucrative," he said.

Notwithstanding the happy denouement, we have agreed hereafter to consult each other's wishes with regard to our Christmas gifts.

JEANNE.

A GAME OF CARDS.

A Game of Cards.

The imitative monkey is generally credited with the ability to do pretty nearly anything that human beings do—bar speaking—provided human beings give the imitative monkey an opportunity of watching the performance. A story is related of a monkey called Jacko—monkeys are generally called Jacko, probably because that is just as good a name for them as anything else—who saw his master shave. After the master had left the room, Jacko proceeded to wiestle with the razor, with the result that in about half an hour Jacko was a first rate basis for mince pie.

The particular monkeys pictured in the pretty illustration on this page are following in the wake, it is easy to see, of a jovial party of old cronies who have been sitting around that table playing cards and smoking, and perhaps firing the sluggish blood coursing through their withered old bodies with a smack of something strong. The old cronies have gone, but the monkeys are there. They have taken the old cronies' places and are probably wondering what it all means, though they are having heaps of fun out of it.

Christmas at Ingle Farm.

THE PLEASE.

Go back with me to Christmas Eve
Full forty years ago:
The red roofs of the Ingle Farm
Rise up above the snow,
Behind, the stately woodlands sing
A melancholy tune.
Before, the white, unbroken wold
Lies sparkling in the moon.

Upon the broad, stone hearth within
A mighty yule-log roars,
And in its light his amber ale
The good old farmer pours.
But, though he makes the rafters ring,
With many an ancient tale,
His eye is still on Marion fixed—
Her cheek is all too pale.

She drops the wreath of mistletoe
Half woven at his feet,
"Ah, father! I am weary now,
And sleep is very sweet."
She loudly climbs the creaking stairs,
But softly down again,
"Oh, why do all the hinges groan
Like souls in mortal pain!"

Oh! if for sleep she weareth,
When winds are keen and cold,
Why seeketh she the little gate
That opens on the wold?
And lo! when all the oxen kneel,
At midnight in their stalls,
Yet still across her empty bed
The level moonbeam falls.

And looking through the frosted panes,
Although the moon is low,
One still may see no longer now
Unbroken lies the snow.
For footprints from the little gate,
Ajar, go leading down—
The footprints of a man and maid—
Together to the town.

THE RETURN.

Before the bitter blast that drives
The clouds and flying flakes,
And ushers in the Christmas Eve,
The ancient woodland shakes.
The birds among its branches seek
In vain a shelter warm,
And yet upon the starless waste
A woman braves the storm.

Just as she left it long ago,
Wide open in her flight,
Its columns capped with snow, she finds
The little gate to-night.
Before the old familiar door,
Knee-deep in drifts, she stands,
And waits to hear the iron bolts
Withdrawn by friendly hands.

Nor does she wait in vain, for wide
The oaken door is flung.
"Forgive, forgive, forgive!" she kneels
And cries in faltering tongue.
Against the yule-log's crimson glow
Her father's form appears;
She weeps: the snows upon the sill
Are melted by her tears.

And as she kneeleth suppliant there
The chimes begin to play.
Far off beyond the woodland white
The storm has passed away,
And up across the snowy wold
And through the gate ajar
The Christmas waits with melody
Come, lighted by a star.

"To-night the Prince of Peace is born,"
They sing, "and King of Heaven.
Oh, peace on earth, good-will to men.
Our sins are all forgiven!"
"Arise my child," the father cries,
"Thy sorrows all are o'er;
Christ lived and died to teach us all
Forgiveness evermore.

With rose and gold and azure now
The Christmas Day is near,
And far and wide the silver bells
Are sounding sweet and clear.
And hark! the message that they bring
From courts of Heaven above,
"The Christmas gift of Christ," they cry,
Are mercy, peace and love."

MINNIE IRVING.

Wintry Incidents.

The whip snaps and the bells jingle. The snow falls and so do the snow balls. It is winter, the winterest kind of winter, direct from Winterville. It is at this gay and festive period that the bloated aristocrat who happens to be a householder, with ideas of economy goes out on his 150 feet of sidewalk and wrestles with a snow-shovel to get his muscle up. He gets it up with great success. He gets something else up too. His temper. When he goes back into the house there is perspiration enough rolling off him to flood a skating rink, and when he sees his wife, laughing gleefully at the sweet and pink-cheeked cherub on her knee, he feels that she is offering a direct insult to himself and it makes him wrathy. He resents it the way most men resent things, with a sneer and a snarl. "Maria," he says, "how'n thunder you can sit there gibbering at the chilu like an escaped lunatic passes my comprehension." And Maria says, "Why John," in the meekest way she knows, and that makes him madder and he swears. Then he goes to the office, discharges his bookkeeper and his office-boy and is as cranky as a telephone all day. And when he considers that he might have saved himself all this display of temper by investing ten cents in a small youth with sandy hair, multitudinous freckles and patched pants, it makes him none the happier.

This is also the season of the year when George and his best girl go sleigh-riding. If the horse should run away and spill them on a railroad track in the course of an ineffectual attempt to stop the train, it might be called slay-riding.

George is a nice young man. He works in a dry-goods store, and Maud likes him because he can tell her all about the new fashions.

"Now I hie me up the street, while the bells are jingling sweet, and I stop at No. 100, and I spring from out the seat." These are George's own rhymes. They are introduced because Maud is a nice girl, and we must have some evidence that her lover doesn't belong to a literary society. The rhymes show this. If he belonged to a literary society he couldn't make any rhymes at all.

George waits outside in the cutter while Maud puts her wraps on, tells her mother she won't be gone long, and wonders whether she will or not. If this were a play, it is right here that George would stride to the front and sing a love-song, and the man cleaning the snow from the walk would join in. With the horse on the stage, and a whip to crack, this would make a fine scene; but nothing of the kind happens.

Maud appears. Then the young man tucks her in and away they go like sin. But just before they go to go, a street boy with a mouth like the Western Gap, slides up and asks: "Can I cut on behind, Mister?"

This is a pretty fix for George. If he answers sternly, "Not much! Get out o' this," as he would if he were alone, Maud will think him as cold and hard as an iceberg. So he doesn't do it. He simply glares and looks ferocious, and smothers his vocal organs. But as long as the ferocity is smothered, it doesn't bother the small boy one bit, and he simply laughs a laugh of scorn, which is the only laugh this kind of boy was ever known to spring on the community, and cuts on. George lets his poetic fancy get the best of him again, and he mentally sums up the position of affairs with a pathetic little rhyme: "So we ride along like sin, with my darling all tucked in; but the boy is riding too, and I don't know what to do."

"There is a boy behind," says Maud, presently. She is laughing, but she doesn't let George see that. She is laughing at George trying to be a Cheeryble Brother all by himself. George is lost in angry reflections, so she says again, "There is a boy behind, George."

"Yes," answers the philanthropist, sweetly.

"Poor little chap! He is enjoying himself."

"How surprised he must be! You didn't think he would when he asked to ride."

George looks startled.

"I suppose you fancied he'd catch cold."

"What—what's that?"

"I happened to see that ferocious glare you gave him—that's all."

George sees that he can't conceal his hypocrisy any longer, so he gives it up. He comes right straight out and laughs it off like a man. Maud laughs. Then the boy, who always catches everything, catches the contagion, and laughs too. But Maud adds to the general good feeling by whispering:

"Can't you reach him with that whip, George?"

George can. He does. The boy says something and alights. Then the others, all tucked in, laugh and drive away like sin.

CECIL STREET.

On Christmas Furlough.

Home again on his Christmas furlough, and good-bye for a brief season to the life of the Kaiser, and the Iron Chancellor, and Von Moltke and the other fathers of the Empire who saved the dear old Fatherland from invasion in the great war of 1870! In the garrison town where his regiment is quartered he is only a simple private, but he here is a hero in the eyes of all, and the especial envy and admiration of his younger brothers, who are sighing already for the day when they, too, shall bear arms and come home on furlough like Brother Fritz. Bye-and-bye the candles will be lit, and the kindly neighbors will drop in to greet the returned-soldier, and not the least welcome amongst them will be old Meyer's daughter Bertha, the memory of whose winsome face the sirens of a garrison town have not been able to drive from Fritz's heart. And when the happy party have gathered round the *stube*, and the beautiful German hymns have been sung as only Germans can sing them, Soldier Fritz's chair will be close to Bertha's, and the old folks will exchange winks as they glance at the handsome pair, and picture the time when Fritz shall have passed from the army into the *Landwehr*, and then into the *Landstrum*, which will exempt him from service, save when invasion threatens the Fatherland. Ah! a happy, blessed time is Fritz's Christmas furlough.

ON CHRISTMAS FURLOUGH.

THE DANCE AT DEADMAN'S CROSSING.

A Christmas Story of the Canadian North-West.

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY—FIVE YEARS AGO.

AWAY up amongst the foothills, where the Bow river, scarcely emerged from the dark canyons and glacier-covered caverns of the Rocky Mountains, flows through gorge and glen, there is a little valley glorious in summer with the bloom of gay roses, wild peas, honeysuckle, columbine and trailing vetches. Its undulating sward is skirted by the pines, whose deep green marks with graceful curves the low-lying mountains to the west and mingles with the foliage of the poplar and cottonwood which line the margins of the Lone Spirit river as it sweeps down from the north with eastern curve to empty its waters in the larger stream. In the good old days before the Canadian Pacific Railway had been thought of, and when no time-serving engineers and surveyors had given the names of politicians to the mountains and waters of the glorious West, this valley took its title from the hordes of bison which fed on the rich grasses at the meeting of the waters, and was known to the voyageur and wandering hunters as Buffalo Forks. There was a trading-post there, and a couple of little farms nestled under the protecting rocks of the foothills. The farmers, however, following the fashion of the *habitant*, built their houses by the river over a mile below the post, in the natural little fortress created by some volcanic eruption which had lifted a natural wall of almost perpendicular rocks on the three sides not protected by the river. The same wall of rock uplifted in the stream had made it the most accessible ford for many miles down the Bow River or up the steep banks of the Lone Spirit. Even in the season when the melting snow made the river rush through its rocky banks, roaring and foaming with impatience, its black waters eddying and surging in treacherous depths, a crossing could always be effected there, for stout ropes ran from bank to bank, and a rude ferry-boat kept hidden from the sun through the summer by boards and boughs, was ready to be launched when the water rose.

Such twenty years ago was Deadman's Crossing, though there was but one cabin there, and it had not yet acquired the name it now bears. So it was ten years ago with but little change, except that people had begun to pronounce it "Deadmun's Crossing." There were houses farther up the river and a large ranch had been built among the foot hills five years ago, the trading post had changed into a store, and the people at the ford called it "Deadmun's," and had you asked any of the new comers they would have told you the place took its name from Bill Deadman, who keeps the tavern at the crossing. It was just about five years ago I made my third and last visit to Buffalo Forks, and it is of this time I write. I could not keep away any longer. Five years before, impelled by the same infatuation, I had brought a friend from the East on a hunting expedition, and had lingered for a week with the agent at the post restless, helpless, and unhappy, until, thoroughly disgusted, my companion insisted on going home. My third trip was a more insane journeying than the second, but as in the former one I had induced a friend to accompany me. Dick Rushton was an artist and did not know the terrible rigors of a Rocky Mountain winter, or he would have never consented to be my companion in that northward pilgrimage which could not end until November. I did not know whether we would be able to retrace our steps before the heavy snows came. I didn't care. An anxiety unreasonable in its feverish disquiet made it impossible for me to rest anywhere. An influence I could not resist dragged me blindly over the undulating prairies towards Deadman's Crossing. I was my own guide. I remembered the trail too well to make a mistake; how many thousand times I had wished I could forget it. We had camped one evening and my friend and I were just beginning our supper when we were joined by an elderly man who promptly dismounted at our invitation to join in the repast. As he sat on the provender box he began to inquire of our destination.

"Going up to Deadmun's be you? Well, yeh hain't fur off. 'Tain't morn' ten mile from here. I'll be there afore I sleep if my pony don't break down, but like enough he will fer I've rid him hard to-day. Been there afore have yeh? Must a been er yeh wouldn't be trailing it along alone."

I admitted a previous visit.

"I know yeh hain't traveling fer fun this time a year. Hain't pedaling nuther, by the looks of yer freight," he continued, glancing at the light wagon. "Hain't inspecting th' post be yeh?"

"No."

"I reckon I must a guessed right first. Goin' out to meet a survey party? If ye've got a mouthful of licker with yeh they'll be ter'ble glad to see yeh too! Danged hard getin' a drink round here, 'cept river wet."

The hint having failed to excite our hospitality to the point of producing the demijohn he renewed his inquiries without eliciting any very definite information.

"I suppose yeh'll stay to Bill Deadmun's, won't yeh? I've heerd strangers say he keeps as good a house as there is this side of St. Paul. It's quite a spell a-been here and there too, hain't it?"

The last feeler failed to make us admit having been at St. Paul but the hotel-keeper's name struck me as a queer co-incidence, and I inquired who Bill Deadmun might be.

"Why, him as the crossin' was named after."

I started violently and the pannikin of tea I had been cooling fell to the ground.

"What do you mean," I demanded.

"Nuthin'," retorted the visitor eyeing me curiously, "only Bill Deadmun keeps a tavern at the crossin' and they've named the place arter him."

"Why," I cried, "the one they named the place after is dead. Dead for fifteen years!"

"No, he hain't nuther. His name's Deadmun, but he is the liveliest critter hereabouts, an' makin' money too, Bill is and well liked, spite of his queer ways."

I said no more. After our visitor had cantered away on his weary pony and disappeared in the growing darkness of the chill November night, we renewed the fire and, wrapped in our overcoats, sat gazing at the eager flames as they seized upon the scanty wood.

"Brent," inquired my friend after a long pause, for conversation had lagged between us, "perhaps it is none of my business, but I have often felt curious about this trip of ours. You appeared in such a fever to undertake it, and every day has seemed to make a change in you. You are depressed and it is almost impossible to get a word out of you any more."

I did not answer for a moment and the silence seemed to hurt him.

"Don't think I am trying to pry into your affairs, Brent; you needn't tell me anything unless you feel like it. I thought may be it would ease your mind if you took me into your confidence, but I'm sorry I spoke."

"I am not sorry, Dick. I have been at the point of telling you the story a half-a-dozen times, but somehow I couldn't do it. Five years ago when Webster came up here with me, I didn't tell him anything about it until we had started home, and then only in self-defence, for he was so disgusted with my melancholy that I could hardly keep him from quarrelling with me."

The fire had gone out, but the handsome face of my companion, brightened by the moonlight which shone over the river and plain, was full of eager interest which never abated, and now that the strange sequel which gives name to this little story has cleared away the mystery, I am encouraged to tell the tale again.

CHAPTER II.

TWENTY YEARS AGO—MY FIRST JOURNEY.

Philip Ullman belonged to one of the best and oldest families of his native State—an only child of wealthy parents, few men begin life with advantages such as fell to his lot. He was tall, of muscular build, dark, with hair of raven blackness and his handsome face was full of vivacity and good-nature. At twenty-five he married Estelle Woodward, the daughter of a senator and the belle of the proud circle in which she moved. After five years of married life his fortune began to diminish, and reckless speculation, in desperate efforts to retrieve what he had lost, was rapidly bringing them to poverty. His own parents were dead, and father-in-law Woodward had spent so much of his time and money in politics that little help could be expected from that source. But before the severity of his losses became generally known he received the intimation of his party and was elected city treasurer. Two years later the city rang with the news that Treasurer Ullman was a defaulter and had fled the country. There was no one to tell the particulars; the treasury vaults were empty, and Ullman had been missing for a fortnight before his flight was discovered. The news killed old Senator Woodward, and poor Mrs. Ullman was frantic with the double grief; but, despite the most conclusive evidence that Phil was a defaulter, she insisted that he had met with foul play and her loyal heart upheld the honor of her missing husband, even though it added the fresh pang of a belief in her widowhood. Though two years his junior, I had been his college mate and trusted friend, and four months after his flight I received a letter which told me he had fled to the wilds of the Canadian North-West and begged me to break the news to his wife, and as soon as the detectives had relaxed their watchfulness, to bring her and his little daughter to him.

The letter was full of heart-breaking anguish, but it told nothing of the causes of his ruin. It was a cry of despairing loneliness, and in nearly every line he implored me to see that no evil came to his wife and baby, and that I should consider them my especial charge until they were restored to his arms. Proofs, he assured me, would yet be forthcoming that he had been the victim of a villainous conspiracy, but time alone, he said, could clear his name, and I must offer no defence lest his enemies would know he had been heard from and he wanted them to think him dead. He warned me not to be too hasty in starting for his place of concealment, lest the detectives, still on the watch, should discover his whereabouts. His letter concluded:

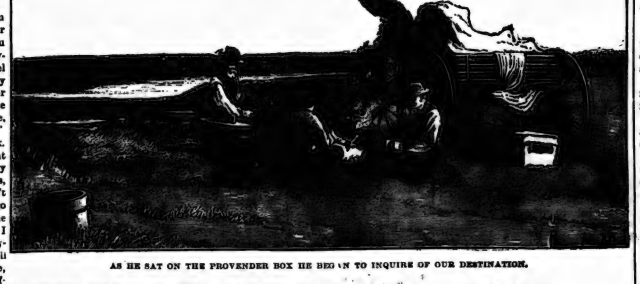
"Though every day will be an age without my darlings, don't heed my sufferings. Be wary; take six months—if need be a year—before you and they disappear, and manage it so that not for a month at least will your absence be noted."

I gave Mrs. Ullman the letter he had enclosed to her after having first let her read the message to me. Never will I forget her passionate sobbing, her entreaties that at once we should set out on our journey to the wilderness. Ah, Dick, there are few such loyal and loving hearts as that of Estelle Ullman! With what rapture she kissed the loved handwriting; how the tears rained down on that unfortunate letter; how she pressed it to her bosom and caressed it as if it were the face of her darling!

I persuaded her to be patient and to wait till I had conceived some plan by which we would be certain to elude pursuit. Nothing was to be said of the letter she had received; not even her three-year-old Flossie was to know of it, lest in her childish prattle she might betray the secret. Lawsuits resulting from Ullman's absconding were pending in the courts and in several cases she had been subpoenaed as a witness, as they involved property which had once been hers. We could not leave until vacation, and that was nearly three months distant. Then she came to my father's house to spend the summer, and I was careful to announce the fact in the daily newspapers. Another month had nearly gone by before I thought it safe to undertake our journey. It was given out that I had gone to England, and rumor said that both she and her little daughter were ill, a deception to which our old family doctor cheerfully lent himself.

I need tell you but little of the terrors of our journey to the North-West. I met her at Denver, as much disguised as possible, and from there we plunged into the wilderness, at first by stage, until even that method of communication had ceased, and then with a driver and a guide, our small baggage, Mrs. Ullman and her child being carried by the most comfortable conveyance I could procure. I traveled the whole way on horseback, acting as scout and using every possible effort to discover if we were followed. After forsaking our camps in the mornings I would linger in the rear watching for imaginary pursuers, but discovered nothing to reward my alertness, and we were becoming almost cheerful when little Flossie was taken ill. This cost us a month spent in nursing the child at a lonely little ranch in Montana. Poor Mrs. Ullman, terrified lest she might yet lose her little girl, watched night and day, her anxiety made more unbearable by fears lest her husband, who had been notified of our departure from the east, might imagine we had been followed or that some accident had happened. At last the baby had sufficiently recovered to warrant us in resuming our journey. By this time it was October, and our guide hurried us forward lest winter would set in before our arrival. Our discomforts increased, but we had become accustomed to our camping life, and Mrs. Ullman was cheered by the thought of soon seeing her husband.

But I am in advance of my story. While we were at the ranch in Montana a stranger came there who by professing to understand something about the child's illness had found excuse to linger for several days. His presence worried me exceedingly; I tried to find out his business and destination and got but little satisfaction. He told me he was an army contractor and agent of a trading company. He was not only suspiciously reticent concerning himself, but further excited my fears by asking no questions about us, seeming entirely devoid of curiosity. He was exceedingly attentive to Mrs. Ullman, who was traveling under the assumed name of Bates, and his interest in the child seemed to win her confidence. I advised her to be cautious; she assured me that not even the pains of the rack could make her utter an unguarded word. He was friendly with our driver and guide, and must have found out something from them, though even they had no definite information as to our destination. However, in her eagerness to know how long she would be separated from her husband, Mrs. Ullman, by frequent inquiries, had betrayed my estimate of the number of miles, and this, together with the direction of our pilgrimage in the past must have been imparted to the sallow stranger who seemed to take the slightest interest in nothing and no one except Mrs. Ullman. When leaving home I had suggested that we bring with us some faithful woman to act as Mrs. Ullman's companion, but she, fearful of detection, had insisted that I should not do so, and I accounted for our odd companionship by saying she was my widowed sister who was following my fortunes as a fur-trader. The stranger, taking advantage of this alleged relationship, had no reason to apologize for the interest he took in my presumed sister. I asked her if she could recollect his face and to think, if amongst the passengers to Denver, she could recall that odd look in his eyes or the resolute closing of his lips. This thoroughly frightened her and though it may have been her imagination, the more frequently she observed him the more certain she became she had seen him before she left the railway. In her anxiety to avoid suspicion and if possible to ingratiate herself she used him kindly and his stay at the ranch was still further prolonged. When we started away he proposed to accompany us for a few days as his route lay in the same direction. Then I became certain he must be a detective, and all sorts of schemes floated through my mind, but I knew if I were right in my surmise that nothing but murder or something violent would rid us of his unwelcome presence. A week, ten days, passed by and he was still with us, Mrs. Ullman was growing weak and absolutely ill from anxiety, and at last I resolved on desperate measures. In my medicine case I had a powerful drug which I secretly poured into his coffee, and we left him at a cattle camp, not fatally ill but too sick to mount a horse for several days. After that we again pushed forward with the greatest possible speed, our tired horses were traded for fresh ones and not a minute was lost. You remember where we camped last Sunday; well, just fifteen years ago we camped at that same place, and not twenty yards from there was another camp, consisting of three Indians and a white man, who were seemingly journeying in the same direction as ourselves. While our driver was taking care of his horses and the guide was getting supper, I went over and apparently made arrangements for joining their party, and half an hour later came back and informed our men that we would have no further need of their services and that they might return whence they came. Next morning they mounted their horses, after they had been paid, and rode away while the Indians were piling our baggage into the wagon. Then I climbed upon the seat and we continued our journey northward, being joined half an hour later by the white man, who had carefully avoided having any communication with the men who had just left us. He was Philip Ullman, and for six weeks he had been on the lookout for us.



AS HE SAT ON THE PROVENDER BOX HE BEGAN TO INQUIRE OF OUR DESTINATION.

CHAPTER III.

A REUNION AND A TRAGEDY.

I had not informed Mrs. Ullman of the point where we had agreed to meet her husband, but had led her to believe that it would be nearly a week later on lest she might betray her secret to our attendants.

When the two horsemen had disappeared over the long sweep of prairie I stopped the wagon and she alighted, just as Philip Ullman, blackened by exposure until you could scarce distinguish him from his Indian companions rode up. He sprang from his horse and in an instant she was sobbing with joy in his arms. Rarely are there such reunions. A life of toil and loneliness was before them and yet to be together was joy enough. She kissed him and kissed him again and again; with his arms about her he looked into her lovely face and tears rolled in streams into the raven beard through which streaks of grey were rapidly creeping. And Flossie! With what tenderness he carried her in his arms, kissing the soft cheeks, still pale from her illness and again and again begging her to call him "papa." Out of her little life that name had gone for many months and the first sorrow of the re-united couple was her failure to welcome her father with any enthusiasm.

"I could not tell her about you, Phil," whispered Mrs. Ullman, remorsefully, "as we came along, for fear the men might know that I was coming to meet you, and it is so long since she saw you she has forgotten."

"I 'ikes Untel Bent best," cried Flossie, coquettishly extending her arms as I jogged along beside the wagon.

Poor innocent little thing; she did not know the wound she inflicted. The father, almost crazed by months of loneliness and mental torture, hugged her all the closer to his heart, but she cried to be let go, and insisted with loud wailings that she must come on the pony with me. Ullman's face darkened and he gave me a look which at the moment I could not understand. With Flossie on the horn of the saddle before me I cantered away and left the husband and wife to whisper their endearments, talk over the past and make plans for the future. An hour later when I came back the cloud had passed away, though at times it returned and in his periods of moodiness he no longer seemed himself.

Fifteen years ago to-night we camped here and our camp fire was built on the spot where we sit, and that knoll over there was where the Indians put up the tent for ch'ief Ullman and his wife. We sat by the fire, as you and I are sitting, and he told me of his plans for the future. With the little money he had brought with him he intended to buy some cattle and start a ranch at Buffalo Forks, and hoped in a few years to make enough to pay off his liabilities, when he would be able to return to his old home a free man. They were so happy that night it made me feel lonely to see them, and I began to wonder how I should pass the winter at his ranch, as I had promised, with two people so absorbed in one another.

It was nearly noon the next day before we started. The weather was gloriously bright with not yet a suspicion of the awful cold of the winter we shall see in these parts. At night we forded the stream where we will ford it to-morrow, and were at the ranch which was to be the home of Phil Ullman and his family for perhaps ten years.

We had just had our supper and were sitting by the door of the cabin, when the sallow stranger, who had been left behind us, rode up and politely inquired if he could find entertainment for the night. Mrs. Ullman gave a cry of terror and clung trembling to the arm of her husband. I started from the stool on which I was sitting with the exclamation, "Why, how the deuce did you get here? I thought we had left you in Montana."

Phil, who had been told all the circumstances, at once guessed the identity of the new-comer, and with his hand on his revolver stood ready to defend himself.

"I am glad to see you looking so well, Mrs. Bates," said the stranger, with a polite bow.

Ullman's face, first pale with fear and then black as a thunder-cloud with passion, confronted the stranger, who had dismounted, with the fierce demand, "What do you mean by following my wife here?"

"I beg your pardon," apologized the stranger, suavely, "but I understood from her brother that Mrs. Bates was a widow. However, I am very glad to meet her husband, and I can assure you that I am pursuing no one. I traveled with your wife and brother-in-law until I was taken ill, because our routes lay together. Since then I have been journeying alone in the direction of the trading post at the Forks. If I am unwelcome I can only apologize for my intrusion and endeavor to reach my destination yet to-night."

Ullman, who, while listening to the stranger, had decided on the course he would pursue, with a muttered apology invited Mr. Pratt inside to have supper. Poor Mrs. Ullman and I looked at one another in helpless terror. Our worst fears were evidently to be verified.

She rose to follow her husband into the cabin, but, fainting with weariness and fright, would have fallen had I not caught her in my arms. I was trying by whispered arguments to persuade her to remain in the open air, when Ullman appeared at the door with the inquiry:

"Where is that demijohn of yours, Brent?"

He saw the position in which we stood, and that terrible scowl, which had never been seen on his face in the days of his prosperity, came again to distort his countenance.

"Stella is fainting," I cried, compelled, as almost any one would, to apologize to the husband for having his wife in my arms.

Her wide-open, terror-stricken eyes belied my assertion as she started from me with the exclamation, "O Phil."

With a slow and cruel look at us both he answered in fierce excitement, "Put her in a chair, Brent, and get that whisky if you can spare the time."

I brought the liquor, and carried long enough to see him pouring a bumper for the stranger and helping himself still more copiously. An angry look from Ullman dismissed me from the room.

"What does he mean?" whispered Mrs. Ullman, tremulous with the agony of anxiety, when I rejoined her.

"I don't know," I answered, "unless he is trying to become confidential with that fellow Pratt."

"Not that, Brent, but by speaking to us and looking as he did just now."

"He is distraught with fear," I replied, with a poor effort to conceal my uneasiness.

A few moments later they came out of the door and strolled towards the bank of the river, perhaps a hundred yards distant. They were smoking, and as the twilight deepened their slow march up and down was like that of two shadows, the coal of their cigars appearing and disappearing as they passed the patches of scrubby alder between us. It grew very cold, and we went indoors, where the tired Flossy lay on the rude bed sound asleep. Nothing disturbed the quiet of the wilderness. The Indians who had been with us during the day had gone on to the post.

Poor Stella Ullman, how I pitied her. She

crouched by the little window looking out upon the river, straining her ears to catch some sound which might indicate the safety of her husband.

"I can't stand this another moment," she cried. "I must go to him. Perhaps that man has made him prisoner, and is already on his way back to the States!" Then, turning fiercely on me, she demanded how I, as her friend and the trusted friend of Phil, could stand by and see him captured.

I told her he had as much as dismissed me from the room, and I had refrained from rejoining him as I supposed he desired to be left alone.

"I will go and see."

I opened the door for her. The night air which blew in upon us brought with it the sound of frenzied curses and the report of a revolver, then another and a third.

"He is killed, he is killed! My Phil has been murdered!" she shrieked, sinking in a heap at my feet. I caught her up, carried her to the bed, and dashed some water in her face. A bright fire was burning on the wide hearth, and in the uncertain light I saw her eyes open. She was trying to rise when Phil Ullman dashed through the door, revolver in hand.

"For God's sake, what is the matter, Phil," I cried. "Where is the man?"

"He is dead, and you would be too, you damned scoundrel, if I gave you your dues."

His face was absolutely awful as he spoke, and when he raised his revolver I felt that my hour had come. His blazing eyes were fixed upon me as if he would have read my very soul. I am not a brave man, Dick, but in my conscious innocence I do not believe I flinched before that frightful scrutiny. Mrs. Ullman's strength returned in the presence of this incomprehensible danger, and she sprang towards him and catching his arm clasped it to her breast.

"Phil, Phil," she implored, "are you mad? Would you kill your best friend?" With a vicious stroke of his powerful arm he pushed her from him and she staggered back towards the bed.

"Madman," I cried, "vent your rage upon me, but do not strike your wife." Again he raised his weapon, but the shrill screaming of poor little Flossie, who had been awakened, for an instant diverted his attention. The big stick of cottonwood on the hearth had been eaten through by the flames and broke in two, sending up a shower of sparks, and in its bright light revealing every object in the room—a scene burned into my memory, a picture that haunts my waking thoughts and terrifies me in my dreams.

"No," he muttered slowly, "I won't kill you. Take the woman and the baby and go back from where you came. If I kill you I will have to kill her," and he pointed with deadly directness at the trembling woman, around whose neck the screaming Flossy was clinging for safety. "I know the story of your shame and of my last dishonor. Dishonor!" He gave the harsh grating laugh of a madman. "Yes, dishonor! For eight months, driven like a wounded wild beast into solitude, my ruin had eaten into my heart, leaving but one chord untouched—my trust in you. I would have killed myself had it not been for the hope of seeing you and the baby again. All this while you have been plying the arts of the coquette, and you," he cried, again turning those wild eyes on me, "have been acting the traitor and scoundrel!"

"It is a lie, Philip Ullman!" I retorted, undismayed by the gleaming barrel of the revolver pointing in my face. "Your wife has been true to you in every thought and word and action. Shoot if you like. I would be glad to prove her guiltless by dying with the oath of her innocence on my lips."

His hand wavered. I thought I saw a softer look come into his eyes, but at that moment his wife, with Flossy in her arms, rose with all the stately dignity of her proud father.

"Do not argue with the madman. If he is crazy for blood, let him kill us all."

Catching at his heart with one hand his burning eyes devoured the beauty of her face, and slowly the pistol arm sank to his side.

"So you come to his rescue, do you, madam?" he sneered, with indescribable bitterness.

"Yes, as many times I came to your rescue and defended your honor, when everybody called you a defaulter and a thief. I believed in your innocence till now, but no man can have your shameful thoughts and have a clean soul."

The child had hushed its frightened cries, still clinging to her mother's neck, Flossy's big wondering eyes were fixed upon her father.

"I would not have believed it," he answered wildly, "though while I was waiting for you the dreadful suspicion sometimes fed upon my mind, but you man who lies dead down there by the river, has told me all, and his hellish proposal cost him his life. At first he believed the story about you being a widow, and being without a home he resolved to follow you and offer you himself and his wealth in marriage. He questioned the returning cowboys who brought you here, and they told him that you had been fooling him, that you and this man were man and wife, or at least you had so lived while with them. What else could I have expected! How could I hope that my wife would cling to her honor when mine had gone! And you, scoundrel, did not love her well enough to wait for a divorce, but made her the plaything of your summer's pleasure, thinking such as you brought to me would be good enough for the defaulter and the thief. I will harm neither of you. Take her back and be as happy as you can with the memory of my curse." He raised the revolver to his head as if to shoot himself, but I sprang forward and seized his arm. "Phil, for God's sake do not commit suicide. Listen to reason."

The touch of my hand seemed to bring back the flood of the madman's fury. "No!" he shouted, "I will not kill myself. I will live to make you remember the ruin you have wrought," and turning the revolver in his hand he struck me on the head with the butt of it, felling me insensible to the floor.

When I returned to consciousness poor Stella Ullman was bathing my head and with passionate cries imploring me not to die, and at last when I staggered to my feet, she begged me to go in search of Phil. I stumbled out to the corral, but his horse was gone. I knew it would be insanity for me who had no knowledge of the country to endeavor to follow him through the darkness, and still dizzy from the blow, I made my way back to the cabin, where the deserted wife, with little Flossy in her lap, was sitting on the floor weeping piteously. With the unreasonableness of a woman she insisted that I should try again, even if it was only to go down to the river and see if he were not there. Again I groped through the darkness, which began to be relieved by the rising moon. First I went to the ford, and standing on the shelving bank I shouted till my dizzy brain re-echoed with the cry, "Phil, Phil, come back!" No answer came, and none has come to this day.

CHAPTER IV.

The moonlight had grown brighter while I called, and when in despair I was turning away I saw lying by the trail the prostrate body of a man. I ran towards it, thinking it might be Ullman, but the ghastly face looking up at the quiet sky was that of Pratt, the man who had followed us from Montana. I felt his heart; it was pulseless. As I withdrew my hand my fingers stuck together with the thickening blood which filled his blouse. Shuddering with fear of having a fellow being's blood on my hands, I went to the river and washed them, and then sat upon the bank planning what I should do. First of all, I decided, the dead man must be buried. People even in this wilderness passed that way, and what explanation could I make or could Phil Ullman offer if the body were discovered.

I went back to the cabin, answering Mrs. Ullman's fevered inquiry if I had found him, with a shake of the head.

"You take care of Flossy and I will search for him myself," she cried excitedly.

"No," I answered, "wait till to-morrow. I have other work for to-night."

"What is it?"

"I must bury that fellow Pratt. His body lies alongside the trail and if it be discovered, Phil will have a new crime to answer for and he will be safe nowhere."

"Then—then—he—he spoke the truth! He killed him—he is a murderer!"

"The villain well deserved his fate, and we need waste no sympathy on him. You must go to bed. I can bury the body alone."

I found a shovel in the little outhouse at the back and returned to the river, still staggering from the effects of the blow, and sick with horror at the thought of the labyrinth of crime and mystery in which I had become entangled.

THE WIND BLEW WITH A VENGEANCE, AND WE DETERMINED BEFORE THINGS GOT TOO BAD TO CAMP AND START A FIRE.

First I selected a place in a little thicket above what I imagined was high water mark as a place for the grave. I thought as I began to dig, with dismal self-conceit of what cunning I was developing in taking care that the grave should not be torn open and the crime revealed by the rising waters. The ground was terribly hard, and I had to make frequent pauses, during one of which I thought I heard voices on the other side of the river, and the rumble of a wagon on the stones where the trail leaves the prairie and turns onto the river bottom. In a panic of fear I dropped my spade and ran towards the corpse, hoping to drag it out of sight before the belated travelers had crossed the ford. I tugged at the body till I almost tore the coat from it before I got it started, and trembling with excitement as one does in a nightmare, I could hardly keep moving with it. One of the feet caught in a bunch of willows, and I had to drop the head until I could extricate it. As I caught hold of the arms again the face looked up at me. It seemed alive, and I tried to question it, but my stiff and crackling lips uttered no sound. Again I tugged it through the underbrush, and the friction of a bough so deflected the forearm that his hand fell on mine. With a yell of terror I dropped him, and could not persuade myself to again touch the body, so I returned to my digging. Again I rested and listened for strange sounds. I thought about the absence of a coffin, and wondered if I ought to try and furnish some sort of a box. "The scoundrel ought to thank his luck for getting burial at all," thought I in an effort to console myself for denying him the privilege of a coffin. Then again the cunning of the murderer concealing traces of his deed came to me with the idea that, if there was no coffin, as the body decomposed the earth would settle and leave a hollow which might lead some chance traveler to investigate. I remembered a broad plank eight or nine feet long which had floated down the stream and was lodged on the bank near the ford. It was on it I knelt as I washed my hands after discovering the body. I would make the grave big enough for the plank, and, supporting its ends on a ledge of earth above the body, it would not let the loose soil sink in, and would also satisfy reasonably well my conscientious scruples about the coffin. I brought the plank. It was of heavy wood and would have made a considerable burden for two men. Again I renewed my digging. My hands were blistered and the perspiration was running down my face in little rivers. Heavy clouds were rapidly obscuring the moon and the darkness growing deeper and the solitude more awful. Surely I had the hole deep enough. I measured it, but it scarce reached my thighs. No, it would not do. For Phil's sake, for Stella's sake, I must be careful. Would I let ruin come upon them because my hands were sore or I was tired? So urged my conscience on to further labor. Another hour, and still another, and now standing in the hole the surface of the ground was above my waist. It would do, but I must make another excavation at the bottom to receive the body, leaving a projecting ledge all round to support the plank and the earth that would be heaped upon it. After I had done this I put the plank in the hole to see if it would fit, but I could not get it out until another half-hour had gone. Almost fainting with exhaustion I returned for the body. Every step towards it brought a fresh horror. Icy chills seemed to have settled about my spine, but still I stumbled on through the underbrush till I reached down to touch it. Great God! It was gone. I fumbled through the leaves. The shriek of a night bird seemed to freeze the blood in my veins. With both hands on my leaping heart I stood transfixed with overpowering fear. I must be mistaken. This cannot be the place. Can I have lost my way? This thought made me rush more wildly forward. I stumbled, fell, and my hand rested on the cold face, and had I not been powerless as in a nightmare, I would have shrieked myself into convulsions.

After a few moments I nerved myself to the task and started graveward with the body. The clouds had thickened, and when they drifted past the moon it was darkness almost impenetrable. Guided by occasional glimpses in the fitful moonlight of the gnarled trunk of a cottonwood, I at length reached the hole I had dug. While straightening out the corpse so as to roll it into the grave, I felt a thick pocket-book buttoned tightly inside of the vest, and in the awful stillness I could hear the ticking of the dead man's watch and the beating of my own heart. Would it be best for me to take possession of these things? "No, no!" I shuddered, it would be robbing the dead. But the pocketbook might contain a warrant for Phil or some evidence which would clear Stella from suspicion, by proving the real character of the man. I took them out of the pockets, and decided while I was at it I might as well remove everything by which he could be identified, if by chance the body were ever exhumed. Yes, his money, too—it would make it look more as if he had been killed by robbers. Oh! Dick, Dick! I can't tell you all the horrors of that awful night!

The moon had gone down. It had begun to snow before the grave was filled and daubed with blood and dirt, I sought to find the cabin by feeling my way along the river bank to the ford and then walking directly away from it. Great flakes of snow were driving past in the rising wind, when by happy chance I found the door. All was dark within and the light I struck revealed poor Stella and Flossie lying on the rude bed, the child resting peacefully, the mother still dressed, moaning and tossing as in a fever. I was too much absorbed by the impulse of secrecy to heed anything else, and laying my blood-stained bundle of papers on the floor I started the fire, found a candle and from my portmanteau selected a suit of clothes and some underwear. Then in the other room I stripped and washed and dressed as carefully as if I were to be arrested and examined for blood stains on the morrow. The fire had blazed up and I heaped the bloody clothes on it and watched them burn for a while and then studied the papers I had taken from the dead man. They indicated that the murdered man's name was Denby, his home Chicago, his business that of a broker and that he too was a fugitive from justice. There was considerable money, but I did not count it; the handsome gold watch had stopped at four o'clock. I looked at my timepiece; it was now half-past. I peered in the rude cupboard and found an empty tea canister and a tin biscuit box. In the first I put the watch, money and papers, and then enclosed them in the second. After pulling up a couple of the roughly-hewn boards in the floor I buried the box and swept the planks that no trace might remain. I renewed the fire, took a drink from the demijohn and was myself again—and do you know, as I looked out at the driving storm, I was actually proud of my work! I had finished the job neatly, and rejoiced that the snow must have covered up any traces which had been clumsily left of the tragedy of the night before. Day was dawning, and I prepared breakfast; but Stella was still moaning in uneasy sleep. Flossie woke up. I dressed her and gave her something to eat. Out in the corral I fed the horses and from a pile behind the cabin I brought in a large supply of wood before the over-wrought woman awoke. The drifted snow had darkened the little window, and she thought that night had not yet gone.

"Have you found him?" she cried, eagerly.

"No, not yet. Take some breakfast before we talk it over; Flossie has had hers."

"What time is it?" she demanded, clasping her aching head with her burning hands.

"Nine o'clock! I did not wake you because I thought the sleep would do you good."

"Oh, Brent, have you lost all this time, when you should have been searching for Phil?" she moaned.

"But I could not go till I had supplied you with wood."

A sound of voices at the door startled us; then a loud rap.

It was a French-Canadian and his wife on their way to the Post with two black-eyed youngsters wrapped in buffalo robes. The storm had increased until they feared a blizzard, and they begged for shelter. To make the story short, I liked their honest faces and engaged them to stay with Mrs. Ullman until I returned, and an hour later, with Jean Leroux as a guide to the top of the hill, from which in a lull of the storm I could see the Hudson Bay Company's post, I rode away on my fruitless search for Phillip Ullman. A month later, when the storms of winter had set in and I could travel no longer, I returned and found the cabin deserted—not a line to say where they had gone—nothing but a roughly hewn cross at the head of a mound by the ford, from which I scraped the snow and found the lately disturbed earth. Then I remembered the fever in which I had left poor Stella, and somehow knew the grave was hers, but what had become of Flossie? Perhaps Phil had returned in my absence and had taken her away with him. I lived in the cabin all winter and till well on in the summer with no companion but an old half-breed. There I left for home, leaving instructions with the agent at the post to send me word if any of the Ullmans turned up or the slightest trace of them could be found.

It was that grave with a cross at the head of it which gave the name to Deadman's Crossing, none of the superstitious wayfarers imagining that beneath the cruel clods lay the fairest woman and most loving wife who ever died of heart-break.

Now, Dick, you know the story and why I come back sometimes to make a fresh search for the missing ones. Something tells me that this time I shall be rewarded for all these years of misery and anxious waiting which have wrecked my life!

"Don't build too many hopes on that fancy, Brent," murmured Dick, throwing his arm around me, with the tearful tenderness of a woman; "it may fail you again. Poor old fellow. I don't wonder you are melancholy; forgive me for my heartless questionings."

CHAPTER V.

THE NEWCOMERS AT SWEETGRASS GULCH.

At noon next day we halted before the log structure which had been recommended to us as the "best tavern between St. Paul and British Columbia," and we had no reason to complain of the dinner served to us, but the proprietor, Mr. "Bill" Deadman, was absent at the "round-up." The old cabin where I had spent such a night of terror was still standing, but now it was used as an outhouse, the enterprising Mr. Deadman having erected quite a commodious building in front of it. I pointed out to Dick Rushton the grave of poor Mrs. Ullman, and in the clump of underwood by the river could be found traces of the burial-place of the murdered man. On Rushton's sympathetic nature the surroundings had almost as depressing an effect as they had upon me, and towards evening we moved on to the post at Buffalo Forks, where my old friend the agent gave me a cordial welcome.

"Do you know," said he, "I was talking to my wife about you just last night, and, for the matter of that, every day for a fortnight."

"What," cried I, "have you news for me? Has some trace been found of the missing ones?"

"I don't know," he answered thoughtfully, "whether it will amount to anything, but a couple of weeks ago a French Canadian family passed through here on their way to Sweetgrass Gulch. They had an even dozen of his children with him and an odd one which, after some questioning, he confessed was a niece. They had three wagons, and seemed to be better off in chattels, as well as in children, than most of the settlers hereabouts. What struck me was the 'niece.' She was an educated young lady of about eighteen, fair haired, and as unlike the balance of the Rochelle family as one could imagine. She was treated, too, with a deference not usually accorded a niece, and housed the whole outfit as if she were a lady to the manor born. Mons. Rochelle called her La Fleur, and was in every respect her obedient slave, notwithstanding the fact that he had twelve of his own which required more or less parental attention."

"Did you question him?" I inquired anxiously.

"Voluminously! I expect I made the mistake of asking too many questions, for at first he became reticent and later on untruthfully communicative."

"Had he ever been here before?"

"He said he had not, but in an unguarded moment I heard him remarking to his wife how many new houses had been built and how the place had changed."

"Where did you say they were going?"

"Up to Sweetgrass Gulch, a narrow little valley about ten miles west of here. There are two roads to it, one running direct to it from the Crossing through a little pass slightly to the south, and this one leading around the point of rock there and then turning west and following Lame Deer Creek. Can't miss it. This is much the better road, and by the way, that was another proof I had of Jean Rochelle's untruthfulness, for he betrayed a considerable knowledge of the other route."

I wanted to start at once, but the agent detained me.

"There is no hurry," said he; "they have gone up to visit the Rochelle brothers, who have ranches there, and have had for sixteen or eighteen years. Rochelle said he intended to settle there himself if he liked it. This is a dangerous time of year to do any traveling, even if you are well acquainted with the country, but especially perilous for strangers. Snowstorms set in with very little notice, and sometimes continue for a week at a time."

Early next morning we were off, Dick Rushton's handsome face full of excitement and eager expectancy, while I was almost unable to keep from dashing forward and leaving our baggage wagon to take care of itself. No wonder they named it Lame Deer Creek. The road through the foothills, which crossed and recrossed the stream two score times, was rough and precipitous enough to lame a rabbit. All day long we discussed our prospects, inventing theory after theory as to what became of Phil Ullman and his child, and guessing at the adventures Flossy had met with since her departure from the Crossing fifteen years before. The afternoon was wearing to a close before we reached the valley, and then a most abominable snow storm set in, and the trail was soon lost to view. The wind blew with a vengeance, and we determined before things got too bad to camp and start a fire. After our meal, the storm had not yet abated, and our companion suggested that we might be nearer human habitation than we imagined, and it would be well to make some signals of distress. We emptied our revolvers, three shots in succession, then a pause, and three more, and half an hour later a couple of half-grown lads rode into our desolate little camp, helped us pack up, and just as night was settling down deep and desolate, a welcome light from the windows of the Rochelle ranch shone across the snow drifts to our left. When the welcome doors were thrown open we thought we must have struck an orphan asylum. At least a score of youngsters were romping around the spacious room chatting and shouting in the merry Canadian *patois*.

"Entree, entree, messieurs," cried the burly ranchman, grasping our hands and leading us into the room with the graceful hospitality of a chevalier. We thanked him in English, and, with a friendly laugh, he replied, "You no parley Francais. I not spak Anglaise. Not vare mooch. Jean, comma here. Spak les messieurs Anglaise."

Jean, who had been lying on a rough lounge in the corner, came forward and, in very good English, bade us welcome, and as I took his hand I eagerly scanned his face to see if I could find some resemblance to the Jean Leroux of other years.

"By what name shall I call you, Monsieur?"

"Jean Rochelle, Monsieur."

"Have I not had the pleasure of meeting you before?"

"I tink not, Monsieur. I but two weeks ago arrive from Montreal. Perhaps you live zair?"

"No," I answered; "I am from Ohio. My name is Brentford. This is my friend and traveling companion, Mr. Rushton, and I am afraid we shall have to trespass on your hospitality for to-night, and add to the deep obligations we owe to the young men who came out and found us camped in the snow."

"No trespass, Monsieur! It is no trespass! My brother Antoine has great heart. He tak in all ze world. He tink nothing of tak in me and my wife and tirteen children, and he hat ten of his own. I introduce you."

With a wave of his hand he directed attention to the score of youngsters who had ceased romping about the room and stood in a semicircle gazing with open-mouthed wonder at Dick and myself. I bowed to them, shook hands with the Mesdames Rochelle, while my eyes were seeking the fair odd one of whom the agent spoke. She had been standing at a little window by the door, and Dick with his usual aptitude at discovering pretty faces had seen her at once. His gaze of undisguised astonishment and admiration had brought a blush to her pretty cheeks and she had turned from him to resume her inspection of the storm, but Dick had eyes for nobody else, and while I had been doing the polite he had been watching the graceful outlines of the tall and beautiful girl whose bright brown hair but lately released from confinement, streamed like a wave of silk over her fair shoulders and shapely waist.

"Madam Rochelle, Monsieur," exclaimed Jean, sharply, at the same time touching Dick's elbow.

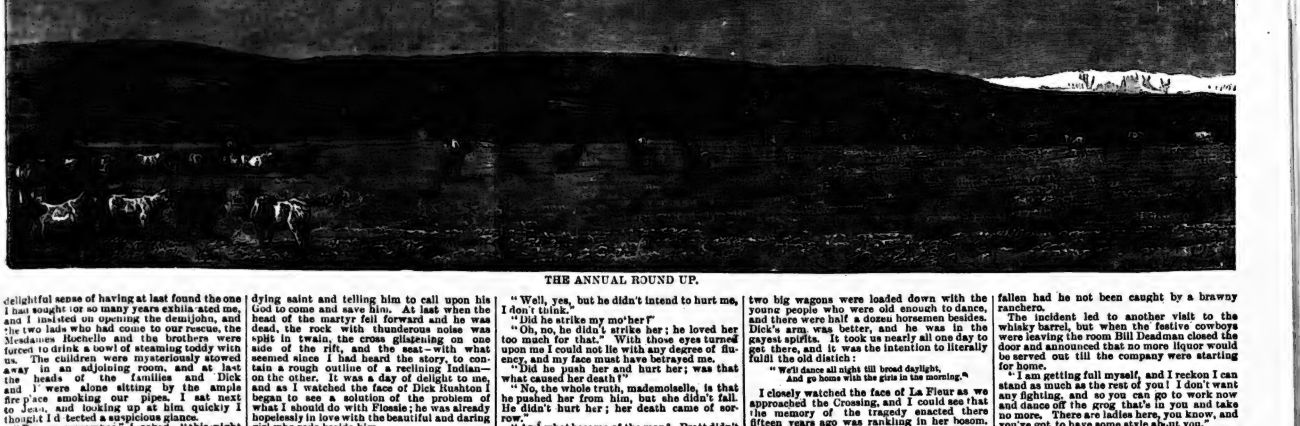
This recalled him to a sense of his rudeness, and with his most engaging manner he shook hands with the women of the household and elder children.

"My niece, Monsieur."

She turned and gave me a stately bow. I was becoming an old man and the trouble of the last few years had turned my hair and whiskers gray and I could afford to adopt a fatherly air. I held out my hand. She glanced at me with a look of anxious scrutiny and then gave me her hand. Those dark gray eyes were her mother's; the laughing mouth with the full red lips were those of the Phil Ullman I had known in my boyhood. Everything in the room swam before me. I felt her disengage her hand. I knew it was not the time to disclose her identity but I could not move away. I reached out my trembling hands for support and could hear the kindly voice of Jean Rochelle crying out, "Monsieur is ill. The storm has overcome him." He gently led me to a seat and rubbed my hands and face to see if they were frozen.

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur," I stammered feebly, "it was but a momentary faintness." I sat erect and looked towards the window. The beautiful girl was gone. Dick Rushton was standing beside me whispering a caution he had not himself displayed. "Don't make a scene, Brent. She is gone off in anger. It must be she."

Hot pea soup, pancakes and some fried meat were served for us. The warm meal and the



THE ANNUAL ROUND UP.

delightful sense of having at last found the one I had sought for so many years exhilarated me, and I insisted on opening the demijohn, and the two lads who had come to our aid, the Meadames Rochelle and the brothers were forced to drink a bowl of steaming toddy with us. The children were mysteriously stowed away in an adjoining room, and at the heads of the families and Dick and I were alone sitting by the ample fire place smoking our pipes, and drinking to Jean, and looking up at him quickly I thought I detected a suspicious glance.

"Do you remember," I asked, "this night fifteen years ago?"

The question startled him.

"No," he answered hesitatingly, "I do not remember. Fifteen yea s is vair long time."

"Why, Jean," exclaimed his brother Antoine in French, "it was fifteen years ago today you left for Montreal." Jean answered him with a scowl.

"Yes," said I, "and it will be just fifteen years to-morrow that in a snowstorm like this you arrived at Deadman's Crossing and I left you in charge of a sick woman while I went to hunt for her husband."

"Mon Dieu," cried Jean springing up, beads of perspiration starting out on his blanched face.

I held out my hand to him saying, "Don't you remember me?"

He took the proffered hand falteringly. "Do you come as friend?"

"Yes, Jean Leroux, I come as a friend. For these fifteen years I have been seeking you without avail. I see you have the little Fleur, who has grown to be a young woman even more beautiful than her mother. Sit down and tell me the whole story. Where is her father?"

Like one moving in a dream he returned to his seat.

"Her fazzair," he cried, "I have not seen him. Did you find him not?"

"No, I did not find him. When I returned to the cabin at the Crossing after week s of searching, it was deserted. That grave by the river is——"

"That was of La Fleur's mozzair, ze beautiful, ze angel woman. In one week she die, and we bury her zair."

"But why did you leave without waiting for my return?"

"It was her dream," cried Jean clasping his hands together. "One night she dream zat you no more return, zat you seek for her husband in so mountain and was killed. Next night she dream again zat her Felippe had gone to Montreal. Zat day she weep and weep, and at night again she dream zat me and Louise had tak ze baby to Montreal and find him zair. Another night she dream zat zat we all come back and stand by her grave and Felippe pour out his tears and cry, 'My angel wife, I have done you ze grat wrong. Ze nex day you come not back and she seenk in deep swoon from wheech she wak to say, 'Farewell Jean! farewell Annette! ze angel call me to home. Tak ze baby and go to Montreal to meet Felippe. Bury me by ze rivair and tell him I love him so to I could not witzout him live. Ze kind to baby. Oh, Felippe, Felippe, adieu, adieu!' Zen she weep over ze petite 'La Fleur,' and wiz a cry she die. I hury her by ze rivair. For tree nights me and Annette say our prayers by ze grave, and zen we tak ze papaira, ze money she gave us zat her husband left her, and through ze cold wintair we journey on to Montreal, where ever scence we have live, waiting for ze Felippe, but he come not. With ze money I mak more money, and La Fleur has had ze best school, ze best music, ze best teacher for ze painting and ze piano. Zen we come here, for La Fleur wan' to see ze grave of her mozzair and seek for her fazzair!"

CHAPTER VI.

ANOTHER LOVE STORY.

Until morning was almost dawning, Dick and I lay sleepless under our blankets in the living room, which had been left to us by the Rochelles. We talked over the strange accident which had at last rewarded my search, and chuckled as to the best means of convincing La Fleur that she was Florence Ullman. Now I had found her I puzzled myself as to what I should do. Her grandparents were dead, and she could not very well accept a guardianship such as mine. All the romance and artistic ardor of my companion had been excited by the strange story and surpassing loveliness of her whom he had that night seen for the first time. He could talk of nothing else but the fascinating effect of the dark eyelids and long glistening lashes which shaded her beautiful eyes. Truly enough it was a strange combination, the deep gray eyes, fair complexion and light brown hair of the mother, and dark eyebrows and laughing mouth of the father. We had decided in the family council the night before to say nothing to her of the past, but to wait for a day or two until we got better acquainted, when the story of her parentage would not be so cruel a blow.

On the morrow I found in her character the same odd combination of Phil and Stella which had so struck me in her features. She had the invincible loyalty and candor of the mother, together with the merriment and all the intensity of her father.

When she found Dick was an artist she and one of the elder Leroux girls—for Jean's name was Leroux and not Rochelle, he being only a half-brother of our host—volunteered to show us some of the beauties of the valley. The two girls sat on their horses with a grace and rode with an abandon which threw our Canadian ship far into the shade. A warm wind was blowing up the valley and the snow of the night before rapidly disappearing, left the hills and valleys clothed with the beauty of late autumn. Already La Fleur had become acquainted with every point of interest in the valley. The exhilarating air brought a glow to her cheeks, and with many a laughing challenge to her companion to keep up with her she dashed up and down the little sloping hillsides until they reached a deep cavernous canon where the mountains rose precipitously on the western side, broken by deep fissures and darkened by overhanging ledges. Traveling at a more sober gait Lisette Leroux and I arrived considerably later and found La Fleur relating with eloquent enthusiasm the legend of the Devil's Armchair and the Holy Cross which stood facing each other separated by a deep rift in the precipice. I begged to be told the story, and she again related the legend of how one of the Jesuit Fathers had been tortured on a cross and then slowly burned at the stake by the Indians, the great sachem of the tribe sitting in front of the dying saint and telling him to call upon his God to come and save him. At last when the head of the martyr fell forward and he was released from his agony a thunderous noise was split in twain, the cross glistening on one side of the rift, and the seat—with what seemed since I had heard the story, to contain a rough outline of a human form, made on the other. It was a day of delight to me, and as I watched the face of Dick Rushton I began to see a solution of the problem of what I should do with Flossie; he was already hopelessly in love with the beautiful and daring girl who rode beside him.

Trained in the school of French Canadian devotion to religion, and impressed by the simple faith—credulity scoffers might call it—of those who surrounded her in childhood, she still retained a religious fervor which made still more lovable her noble character.

And so the days passed along, the weather continuing bland enough, though the nights were cold. The horseback rides were abandoned, and Dick and La Fleur, with myself and Lisette Leroux as occasional companions, made many little sketching expeditions and Rushton soon found he had a clever and enthusiastic young pupil. By frequently accompanying the walked by her side as we were returning home one evening, and Lisette being excitedly barried forward by Dick, gave me an opportunity to tell La Fleur something of the sad story of the past. Her foster-mother had a thousand times over repeated the story of the death of her mother, but the letters and papers which her father had left had been carefully withheld from her, Jean having taken legal advice and discovered that it would perhaps be dangerous to have them made public when La Fleur was a child. Afterwards, fearing to cast a shadow over her life by letting her know the story of the great wrong of which her father was supposed to have been guilty, he had told me, with tears in his eyes, that he thought it better for her to remain in ignorance of her past, she was so proud, so sensitive and so abhorred anyone who had been guilty of wrong-doing. It was thus no easy task for me, and I would willingly have avoided it, but Jean Leroux and his wife had absolutely refused to be the medium of conveying what they feared might almost break her heart.

"Mlle. La Fleur," I began, "did it never strike you as odd that my friend and I should be among these mountains at so unseasonable a time as this?"

She turned her deep and luminous eyes upon me and answered wonderingly, "No, Monsieur, I supposed you were fond of hunting and your friend of sketching, and wanted to see our country in the winter."

"That is not the reason, Mademoiselle, which brought me on this long journey. I am searching for the child of a dead friend."

She stopped abruptly with both hands pressed upon her heart, her eyes widening and filling with tears, her lips trembling. "Have you found her? Is it I?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle; you are the one for whom I have been seeking for fifteen years.

She crossed herself reverently, and muttered a prayer of thankfulness to the Holy Mother for at last answering her petition. "Thank God! thank God!" she cried, "at last! at last! I have found some link between me and those from whom I sprung."

Then she paused and looked fixedly at me, "And you? who are you?"

"I am the man who employed Jean Leroux and his wife to look after you and your mother while I searched for your father."

"Ah," she cried, "they have told me of you; that you were dead, for so my mother dreamed. And my father? Have you found him?" she cried, leaning towards me with outstretched hands.

"No, I have not; but we may yet find him."

Then her trembling hands were clasped together and uplifted to heaven in the prayer which she had so often repeated, that she might yet find the father who had so unmercifully deserted her. "Tell me," said she, "how he became separated from us."

"It is a long story," I answered, rapidly revolving in my mind the question where I should begin and how much I would have to tell her.

"Begin at the beginning, monsieur—at the time you first know my parents; how they came to move out to this wilderness and all about me—everything. Don't leave out the least tiny bit about either of them."

"Some other time, mademoiselle. It is not only a long story, but a very sad one."

"But we have plenty of time, monsieur. It will be an hour before we reach uncle Tony's. Begin away back and tell me as much as will last till we get home. Tell me who my father and mother were, where we lived, why we came out here and why my father left us in the cabin at the Crossing.

I was never clever at invention or skilful in relating a story, so as I rode on now telling my story, nor could I extricate my mind from the whirl of conflicting courses which suggested themselves to me. At last I was forced to tell the whole truth and I began by describing the beautiful home in which her mother was born, the mansion in the suburbs of the city which had been her father's birthplace, how beautiful her mother had been, how gay and popular her father, their marriage, the happiness of their married life, how I had been elected to a place of great public trust, how through some circumstances which had never been explained to us he was forced to flee from the country. After that the same unadorned narrative I have already given was repeated until we came to her father's name and the colony which ended in murder and the desertion of his wife. Over this I sought to pass lightly. She had questioned me over and over again as if I thought her father had really stolen money or done anything wrong. My conscience pricked me as I assured her over and over of his innocence, and how could I tell her of the greater crime? I endeavored to evade it by plunging at once into a description of the circumstances which aroused my jealousy, of the story Pratt had told him, and of the scene in the cabin, omitting the blow inflicted upon her mother and passing lightly over his fierce attack upon myself. Her face flushed crimson and she trembled with very shame when she heard of her father's dreadful suspicions.

"He must have been mad," she cried. "Why did you not cling to him when he threatened to abandon my mother for ever?"

"I—I couldn't; in fact he pushed me from him and I fell down and the fall rendered me insensible for some time."

"Did he strike you?" she demanded, her eyes darkening and a flush again creeping into her face.

"Well, yes, but he didn't intend to hurt me, I don't think."

"Did he strike my mo'her?"

"Oh, no, he didn't strike her; he loved her too much for that." With those eyes turned upon me I could not lie with any degree of fluency, and my face must have betrayed me.

"Did he push her and hurt her; was that what caused her death?"

"No, the whole truth, mademoiselle, is that he pushed her from him, but she didn't fall. He didn't hurt her; her death came of sorrow."

"And what became of the man?—Pratt didn't you say his name was. How could you leave us while he was near?"

The question startled me.

"I—because he was gone; he had gone!"

"But weren't you afraid of him returning?"

"Oh, no; he couldn't return; that is, he would not return. I felt quite sure of that. Hadn't we better hurry forward a little; it is growing dark."

"Tell me first, did my father do anything to him?"

"Their interview, that is, their conversation," I stammered, "took place down by the river. I didn't see them—didn't hear a word of it except what your father told us when he came back."

"Didn't the man come back!"

"No; he didn't come back. He wouldn't dare to meet your mother after the shameful lies he had told."

"Then how did you know he had gone away?"

"I must have guessed that he went away; at least he didn't come back."

She grasped my arm with both her mittened hands, and, holding me fast, she peered into my face with the same soul-reading look in her eyes which made it impossible for me to evade the truth. "Did he kill him?" she whispered.

"Yes, mademoiselle, he did kill him, and the scoundrel well deserved his punishment."

Her self-possession deserted her. She screed her face and broke into hysterical sobbing. I tried to comfort her, but in vain. The darkness was rapidly deepening, and, passing her arm through mine, I sought to hurry her forward.

"Don't hurry me," she implored; "I cannot bear again to look into the face of any one. Uncle Jean must have known this. Why did he not tell me when I was young, and it would not have broken my heart!"

"He didn't know, mademoiselle. He does not know now; no one knows but you and I."

She hushed her sobbing for a moment, as she turned her tear-stained face towards me and whispered: "Doesn't he know!"

When I saw that look I would have given my whole fortune if I hadn't told Dick Rushton the terrible story. I could see she loved him; that in the short week he had become a part of her life. Fresh from the convent, unused to society, love had come quickly, and here was a barrier to which I would come but once.

"Whom do you mean by 'he'?" I mumbled, in my confusion.

"Mr. Rushton," she answered directly, her lips drawn tightly together and lines of pain marking her blanched face.

"Yes, she loves him. I was so distraught with nervousness and anxiety that he insisted on knowing the reason, and I told him everything."

"Then he knew it when he saw me first."

"Yes, and more than that, he loved you from the first. It will make no difference to him that your father may have done. His is too noble a soul to be turned from its love by the actions of others."

She walked by my side in silence, leaning heavily upon my arm as if overcome by emotion. "It would not be right," she at last began, in a choking voice, "for him to love the daughter of a murderer. I must go back to the convent and hide this disgrace which has come upon me."

I argued with her, and told her that she would not only blight her own life, but that of her lover.

"It has been but a little time; he will soon forget."

At this moment we met Dick in search of us. "I thought you were lost," he cried, cheerily. "Lean upon me, Mademoiselle La Fleur; you must be tired after long walk."

"Thank you," she answered, but we walked in silence to the ranch, and saw her no more that night.

CHAPTER VII.

Dick was eager to know the result of our interview, and when it came to the point where it concerned himself I asked him if I had mistaken his feelings.

"No indeed, Brent. I would have told her myself, but it has been so short a time that I dare not broach the subject. What did she say?"

"She loves you, I know; but she said it would be impossible to permit you to couple yourself with her disgrace."

"But good Lord, man!" he cried; "I knew it before, long before, she did, and if I can love her in spite of her father's wretched history, why should she make us both miserable by refusing to accept my name and drop her own. It is one need know—I don't care if the world know—but if she is sensitive on that point she can be known to the world as the daughter of Jean Leroux, and for her sake I would be proud of him and old Annette as my father and mother-in-law."

Next morning she looked pale and sad, and her eyes showed traces of the night of weeping through which she had passed. Jean Leroux and his wife tried to comfort her, but in vain. I told them that we would have to leave it to my friend; that if he could not bring happiness back to her face none of us could. Dick persuaded her to go sketching with him, and when they came home in the evening her face was hardly more despairing than his. Day after day he urged his suit, but still she pleaded. Then he fell and sprained his arm, and while he lay on a settee she read to him, and I began to see that it was only a question of time when he would prevail.

Fall had grown into winter and the holidays were at hand, when an invitation was received from Mr. "Bill" Deadman, soliciting the pleasure of the company of the Rochelles at his hotel on Christmas eve, and I persuaded them to accept. After the messenger had gone I made it my special task to induce La Fleur to be one of the party, and when at last she yielded I knew that the fight had been won.

Merry-makings in a scattered settlement are events of such unusual occurrence that they assume an importance which cannot be appreciated by residents of the effete East. The two big wagons were loaded down with the young people who were old enough to dance, and there were half a dozen horsemen besides. Dick's arm was better, and he was in the gayest spirits. It took us nearly all one day to get there, and it was the intention to literally fulfil the old distich:

"We dance all night till broad daylight,
And go home with the girls in the morning."

I closely watched the face of La Fleur as we approached the Crossing, and I could see that the memory of the tragedy enacted there fifteen years ago was rankling in her bosom. Still, that she was there at all, and that she had promised to join in the dance, made me hope that the worst agony of her grief and shame was over. It was too dark to see the face of the brawny ranchman who welcomed us at the door and ushered us into the spacious rooms which already contained two score guests. When we were seated at the rough tables, partaking of more choice cookery than I had expected, I seized the opportunity to study our host. His hair and beard were nearly white, but the heavy black eyebrows were still unmixed with grey. A scar ran transversely across one cheek and somewhat disfigured the eye, while another wound across the nose, which left an ugly gash, gave a peculiarly sinister look. He seldom spoke, but his voice and words suggested education, refinement and melancholy. When after a while I drifted near enough to him to engage in conversation, he was standing with his back to the fireplace gazing intently at La Fleur. In answer to a question from some one on the other side of him, he said, "I don't know, she is with the Rochelles." I touched his arm and began to thank him for his hospitality, which I had accepted under the wing of the Rochelles, but he swung around so suddenly, his face white, the scars standing out like livid streaks across his face, that he frightened me into silence. With one hand he clutched at the neck-cloth fastened around the collar of the heavy woolen shirt, tugging at it as if he were choking, his eyes were fixed on me with a look which somehow recalled my last meeting with Philip Ullman, and as Bill Deadman seemed so eccentric, I began to be sorry I had introduced myself.

"Excuse me, sir," he muttered Deadman, thickly; "I feel as if I were choking; I'll go into the open air."

A perky young *habitant* began to scrape on the violin. The dance began, and I led the opening cotillion with Lisette Leroux, who, by the way, was a gentle and winning girl of twenty, dark-eyed, black-haired, frolicsome as a kitten, and withal educated and unusually pretty. The young ranchmen and cowboys stationed themselves in the doorway from time to time now and then emitting an encouraging "whoop" when they wanted the music to brace up and give them a chance to prance and show their "steps." These steps were introduced as varieties sometimes are in a play to enliven the proceedings, as well as to show off the accomplishments of the young gentlemen whose trouser-legs were tucked inside their boots.

"Ze Deadman a' you' pairdnair," shouted the fiddler, and bless me how those energetic young men pounded the floor. Leaning back with their hands on their hips—fastened on their cartridge belt and six-shooter to keep it from bobbing out—they cut their pigeon-wings, back steps, flyaways and hoedowns with wild hilarity and tremendous result upon the floor. Dick and La Fleur danced together continually, though, at my suggestion, we made an exchange when resuming the exercise after the midnight meal, in consequence of remarks I had heard exchanged in the effete East, which I thought I could not with the rest. I told Dick we would get ourselves into trouble if we didn't do the agreeable, but he was too madly in love to heed my warning, and insisted on having La Fleur as his partner for the balance of the evening, after exerting himself twice in entertaining two of the Rochelle girls.

Bill Deadman had just returned from Washington Territory, and in anticipation of the Christmas visit Bill had filled a couple of barrels of whisky, the contents of which were dealt out with altogether too much freedom.

It was nearly three o'clock in the morning before I noticed the effects of the drink; then I could see not only that men were becoming unconventionally hilarious, but felt that the drams forced upon me were making me gayer than was my wont. In order to appease the boys I had abandoned Lisette with an explanation of the reason, and was dancing with every girl I could induce to join me. In a dance, when the cow-boys were all jammed in the room where the whisky was being dealt out, I felt a hand clutch my arm, and turning around found the face of Bill Deadman.

"What name did you tell me was yours?" he inquired with an affected boisterousness.

"Brentford," I answered.

His face whitened, but he made no further sign than to insist on my drinking with him. Then he asked for an introduction to La Fleur and Lisette, which I granted him as a matter of course. The next dance was a waltz and the majority of the boys were unacquainted with the "steps." I was standing with Lisette on my arm, Dick who had waived his claim had taken a younger Leroux and I had the pretty Lisette as my partner, the floor was crowded and a chere rang out when the host proved himself the lightest dancer in the room.

"You dance well, Mr. Deadman," remarked La Fleur.

"Yes! Well, though I look rough and tough I have danced before."

"Do you have not always lived here?" she asked.

"No, not always, but it seems like always—like an eternity."

His strange manner frightened her and she became silent.

"You have not lived in Sweetgrass Gulch very long!" said he.

"No, only for two weeks."

"Oh, you came here with Mr. Brentford!" he asked.

"Do you mean to your party or from Montreal?"

"To the dance!"

"Yes, to the dance. I never saw him until a month ago."

"Ah, I see. A chance acquaintance!"

"Not exactly. He knew my parents long, long ago."

The spectators who were applauding the performance of their host, at that moment saw a strange sight. Bill Deadman dropped his partner, and again clutching desperately at his loose neckcloth, staggered and would have fallen had he not been caught by a brawny ranchero.

The incident led to another visit to the whisky barrel, but when the festive cowboys were leaving the room Bill Deadman closed the door and announced that no more liquor would be served out till the company were starting for home.

"I am getting full myself, and I reckon I can stand as much as the rest of you! I don't want any fighting, and so you can go to work now and dance off the grog that's in you and take no more. There are ladies here, you know, and you've got to have some style about you."

The warning came none too soon, nor was it given in the best judgment, for many of the boys thought Dick and I had spoiled the dance and began to be ill-natured.

Two tall and bearded rancheros, inflamed by unaccustomed drink, seemed determined to create trouble, and thrice asked La Fleur and Lisette to dance and were refused. Then the two men danced together, and insisted on being in our set. When they balanced to the corners they caught hold of our partners and refused to release them. Dick, with the well-meant courage of a man who does not know the danger he incurs, struck one of them.

Instantly a revolver was drawn, but before a shot could be fired Bill Deadman sprang into the melee, and with a six-shooter in each hand covered the two offenders:

"Scunt!" he hissed, with the sudden and seething rage of a demon. "Drop!"

They understood him, and down went their weapons; it was not the habit of Buffalo Forks to dispute with Bill Deadman, when, revolver in hand he undertook to quell a row.

"Get up and tramp!" he commanded, and they rose and moved toward the door, all the spectators marking time with their feet while the fiddler played "Good-bye Honey Don't ye Cry for Me."

They picked out their caps, blankets and saddles from the heap the door slammed behind them and Bill Deadman turned to apologize to his guests for the unseemly interruption of the dance when two pistol shots rang out, the glass in the window crashed in and Bill fell to the floor shot twice through the body.

The men rushed through the door in ineffectual pursuit of the drunken cowboys and left Dick and me to take care of the wounded man. We carried him to his room.

"Die a short around me," he gasped, "and twitch it up tight. I'm done for, but I want to live an hour, and then I'll be glad to die. Bring Flossie, Brent, and tell me all!"

She was at the door anxiously awaiting news of the rescuer of her lover, and when she came in he reached out his arms to her crying like a child.

"Flossie, come to me and say good-bye, and 'I forgive you.' I am your wretched father!"

She stood in terrified amazement, looking from him to me.

"Tell her I am her father, Brent; don't let me die like this." he cried, wildly.

"Phil," I cried, "have we found you at last?"

"Yes, at last, but thank God you find me dyin'. I will disgrace you no longer. Where is Stella?"

"Dead," I whispered, "she could not live without you, and a week after you left she died and was buried by the river."

"Is that her grave with the cross over it?" he whispered. "I thought it was Pratt's."

"Yes; that is where she sleeps."

"Bring me a glass of whisky, and then tell me how came you here."

The whisky revived him, though he was gradually bleeding to death, and with Flossie sitting by his side holding his hand, I told him the story you have all read.

"Oh, my God, forgive me," he sobbed, "how I have sinned. To me the way has been hard. I was almost killed by a fall in the mines in British Columbia, but I have gone on living with a torment of misery eating my heart out. I have made money, and you will find my will in that box, leaving it all to the city of —— twice over paying my defalcation. I must change it and give enough to Flossie to keep her from want, and then I die and may my God; will he forgive me? Flossie, pray for me."

Down by the bedside she knelt and told her beads, while with his hand in hers he slowly weakened into death.

"You need not change your will," said I, "Flossie will marry Dick Rushton here, and he is rich enough for both. Feel that you have fully compensated the city of —— for their loss!"

"But Pratt?" he whispered, with a shudder.

Remembering the package of papers, I ran to the outhouse, and while Dick held the lamp I dug up the box I buried there and brought them to the dying man.

"Denby," he cried; "was his name Denby? He was the man who ruined me. He trapped me and raised my paper, then blackmailed me. I never saw him; all the work was done by proxy. Let him live! I did no wrong. God forgive me for saying so. All he had was rightfully mine. Give his money to the poor, and—and—Rushton be good to Flossie. I forgive me, my baby!" he whispered, faintly.

With her arms around his neck, she blessed him in the name of the Church in which she had been reared, blessed him as his daughter, and kissed the death dew from his lips.

FAREWELL.

Now there are three graves at Deadman's Crossing, and the man who assumed the name of Pratt, and who could not stand away from, lies under the little mound which nestles beside that of his wife, but the people thereabouts do not know that I have given you here.

Years later we said adieu to the Leroux and Rochelle families at the wedding in the little Catholic Church at the Fort, when La Fleur and Dick became man and wife, and we came back to our home in the East.

This was five years ago. Every Christmas since has been passed in the happy home of Dick and his wife in Boston, where we are always welcome.

I say "we"—I had almost forgotten to tell you that "we" means Lisette and I, and a little fellow we call Phil. At the wedding at the Fort at Buffalo Forks, we were married when Dick and Flossie were. I am getting old and silly, maybe, but I loved her and she loved me, and we have been so very, very happy.

This is my only excuse if any be needed, and, as far as the world knows, Dick and I married sisters, and the sweetest, most loving sisters the world ever saw.

THE END.

A Christmas Group.

The shining holly hangs upon the wall,
Its scarlet clusters gleaming in the light
Of ruddy fire-glow, and the welcome sound
Of silver laughter ripples through the room,
From youthful voices, whilst the mistletoe
Its white, transparent beadlets temptingly
Hangs o'er their sunny heads.

Now kith and kin
Are grouped in circle round the cheery hearth,
Each telling his experience of the year,
For some there be that only meet at Yule.

The gray-haired grandsire sagely nods his head
What time the prattle of the four-year-old—
The golden-tressed youngling of the flock—
Is poured into his ear; and on his knees,
Eager to prate, doth she, wee fairy, sit,
The household darling of a score of hearts.
In yonder easy armchair sits grandmamma,
Whilst ten-year Tommy steals beside her knee,
Knowing full well, the bright-eyed, saucy rogue,
The hidden soft spot in the old dame's heart;
And with a loving, half-regretful gaze,
Look on the children's parents, carried back
To the "lang syne" when they themselves were blest,
In childhood's happy, glad unconsciousness
Of life to come; and so, forgetting Time,
They in their treasured blossoms bloom again.

His Christmas Angel.

He had been drawn into the hurrying, happy, everladen Christmas crowd, although he had tried to steer clear of it, and now stood pinned up against the plate glass windows of a dry goods palace, an unsightly blot upon the crimson, tawny and emerald plushes, displayed in long shimmering folds behind him.

The air was throbbing with the Christmas gladness. Its waves rolled round and round and round him without entering his heart. Every face was expectant, and in touch with the occasion, except his own.

Just a week ago he had left his ten years of prison servitude behind him. He had sought work diligently, and met only rebuff and suspicion. He had tried to look men in the face and bespeak them boldly. But he not explained his offence as the law required, and was he not therefore entitled now to a fair chance with other men? But the mark of Cain was upon him. The thoughts engendered behind prison bars seemed to filter through the surface and betray him. It was impossible to assume a square face, with that past written all over him. And yet, God knew, he longed to lead an honest life and redeem himself from evil.

He stood there now, friendless and famished, as much for a word of sympathy as for food, with a sullen hardness taking possession of him. Why should every man's hand be against him? He had been a criminal it was true, but were there not law-breakers in this crowd, walking erect and smiling, and eluding punishment, and were not those richly dressed ladies stepping daintily, clad in the spoils wrung from toiling burthened brothers and sisters?

His heart was full of the bitterness of injustice. He was becoming a savage through hunger. He should have to steal to satisfy it. He made a desperate effort to move along. He would break the law again, and earn the shelter of his prison home. There, at least, was equality for him and food.

He beat his way along, sullen and desperate. Ladies shrank within enveloping furs and sealskins, and felt for their purses involuntarily. Men eyed him superciliously, or suspiciously, and wondered what desperate animal was this, uncaged in their midst.

Presently he found himself in a jam at a street corner, from which people fought good-naturedly to extricate themselves and their parcels. A child in a blue plush cloak and hat, who was hugging a great doll lovingly, was jammed close against Freeman Winch and held there for some moments. Her long bright hair became entangled with his coat buttons. She shook her head impatiently, to extricate herself. The matron who held her hand glanced askance at the dark face above her, and tried to draw her away from the contaminating touch.

"I'm all tangled up, auntie," lisped the child.

Freeman's rough fingers bungled with the shining hair. In his awkwardness he only enwound it more closely. The crowd beat and surged. The undimmed intuition of childhood knew at once the heart beneath the forbidding exterior, and met the yearning, hungry eyes with childish sympathy.

"Have you no Christmas present, and no little girl?" she asked.

"Hush!" said the lady, reprovingly.

"You shall have my oranges," said the child, thrusting a paper bag into his hand. "I've got my dolly, and I wish you a Merry Christmas."

She was drawn away vigorously, for the crush was broken, and never realizing how she was being reproved for his sake, Freeman backed up into a doorway, his fingers trembling so that he could scarcely hold the bag of oranges. There were only three, but he ate them ravenously. At the bottom of the bag he found a ten-cent piece, and with it made his way to a lunch place. He ate his plate of beans and brown bread, with a strangely tender feeling about his heart. He had at last one link with his kind. Surely he was not utterly despicable, or that sweet child would have shrunk from him. He could feel her soft hair about his fingers, and the glance of her pitying eyes. She had been an angel of mercy to him on this Christmas anniversary of peace and good-will. She had put out her little hand and saved him from crime and hunger and despair. There was a ray of hope for the future. He felt himself a part of sinning, repenting humanity.

Freeman Winch hovered near a brightly lighted church, with wide open doors, in a rather aristocratic up-town street. Some widening mesmeric influence had drawn him on and on until he had reached it. No one was in sight. He mustered courage to step into the vestibule. He had no pars nor lot in the Christmas festivities within; he felt shabby and hungry, and likely to be driven away, but his heart was still warm and throbbing with the child's sympathetic touch of a few hours before.

He peered through the glass panels of the inner closed doors, and saw the Christmas decorations, of starry wreaths, and crosses and festoons of evergreen. The aisles were clear, and the pews were crowded. The interest was centred upon the resplendent Christmas tree in front of the platform and directly opposite to him.

Freeman dared not venture inside. From this point of view he could make observations with perfect freedom, for their backs were towards him. He watched the flutter of fans, and the restless movements of the well-dressed children, attended by their elders, and wondered if his little darling—yes, he dared to call her that—were among them. The possibility was a link between him and the audience. He heard her "Merry Christmas" again, he felt her soft hair brush his fingers. It seemed to twine about his heart.

A volume of sound from the organ made the church quiver. A Christmas melody swelled joyously. Freeman caught the refrain, "Peace and good-will, good-will and peace," and brushed away a tear. The old bitterness had left him, yet before the advent of his Christmas angel he would have envied these people to the verge of hatred.

A tall Santa Claus, rotund and jolly, began to unload the Christmas tree. Little fairies in white dresses and spangled wings received the presents from him and carried them to their owners as names were called and hands raised in response.

A sudden cry sounded within which was caught up and echoed over the church. Freeman saw a man leap on the platform and gesticulate to the panic-stricken people. The flames were creeping up the boughs of the tall Christmas tree; and good God, the dress of one of the child fairies was on fire!

Every one was fear-stricken and helpless. Only the homeless outcast had the nerve and decision to act. In a moment he had rushed through the door and up the aisle. He tore a long plush cloak from a woman's ample form, and as he wrapped it about the child, who stood perfectly still in mortal terror, and quenched the flame, which as yet had not harmed her, he saw that it was the face of his Christmas angel!

He plucked the limbs of flame from the tree and trampled upon them, and then with maimed, blackened hands, and knees knocking together, he made his way slowly down the aisle and out again into the vestibule, while men and women looked at each other in dumb wonder—whence came this deliverer from their frightful peril.

They found him crouched upon the floor outside. The reaction had come. Besides, he was weak from the hunger of the past days.

They bent over him. The hard, dark face was strangely illuminated. He was almost unconscious of pain. His heart was overflowing with gladness for the life he had saved.

"A little food," he whispered, as they stood back with something of awe. "I am faint with hunger."

They rallied at this. He was assisted to the rooms below, where a supper table was spread.

He was ensconced on a sofa, and while a messenger went in haste for a physician, he was fed by grateful hands.

He closed his eyes with a sense of gladness that he had earned a right to this. The touch of soft lips upon his face made him start. There stood his sweet Christmas angel, pale after her recent fright, and yet composed and gently smiling.

"You good man," she said "Did you 'member me? Did God send you to me? O, I am so sorry for your poor hands."

"Don't be sorry," he said, earnestly. "I am glad, so glad for it all. I have not begun to feel the pain."

"What can I do for you?" asked the grave gentleman who stood with Ethel. "You have saved my child's life, and she is my all."

Freeman was looking hard into his face. "Do you know who I am?" he asked, huskily.

"I know that you are my child's saviour. I ask no more."

"I cracked your door and robbed you, ten years ago," Freeman said. "It is a week since I served out my sentence."

The gentleman eyed him in silence. Ethel patted his cheek commiseratingly.

"You will turn over a new leaf," said Mr. Morton, cheerfully. "Have you found work?"

"No, my record is in my face. No one wants to give me a chance. I was desperate and starving to-day, when this—this child spoke to me on the street, and put new heart into me."

"You shall begin anew in my employ," said Mr. Morton, his voice faltering.

"And I shall see you some day!" said Ethel.

The doctor came at that moment and examined the wounded hands and dressed them.

* * * * * *

Now ring out glad Christmas bells, ring joyously! Angels of peace and good will fill the air with melodies, for a soul that was dead is alive again, a lost soul is found!

ISABEL HOLMES.

OUR BOYS.

Two Christmases.

It was the Christmas of 1884. The table was being laid for dinner. The children were playing with their toys.

I sat down, thought of my wanderings, felt supremely happy, the tears welled from my eyes and my heart was full of an inexpressible joy and thankfulness.

As I thought, two little hands were laid softly on my knees, and golden-haired Babsy, a tot of nearly three, gazed up into my tear-bedimmed eyes. Half crawling, half lifted, she perched on my knees. Her arms crept around my neck, and it was a heart that kissed the golden hair, the dimpled face and the soft, pouting lips as tears that would not down fell like rain. Closer she pressed, and then:

"Baba, don't 'oo kye."

"No, my darling," and I brushed the tears away.

Again the little voice, "Baba, Tanta C'aus nice old man."

"Yes, my angel."

"Tarlie says there's no Tanta C'aus."

And then clasping her closer and placing her angel head on my heart, I told her the legend, and the other children crowded round as I spoke to them all of the beautiful story of the redemption, and spoke of the Heaven that awaits good girls, good boys, good women, good men. And as I spoke for one moment my thoughts wandered and I wondered what my companions of every day would think of me—a chronicler of pleasure, a haunter of barrooms, race-courses, regattas, baseball and lacrosse grounds, boxing academies, of any place where even alleged sport was in progress—could they see me then. But 'twas only for an instant, and then, the story being told, my voice ceased.

Again: "Baba, Heaven must be a nice place."

"Yes, darling," and I gazed fondly, proudly, joyfully at the innocent face.

"Shall I go there."

"Yes, Babsy," and the tears welled again as I kissed her and thought, what if I were to lose her.

It was Christmas again, and 1885. "Tanta C'aus" had made his usual rounds, but the house was hushed. Mamma and papa would not share the children's dinner, the children's delight that day. Joy was banished. A gaunt spectre had entered unbidden into that happy household. It was diphtheria. The snow in large flakes was falling.

A faint small voice whispered, "Look at the no."

Mamma with bursting heart walked sadly towards the window and looked out on the broad expanse of white. Papa sat on the bed fondly gazing and waiting for the inevitable. She looked so sweet, although cruel matter was oozing from those guileless lips.

Two days before she had been looking forward happily and blithely to the coming of "Tanta C'aus," who was to bring a new "bonney and jackey," and Babsy had inquired, looking at a Christmas picture of a fur-belcad child in the snow feeding a robin that is before me now, "Baba, when I tet my bonney and jackey, 'tal I look as pitty as that 'little girl?" and I thought—"to me how much prettier!"

But on this Christmas day, my hand laid lightly on the coverlet, and, so gently patting it, she whispered:

"Baba, I'll kick 'oo, Baba."

"No, you wouldn't kick me, darling," and my heart was bursting.

"Wouldn't 'oo kick me, Baba?"

"No, I wouldn't kick 'oo, Babsy," and how, with her fair hair almost floating on the pillow, like an angel she looked!

"Then I wouldn't kick 'oo, Baba."

My heart seemed to burst and unable to stand the strain any longer, I called her mother, and, snatching a hat, went out in the mushy, dismal snow.

It was the first break in our happy, and, but a few years before, reunited and rejuvenated family. For half an hour I wandered miserably about and it seemed a day. Then I returned, and——

All was over. The light had gone out.

Later on the Christmas bells pealed forth, and in our desolation it seemed as if I could hear sweet heavenly voices singing.

H. J. P. GOOD.

I perhaps should explain that in her playfulness, our angel now, used to run to me and, lifting her tiny foot, say, "I'll kick 'oo, Baba." —H.

The Newsboys' Pet.

"They wuzn't a bad lot o' fellers, them boys what sold Tellegrams an' Globes an' all the other papers. They wuz on'y sorter tough like an' chock full o' fun. There wuz a big lot o 'em what useter divy up an' hire a nice warm place to sleep in round on Lombard street. O' course it wasn't nothin' like what the Lodgin's is nowdays, but there was no sich place fur 'em in them days like the Lodgin's. One Criamus night when all the boys wuz jist a-puttin' the finishin' touches to their hair, gettin' ready fur the top gallery in the theayter, a leetle low rap fell onter the door. It wuz sorter feary like an' timid, as though it wanted to be ans'ered an' didn't wanter also. We knowed it wuz a stranger who hadn't never been there afore; all the boys what belonged in our crowd didn't never stop to rap, but jist opened the door an' rushed in. One o' us, I don't remember who, went an' opened the door. Who should come in but a poor little pale-faced girl with big blue eyes and thin shoes. She couldn't have b'en more'n ten years old, but there wuz a look o' sorror on her face what made her look a good deal older. There wuz a scared look on her face what got down inter our hearts an' sorter drawed us all to her on the spot. She on'y jist stood there an' cried an' said she wuz cold an' hungry an' didn't have no hum nor no place to sleep. Say, do you know, we all felt sorter low down mean when she said she wuz hungry! You see we'd all be'n an' had a great spread jist a couple hours afore an' we didn't know jest then what hungry wuz. We wuz warm, too, fur the ole wood stove wuz jist a-boomin'. We didn't none o' us tog out very han'some, but we had good enuff duds to keep us from freezin'. We didn't have to worry 'bout a place to sleep in, fur we had bunks an' blankets 'bout the room. It wuz our palluce an'—here wuz a leeny mite o' a girl what wuz shiverin' and hungry an' had no place to go to. An' the streets wuz full o' merry sleigh-parties, an' the horses wuz prancin' an' the bells on the harnesses wuz ringin' an' the hull world wuz gay—on'y this poor leetle girl with big blue eyes wuz sufferin'. An' the theayter wuz waitin' fur us; but we didn't go. No sich geniwine fun an' sport wuz ever had by a crowd o' newsboys afore. We jist made that girl git good an' warm by the stove. Then we left two o' the small boys to keep up her spirits, an' we went and laid out our rocks on turkey an' sass an' good things an' a hull lot o' girl's duds. You never seen sich a queen afore nor sence as she wuz arter she went inter a little room an' dressed herself up in them nice things. Her cheeks had roses on 'em when she cum out, an' her eyes wuz dancin' with gladness. An' the gorgeous supper that she sot down to wus fit fur a princess. When we seen how she injoyed all we'd got fur her we furgot all 'bout the theayter an' made up our minds that wuz the best Crismus we'd ever had. She slept in a leetle bunk shut off in one corner by a blanket that night. 'Course we expected some one would hunt her up an' take her hum; but she didn't belong to nobody an' nobody ever cum arter her. We give her a start an' she sold more papers than any o' us. She staid with us till—one Crismus she wuz brought to us—dead! Run over by a wagon. That Crismus wuz all tears, fur we loved her. When the good minister cum an' preached over our pet an' queen we knowed as how there must be sumthin' in heaven or he wouldn't never have told us to be good so that we could go an' meet our leetle Nell over there where the good ones all go.

"Arter she was laid to rest we put up a pretty stone over her grave. It's over there now an' on it you can read 'Nell, the Newsboys' Pet.'"

JIMPLECUTE.

WINTER SPORTS.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

A Roman Gentleman's Idea of Happiness.

(Translated from Martial, Epig. X, 47).

What makes a happy life, dear friend,
If thou would'st briefly learn, attend:
An income left, not earned by toil;
Some acres of a kindly soil;
The pot unfailing on the fire;
No law suits; seldom town attire;
Health; strength with grace; a peaceful mind;
Shrewdness with honesty combined;
Plain living; equal friends and free;
Evenings of temperate gaiety;
A wife discreet, yet blithe and bright;
Sound slumber, that lends wings to night,
With all thy heart embrace thy lot,
Wish not for death and fear it not.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Myra's Turkey.

On the old hearth to-day the old fires burn,
And love shines warm within the dear old eyes
That cry a little as they all return,
The boys and girls, to eat their Christmas cheer.
Old chaps, maybap, the boys are; and the girls,
If they were younger—say it 'neath the rose,
Fierce, fierce Time's blinding tempest beats and whirls,
Swift, swift piles up the dreary winter's snows,
But on the old hearth to-day love all undarkened glows.

At the same old table, set in the same old place,
Sit down and make a feast of noble cheer,
Your hearts repeating some old boyish grace
Your lips had all forgot this many a year,
Some simple verse perhaps that mother taught—

I am prepared to wager the conscience of a newspaper editor against the government deposit in any of our chartered banks you may select, that the writer of those lines—to me unknown—had spent the preceding Christmas Day in the household of one of the Old Dutch families of this country. I make this reckless hazard thus boldly because I know—man alive, the ear marks are all over it

In the house of Pica, from a date anterior to tradition itself down through the misty and time sodden ages, has not, on each recurring Christmas, the head of the band taken his place at the head of the table at the hour of high noon, having before him the largest turkey in the flock, flanked by the heftiest goose, the weightiest duck and the fattest capon, and dispensed right and left to the boys and girls of perhaps three generations "a feast of noble cheer!" What then though the wind roared and the snow swirled and the elements beat the walls—the sturdy old homestead had stood the brunt for half a century, and within the flames leaped high and all was warmth and cheer—to-morrow would bring its troubles, but to-day, while we are all together, cast Care to the dogs.

Yet once I remember, I couldn't forget it if I tried, when the feast——

. . . . . .

Myra, little blue-eyed, golden-haired, four-year-old fairy—the Baby—and we all know what that means to the household—Myra took great interest in the young turkeys; ridiculous gawky, spindaley things that they are; toddling about the old farm yard in momentary danger of attack from the mother hen, in about equal danger of smothering the weakly chicks with the warmth of her affection. One day she carried into the house a little wet specimen, with head hanging down, eyes half closed, and not enough breath left in its diminutive entrails to give its death squeak—the old story; it had fallen into a mud-hole, and its fool parent had calmly stalked off as though it were a family of ducks she was trying to rear.

We all said it would die, but it didn't. Myra tied it up in cotton, baked it in the oven, poured warm milk down its throat and otherwise ministered to its many infirmities. And it grew and it thrived, and it never lost sight, if it could help it, of its little mistress. It was a sight to see the two toddling about the farm; Dick, as he was called, as solemn as a ward caucus, with a blue ribbon tied about his neck to hide the white mark left from contact with the stove on the day of his rescue.

But the cold and sleet of fall came, and while Dick grew lusty and fat, Myra sickened and paled. I don't need to tell more of the story, but before December there was another little mound in the cemetery and a house of mourning on the farm.

. . . . . .

Day before Christmas a dealer came along—old Job Snodgrass—in a blazing hurry.

"Got 'n order fer twenty turkeys; want all ye kin spare," he said, as his old blind white mare drew up with one spavined leg waving in the air and her lean flanks heaving like a pair of bellows.

"Too busy," said father, holding a bag with his teeth, in order to empty a measure of wheat into it, while I tugged away stolidly at the crank of the fanning-mill; and brother Hank straightened his back and leaned on the scoop-shovel.

"All right," says Job, "I'll leave you one fer Christmas 'n take the rest, git up!"

And so he did. Presently he drove away shouting back that he had left the plumpest of the lot and would call and pay next week.

That night as was our wont, we went out to gather in the fowls for the Christmas dinner. Mother said one turkey wouldn't be near enough as Abe's and John's would be there and mebbe Aunt Sarah's as well. In the dim light of a lantern the fowl-house was gloomy and full of shadows, but we secured the turkey and a couple of fat pullets without difficulty, and father, as he lifted the turkey, said he guessed it would dress nigh onto twenty pounds.

Somehow as I held the lantern and Hank held the turkey, trying to get it to lay its neck across the block, while father stood by, keen axe in hand, there was an appeal in its wild staring eyes, a look of dumb, despairing agony that made me feel horribly, as though I were assisting at a murder. I was wonderingly trying to account for it when the axe went up, hissed through the air, and buried itself bloodless in the block, as Hank with a cry that was more like a sob, jerked the turkey away, and as he did so, a white scar across the throat caught my eye, and the lantern went crashing to the floor.

"What in the name of ——" began the old man as the turkey shot out of the door, when a word from each of us arrested him.

"Dick!"

"Myra's turkey!"

The axe fell heavily off the block, the two pullets escaped unnoticed from the bag and fled screaming out into the night. Then I picked up the lantern, and we trooped off into the house.

"I've got the water all ready for the scalding," said mother, bustling about, "so you can bring in the turkey as quick as you like."

The old man walked to the window and looked out. Then he drew the back of his hand across his face and said:

"Dash't, how this wind does get into one's eyes."

Mother looked curiously at us a moment and then he went on, still with his back towards her, looking out of the window.

"I guess we can get through one Christmas without a turkey."

There was another quick look that grew startled at a sudden thought, and then the brisk reply:

"Why, of course we can. I've a splendid cured ham, fresh sausages, smoked dried beef, eggs, and I'll make some of those nice biscuits and cookies we all like so well—why I'll give you such a dinner——"

And she did—a feast of noble cheer. Abe's and John's were there, and Aunt Sarah, too, and father was just explaining the absence of turkey, owing to old Job coming along and taking away the whole flock, when in stalked Dick as was his wont when so minded, and fell to scratching his ear with a cold claw, and eyeing the strangers askance. Abe looked at John, then both looked at Aunt Sarah, then all three looked at father, who said:

"Come Dick! poor Dick! poor Dick!"

. . . . . .

Dick lived to a green old age, but never again was axe raised above his head. Since then I'm grown up and started a family of my own. Now I'm old and humped in the back and cross-grained, but so long as there is a Dutch Pica in the land, so long will he be welcome to a seat at my Christmas table. This year I have sent up to the county of Waterloo, and have procured the largest turkey that love, money, political influence and family connection could lay hands on.

And on Christmas day, as I sit at the head of the table, an old Pica now, with the young Picas gathered about, and Pica relations in the best seats, while my bald head shines red in the light of day, and the room is filled with the odor of sanctity and roast turkey and dressing with onions in it, I know I shall think, and in all likelihood shall repeat aloud the concluding lines of the anonymous poem quoted above:

For the babe new born, for the bride new wed,
For wisdom and length of days,
For the love of the living, the peace of the dead,
To Him give thanks and praise.

. . . . . .

For all things thanks!
All God's great hand bestows,
The wreath of cypress and the wreath of rose,
But most for Love that aye undarkened glows.

HENRY PICA.

THE HELPER AT THE OAR.

The Christmas Tree at Blanshard's

The wind was wearing teeth. It had sharpened itself on the cold, angry face of Lake Superior. Through the pine woods it whistled on its way. Amid sombre legions of trees ranked in acres of thick forest it found the shrillest tones of the voice that shrieked on its wild journey. We were on the Mackinaw. This is the shortened name of the road that stretches through sixty miles of wooded and weary landscape. Beginning at Sault Ste. Marie it ends at the Straits of Mackinaw, and in all the rugged deformity of its corduroy was the weaving strand in the rope of stage, ferry and rail that then tied Northern Michigan to eastern civilization in winter.

But it was cold. Passengers on a stage that was all outside knew this. The vigor of a harsh climate chilled them. Quantity, variety and texture of clothing were no defence against the action of the elements that night. It was a cool Christmas Eve for us. After being imprisoned at Sault Ste. Marie for days by the drifts we were voyaging home. A week before, the gates of snow had closed our one way out of the wilderness against us. Such as had not been enthralled by the gilded glories of the bar rooms at the Soo were glad to be seated on the long sleighs. The moon lighted brightly the snowy streak between the pines. Along this four horses were dragging a stage freighted with travelers. The delay that led up to the present certainty that there could be no getting home for Christmas gave a sombre color to our sad-eyed views of life. This ruling sorrow was expressed in silence. The powers of profanity possessed by such as were soldiers of enterprise in the stirring communities upon the shores of the great lake were stilled by the altogether superior genius of Canada. He was the driver. Originally the flower of a family near Stayner he now in spirited exile was proudly wearing the name of his country.

Swear! His tongue framed oaths that frescoed the walls of his rude eloquence. His language fitted the calamitous occasion when the leading horses of the four-in-hand were first mired in the snow. His ample stores of profanity were exhausted by a repetition of these trying occurrences. Canada steered the teams out of one drift only to load them in another. He weakened under the strain of these emergencies. His vocabulary of English and French maledictions soon wore out. His ability to unite individual curses in picturesque and appropriate phrases was exhausted when for the tenth time the leaders went through the roof of a four story snow drift. Canada's grief at this was too deep for oaths. With touching and unusual simplicity he exclaimed:

"This beats four of a kind, this does. If this stage gets over the snow to Blanshard's, we stays there. Go on, d'ye say? Not another go this p. m."

Blanshard's was then a faint glimmering on the edge of the woods away ahead. The speck of brightness grew into a light as the weary horses were urged towards it. They went on in the old way, climbing out of holes they broke in the snow until they wheeled off the main road on to the path to a lumber camp in the pineries, and then into Blanshard's clearing. The gloomy outlines of the roadhouse were relieved by the light that shone through the square windows in its log walls.

The door opened as the jingling bells ceased with the stoppage of the stage.

"Hello there, Blansh!"

"The boy'll put away your beasts, Canada."

Then we trooped behind the driver into the wide kitchen. The kettle sang on the top of an old-time cook stove. The austere tone of the interior was varied by the pans that glistened behind the stove and the strings of dried apples hanging in festoons from the rafters that supported sides of bacon and haunches of venison.

"How's the Metifer and the measles?" Canada spoke up cheerily, after working himself out of the four coats and three vests that partially made up his winter toilet.

"he's in there," and few of us noticed the fixed look of sadness on the resolute face of the man.

The driver rushed into the front-room with a Christmas greeting to all inside. The sound of women sobbing subdued him and the impatient travelers waiting for supper in the kitchen. He came out gulping:

"Great day, Blansh. This is hard. How——"

"Croup," answered the father.

Tear-glistened in the big stage driver's eyes as he led us through the little door. It was a simply furnished room that we entered. Mats on which faint imitations of lions, tigers and flower pots were worked in magenta rags on a blue ground, dotted the rough floor. Framed lithographs of King William crossing the Boyne and Sir John A. Macdonald told the Canadian origin of the family. The slight of a little figure on the sofa warned us that death had been there.

Only a small boy. White and still he lay there and the voice of Canada was raised in lamentation with the weeping women.

"Him dead!" he exclaimed. "God bless his little old heart. Him that'd run out an' meet me. Curse me if he didn't know every bit of the harness, and for the names of the stage nags you couldn't lose the Metifer. He'd jess climb up on me and run his arms round my neck every time I'd stop here. I wuz learnin' him to swear a little, too. I uster laugh so when he'd say, 'Blas 'at old hen's eggs, or 'a ser jingo.' Sez he, last time I saw him, 'How many weeks till Chrismuss,' sez he, poor coon. He wanted er tree."

The tree was there. The parents were without the money to trick it out in any costly finery. Love did what there was no cash to do. Laden with homely gifts the fir tree struck its roots into the depths of the fireless box-stove. Cuts of tallow candle fixed on the dark green branches sputtered but still blazed away brightly, and their radiance mocked the grief of the mourners over this dead king of hearts.

"He was so set on it," wailed the old lady. "It wuz ter have ben lit to-morrer night. There'll be run ov him here then, an' I told Almiry ter light ther dips so's they could shine in his little face 'fore it's hid away from me in ther coffin. The Metifer 'd been so pleased ter see it. Him countin' on it an' all. But I'm goin' back ter Canada. There's nuthin' ter keep me in these woods now:

"The sun may shine in other lands
But fairer still on Canada.

"Cepter be near his grave I've nuthin' to stay here fer. He did like to tease me askin' when Chrismuss'd come. 'How long till Sandy comes now, grammy,' he'd shout every mornin' soon's he woke up beside me. An' he wuz bent on havin' a tree. An' if he wuz only looken up steader singin' with ther angels this minute he'd see it all er blazin. My boy, my boy, it's weary waitin'. But—

"The lions young may hungry be,
And they may lack their food;
But they that truly seek the Lord,
Shall not lack any good."

Soon the lights burned out on the tree. The father and the women sat up in the front room all night. By morning the storm had cleared. The sky was bright and the genial sun robbed the bracing air of its biting qualities. A saddened man was the driver as, after locking his last on the quiet face of Blanshard's boy, he choked down a sob, and wringing the father's hand, said, with pious emphasis:

"The Lord be with you, Blansh, it's a dead muzzler on yous, though."

"I'm goin' ter make a box fer him now," was the solemn answer.

We watched the stricken man standing in the door of the desolate home until a hill shut out our sight of the clearing. It's a long time now. That night on the Mackinaw road is a pathetic memory. It has still the genuine eloquence of homely sorrow, and through the light of many Christmas candles most of us have since seen the tallow dips flickering on that Christmas tree at Blanshard's.

JOHN R. ROBINSON.

This world is but a fleeting show, and to m st of us all the good seats are taken.

Hoyle died at the age of ninety seven years, and yet some people think it is unhealthful to sit up nights playing poker.

It's a mistake about its taking nine tailors to make a man. One tailor (with a bill) makes a man, and a great big man, too.

A Telephone Message.

"Ah! Here's the little round thing my papa talks into
To tell the folks d'wn town what he wants to have them do,
I'm going to try myself—now let me get a chair,
And then I'll stand on tiptoe so I can reach up there.

"Halloo!—(that's what they all say)—you dear old Santa Claus,
I'm going to have a little bit of talk with you, because
I want to tell you all about a little girl I know
Who never had a Christmas in her life—she told me so!

"I hardly could believe it, but she says 'tis really true.
I'm sure you're always very kind, but I'm surprised at you,
That you should have forgotten such a little one! but still,
You have, perhaps, already all the stockings you can fill.

"But, could you go to her house instead of coming here?
For mamma says that Christmas is the time of all the year
For children to remember poor little girls and boys
Who never hang their stockings up for picture-books and toys.

"I want you, please, to carry her a doll with shiny curls
And eyes that shut and open—that's the kind for little girls—
And a muff to warm her fingers, and a cunning little ring,
And a book with pretty verses—how she'll laugh, the little thing!

"And give her lots of goodies, too, because she's poor, you see,
And ought to have more sugar-plums than you could bring to me,
Now tell it on your fingers, and remember, as you go—
Just pack her little stocking, to the very, very toe.

"That's all—only, Santa Claus, I just would like to say,
If you should have more presents than you need on Christmas Day
And could 'ave me just a few as you pass the chimney—why,
Of course—I would be very glad indeed. Good-bye! Good-bye!"

Christmas Eve in a Madhouse.

The last red gleam of day was declining on the old gray walls of "The Retreat" at C——, and Christmas Eve was drawing nearer and nearer. Outside the fields were white with driven snow, and the low, sobbing wail of the north wind gave an added zest to the cheeriness of the matron's room, where the matron, the sub matron and myself were discussing the final arrangements for the grand ball which is always given at the Retreat on Christmas Eve.

We had just come to the conclusion that nothing more remained to be done, and that the success of the evening depended now upon our guests and the good behavior of our own people, when the clanging of the great bell at the south lodge turned the current of our thoughts in an entirely different direction.

By Jove! thought I, it must be the new patient. But how awkward!—the night of the ball, and only half an hour now for a light dinner, with less than that to dress, before the guests would be at our doors, for we were early folks at the Retreat and always commenced our festivities between half-past six and seven o'clock.

The new patient! The thought was none the less annoying, because the friends of this case had telegraphed saying that he and his attendant would not arrive until the day following Christmas.

My speculations, however, were cut short by the sound of wheels outside, and a moment later, in response to the matron's call, my head attendant appeared with the information that "The new patient has come, sir." "Very good, Turner," I exclaimed, "take him up to the Red room (so called because all its furniture and colorings were red) in the south gallery, and I will be there shortly."

A few minutes later I stood face to face with the new arrival. He was tall and strongly built, evidently a country gentleman, booted and spurred as if for the hunt, but with little in his appearance, even to a close observer, that savored of lunacy. I was all the more surprised at this for it had naturally enough struck me that his sudden appearance argued some sudden outbreak which had caused his friends to pack him off at a moment's notice. Of his case I knew nothing beyond the somewhat meaningless certificates handed to me by his attendant which experience told me might mean anything or nothing.

I welcomed the new arrival in a quiet, hearty manner to which he responded in a perfectly rational fashion, and then we easily glided into general conversation. I soon ascertained that hunting was his hobby, and as I had been rather a dab myself in the hunting-field we had much that was mutually interesting in our converse. All the while, however, I was on the alert to discover the first sign of the malady with which it had pleased God to afflict him. But in this I was disappointed, never for one moment did he show the slightest trace of eccentricity in his train of thought or the manner in which he expressed himself. By this time I felt that I was needed elsewhere and with an apology for leaving him, I passed on to my own room and rung for the strange attendant to be sent to me without delay.

"How did he take his coming here," I asked the man, more by way of leading on to something else.

"Oh, 'ee come along like a lam' sir, bless 'is 'art," quoth that worthy, "'is folks coddled 'im hup, as 'ow 'ee was agoin to a meet o' the 'ounds, and I was to drive 'im to cover, wile the cattle was to be sent on by rail."

This I found was all the information the man could give me. He had been called at a moment's notice, to go up from his smithy in the village to the Hall to take away the squire who was reported as "terrible bad," beyond this he knew nothing.

Dismissing the man with a small gratuity, I hurried off to dress, and receive the guests of the evening, amongst whom were some rather heavy swells, for the annual ball at the Retreat was considered quite one of the "social" fixtures in the neighborhood for miles around.

The ball was a great success. Each patient, of either sex, who could be depended upon in the matter of propriety and personal cleanliness, was there, and evidently on his and her best behavior (sic). Our guests were of the right sort after all and highly enjoyed the oddities of our people, and tolerated with a good deal of complacency the earnest young lunatic who caught imaginary flies on the walls, and then incontinently proceeded to gobble up the victims of the chase. They had little objection either to the dapper old lady who imagined herself an eight-day clock, and who, with tears in her eyes, shamelessly begged a shy young fellow to "wind her up, like a dear good fellow, as her works were all running down."

At last it was all over, the guests had all gone and our patients had been marched back to their different wards when I turned in to the watch-room—my usual custom before retiring—to see that all was in safe keeping for the night, and also to double lock the night-watch in. Perhaps should be explained here, the reason for double-locking a guard through the whole night with six or seven lunatics. The only reason I could ever give for such a custom at the Retreat was the fact that in years gone by a night-watch of an amorous turn had left the room for the purpose of meeting his sweetheart in the grounds, and during his temporary absence one of the lunatics in his charge was strangled by a patient who slept in the next bed. At any rate, whether this was true or not, the night watch at the Retreat had no means of leaving the room without my assistance or that of the head attendant. But in case of anything serious happening there were two bell ropes; one rang the general alarm for all the attendants to turn out, the other communicated directly with my own room. The watch-room at the Retreat contained seven beds, the occupants of which required constant watching, most of them suffering from epilepsy and, I may truthfully add, "general cussedness."

On reaching the watch-room on this eventful Christmas Eve, I noticed the new patient and an attendant, who had taken him there for the sake of company until my return from the ball, which, according to custom, had been held in the females' side of the building.

"Well, Brompton, how is your charge," I asked in an undertone. "All right, sir," said Brompton, "don't seem much the matter with 'im; a little low sperritted it may be, but nothink to speak of. I was just awaitin', sir, to know where to put 'im for the night."

"Oh, put him in the south gallery infirmary-room for to-night," I said, "and to-mor ow I will decide as to the future." A moment later Brompton and his charge had disappeared down the long, dimly-lighted corridor which led to another wing of the building called the south gallery.

After glancing around at the different beds my attention was struck by the disturbed appearance of the night-watch whose flushed face was strangely at variance with his usually healthy and rubicund features.

"Johnson!" I said, "what's the matter, man? You're not looking yourself to-night."

"Neether I hain't, sir," the man said. "I'm 'ardly hable to keep me'ead hup, it's a haching that bad."

"Look here, Johnson," I exclaimed, "you're not fit for duty. You're ill, man. Take these keys of mine down to the matron and ask her to send my tobacco and pipe, and some strong coffee up here. I shall take your place to-night. Now, not another word," I said, as Johnson protested in anything but the Queen's English, against 'himposing on my good natur.'"

Half an hour later, after a good swig at the coffee, my pipe well charged, and my feet on the guard of the open grate, I sat and smoked with the honest intention of keeping awake till morning. I wanted to think about the new patient, for I was interested all the more that I had to confess myself puzzled about the case. But reason about it as I would, I could come to no satisfactory solution of the matter, and at last made up my mind that the only thing to be done was to wait for the morning mail which would in all probability bring the desired information.

The great asylum clock rang out the hour of midnight and never had its brazen notes sounded so distinctly as on that eventful Christmas Eve. I got up to refill my pipe, went to the western window, and, unlocking its iron shutters, peered out into the gloom beyond. The mystery of the night hung over all, the whole valley beyond and the intervale were shrouded in darkness, and the awful stillness of the night hour was undisturbed save by the yells of Mallalieu, the big French maniac, in the next room, or the discordant laughter and cries that came from the other side of the quadrangle.

How stupid of me not to have told them to send me some books up, I thought, and then, to while away the time, I went down the corridor, inspected the beds there, and came back to the watch-room where "Old Death," the tall, bony epileptic in the corner bed, eyed me over in the most malevolent fashion, an unfailing sign that his "tantrums" were coming on in the immediate future. These "tantrums" consisted of a playful habit of striking out with his long, bony arm at every one he chanced to meet, a peculiarity of which was that he never struck twice at the same person, contenting himself with fresh victims in his erratic course. But even "Old Death" seemed to feel the witching influence of the hour, and, looking at him again, I saw that he was fast asleep.

Later on I heard the half-hour chime, and then I could keep my eyes open no longer, and I fell asleep. But not for long. Pandemonium itself seemed as naught to my awaking senses that night, for the whole of my seven patients, with one exception, were on the floor yelling and dancing like so many fiends. But loud and distinct above all was something more awful than their disconnected hollowings. In a few moments I had driven them to their beds, flung open the western window and peered out once more into the night. I had not long to wait; for at that moment there broke out a terrible cry, the horror of which at an hour like that my pen is unable to describe. Mortal agony and the growls of some wild beast seemed mingled in those fearful tones. For a moment all was silent, and then again and again rang out that hideous cry. Oh! what *could* it be? Not Mallalieu; *he* was in the next room to where I stood, besides—I should have recognized *his* cries in a moment. Then, and not till then, the thought flashed across me—*it must be the new patient.* In a moment I had relocked the guard, double-locked the door, and left my epileptics and idiots to take their chances, whilst I fairly flew down the corridor to the South Gallery, just in time to meet Brompton with a candle in his hand, his face whiter than death, and his whole bearing that of one distraught.

"Quick! Is it the new patient?" I asked.

Oh, my God! it's worse," gasped the horror-stricken man. "There's *summut in there a worrying 'im*, and, doctor, I forgot to move out the crockeryware (a grave breach of asylum discipline) when I locked 'im up for the night, and 'ees smash'd 'em to hatoms, and 'adn't we better ring up the hother attendants?"

"No, no, we haven't time. Give me the key and light the gas in the corridor whilst I open his door," I exclaimed, as we rushed up the south gallery. In a moment or two we were there, and never since my merciful God breathed into my frame the breath of life have I heard such hideousness as met my ears from the infirmary-room where the new patient was confined. It was, at first, a prolonged scream of unutterable agony, followed by the growling and rending of some wild animal that has seized on its prey. Not a moment was to be lost. By this time Brompton had lit the corridor jet and was once more the steady, self-contained keeper I had always known him. With a rapid injunction to him to keep his wits about him, I turned the key and flung open the door. In a second *he* was out—in his right hand a murderous chunk of broken crockeryware, with which he had slashed his face and body in the most piteous manner. He was a left-handed man, and fortunately for me it was that the weapon with which he struck at me was in his right hand, giving me time to strike up his arm and send it flying out of his grasp. Asylum work makes a man prompt in sudden emergencies, and in a trice I had him gripped by the waist and had flung him on his back, coming down with both knees on the pit of his stomach, and the little wind thus left him was for a moment effectually shut off by the action of my thumb on his windpipe.

But I might have spared myself the trouble, for the moment he was down, before Brompton had grasped his legs, he gasped out, "Thank God! I am safe at last!"

Poor fellow! After bathing his wounds we took him up to the watch-room, where his language and actions were perfectly rational. The next day I received no news from his people, and the following night I placed him in the watch-room, putting two attendants on guard, but nothing occurred. Then the thought struck me that darkness had a sinister effect upon him, and the following night I had him locked up in the infirmary (with the crockeryware carefully removed, be sure), and the result was a partial repetition of the first night. After this he slept in the bright light of the watch-room, and from that moment he commenced to improve.

Subsequently I learned that his delirium had been brought on by violent pain from a diseased tooth, aggravated in the incident I have alluded to by the horrors of darkness. He turned out to be a capital fellow, and being very fond of horses and dogs, I offered him a mount and easily induced him to ride to cover twice a week. Like most Englishmen he was a dab with the gloves and many a rattling set-to we had in my rooms unknown to the outside world of lunatics, matrons and attendants.

After this his recovery was very rapid, and within five months he was discharged "cured." To his repeated invitations to visit him I always pleaded pressure of work as I felt that my presence in his happy home circle must bring back the remembrance of that unhappy time when he passed his first Christmas Eve in a Mad-house.

H. K. COCKIN.

A Backwoods Christmas.

"Well, Carlo, so this here is Chris'mus,
By jingo, I almost forgot,
'Tain't what you an' me has been used to,
'Afore we come out here to squat.
Seems jist like the rest of the winter,
The same freezin' air, the same snow,
I guess that we can't be mistaken!
This almanac book says it's so.
Well, Carlo, you lazy old beggar,
Right here in the shanty we'll stay
An' celebrate Chris'mus together,
The loggin' will keep for a day.
We'll hang up this bit o' green cedar
Atop our old kerosene light,
It'll make things look somethin' like Chris'mus,
An' brighten us up a great sight
You're waggin' yer tail, are you, Carlo?
An' puttin' yer head on my knee,
That's one way to say Merry Chris'mus,
An' make believe you're fond o' me;
You scamp, I most think you're not foolin',
I see it right thar in yer eyes,
Don't fail me, old dog, it would kill me,
You're all the possession I prize.

Last Chris'mus—you bet I remember—
We weren't in a shanty that day,
In lumberin' tracts with the railroad
Some sixty an' odd mile away.
No, sir, we were home in the village,
With mother, an' Billy, an' Jack,
An', somehow, I feel like this minute
I kinder jist want to go back.
An' she was thar too, an' I loved her;
Yes, Carlo, I'll say so to you,
Because you believe that I'm honest.
An' them that thinks likewise is few.
You see she had promised to marry
Old Jack an' my heart kinder broke,
For tryin' to stand by him squar-like
Meant, love-words must never be spoke.
Somehow it got out, an' the neighbors
Said Jack was suspicious o' me;
I carried my heart out too open,
The world as it run by could see.
I'd cool it until thar thar' mornin'
On the Bay, when the storm caught us squar',
I hoped that we both would be drowded,
An' to d her my love then and thar'.
Her voice answered strange like an' broken,
Her lips they was white and compressed,
'Oh, Jamie, I'm glad you have spoken,
For, dear one, I loved you the best.'
An' then, with the storm devil a-grin'
Far out of my arms she was thrown.
O, God, when I come to my senses,
I was safe on the shore—but *alone.*
Alone, with her words still a sounding,
Those wild, lovin' words she jist said,
Alone with the terrible sorrow
Of knowin' my darlin' was dead.
Along, with my brave brother Billy,
Who saved my dishonorable life,
For all says I drowned her a purpose
To keep her from bein' Jack's wife.
I think I'd have borne it quite manly,
But when I looked Jack in the face,
He asked me to give the straight ticket,
I told him my love and disgrace;
But never a word did I mention
About them last words that she spoke,
I'd lost him enough, Heaven knows it,
His heart with my own had been broke.
It's hard on me havin' this achin',
This homelessness here in my breast,
But the hardest to bear is the knowin'
That Jack—well—*he thinks like the rest.*
No, Carlo, we won't be returnin'
To them parts for some time to come,
Tho' knowin' the white-haired old mother
Is waitin' to see us come home;
I guess she looks older this Chris'mus,
An' sadder, maybap, than I be;
For she an' brave Billy, an' you, sir,
Are all that believes now in me.
Well, Carlo! we'll look up some supper;
By Jingo, the days have growed short—
We've set here for hours jist a-talkin'—
We're two o' the indolent sort.
Well, well, this is Chris'mus, who'd thought it?
The evenin' is goin' to be long,
So we'll have a good smoke an' a fire
An' liven things up with a song.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

Mischievous Children.

A YOUTHFUL GRANDMA.

There are two very pretty illustrations adjoining this—pictures of the little ones dressed in the clothes of their grandparents. The grandparents are probably out for the day, and the little ones are taking advantage of the occasion to pose in the garb of their honest grandsires. Kattie, bright, blue-eyed, golden-haired lassie, has grandma's cap, spectacles and knitting, and is posing there with one fat and pudgy finger resting on her dimpled cheek, just as she has seen grandma sit time and time again while drinking tea with a cronie—for grandma has cronies, many of them, who love to come in and gossip and drink tea from the big, old fashioned cups stored in the big, old-fashioned closet.

Master Willie is imitating grandpa more faithfully still. He has put on the old red woolen cap with the blue tassel, which the old man wears about the house in the cold weather, for his white hair has become sparse and scattered with advancing years, and he needs some kind of covering to keep the nipping winds from playing too lively a tune about his shining pate. The boy has hunted up his grandfather's pipe and a cigar, and being of a mischievous turn of mind and a lad of spirit withal, he has lighted the cigar. In a few moments Master Willie will be a singularly sick and extremely wretched boy. He will feel that life holds no more enjoyment for him, and that its happiness and beauty are things of the past. But that will pass soon and the lesson taught the youth will, let us hope, not be lost upon him in after years.

It is a pretty sight to see the little ones assuming the airs and garb of their elders. Their imitation is generally very faithful. Unconsciously almost they pick up the peculiar characteristics of the individual members of the household. Little tricks of gesture and expression, little peculiarities of speech and inflections of the voice are copied with life-like fidelity. Almost all children are close observers, because their minds are entirely receptive. Every impression received in younger days is photographed on brain and eye to bear fruit, sometimes good and sometimes bad, in the years to come. In association with children it is well to remember this because the impressions of childhood bear an important part in the development of character.

IN GRANDPA'S CLOTHES.

My Christmas Gift.

The sky is clear and the wind is still;
Jack Frost is playing about to night,
He shows his skill on the breast of the hill,
Where his jewels glance in the fair moonlight,
The big trees crack with his wondrous power
And scare the owl in the dark woods hooting;
The moonbeams pa's the 'agging trail
Of the star in the east that is shooting.

'Tis Christmas-eve; my cattle are fed,
My horses have eaten their oats and hay;
At my lonely meal as I sit I feel
There's no joy for me this Christmas day,
And my mind goes back on and memory's track,
To youthful joys that were shared by another;
But the snow is now deep on the earth where sleep
My chum and my aged mother.

I live alone in the old farm house,
But a bachelor's hall is a dreary place,
And sweet vi-lons rise to my dreaming eyes
Of a dainty form and a lovely face
That would lessen the gloom of my heart and home.
Ah, Nellie O'Shea, what boundless pleasure
To know that m'ne is the gift Civine,
That to-night I shall ask to treasure!

Ho, Billy, my lad! He knows my tread;
His "whinner" salutes the opening door;
Through the collar he eagerly thrusts his head
And impatiently paws on the oaken floor.
A moment more and away we go;
Fleet be your foot and sure your pacing,
With a wind-fi ght you compete to-night,
For Cupid has entered the racing!

Up, up and away my valiant steed;
She must not be saying, "He's late, he's late!"
With a road like glass we'll swiftly pass
O'er the six short miles to her father's gate!
The watch dogs bark as we near the cots
Where the evening fires are kindly beaming,
'Til the road is past and at last, at last
I see her lamplight gleaming.

The moon is low in the western sky;
Now, Billy, my boy, we must homeward turn;
But I have no taste for your frantic haste,
The night is fair and 'tis long till morn.
Let the runners creak on the frozen track,
Let me hear your sweet bells faintly tinkle
And see as I go the frost on the snow,
And watch the bright stars twinkle.

How fair is the earth this sacred hour;
Our life has much that is good and bright;
As pure as that drift is the Christmas gift,
That has gladdened my anxious heart to-night.
The rich may smile at my homely style,
The simple joys of the country scorning,
But they know not the charm of the dear old farm
For me this Christmas morning.

VAN.

My Christmas Dinner.

I don't want to prejudice any one against me at the start, but I must say that I don't like Christmas. It is a dull day for me and I'm glad when it is over.

I am a bachelor (you have guessed that), and I don't live anywhere. I just board around, and I manage to get along very nicely until Christmas. On that day every familiar face is absent, and I confess it makes me feel blue.

Therefore it gave me all the shock of a pleasant surprise when Bobster said to me in his off-hand way:

"Tumbleston, come up and pick a bit of Christmas turkey with me. Nobody there but Mrs. Bobster and the kids—family affair—no style. You'll come, won't you?"

I said I would, not with alacrity, but with just enough heartiness to impress him with the notion that I was throwing several other invitations over my shoulder.

It was clear and cold on Christmas Day, and I started out to walk to Bobster's, and I was spinning along at a four-mile gait when it suddenly flashed upon me that this wouldn't do. I drew a mental picture of Bobster's family and saw that he had two children, a boy and a girl.

It wouldn't do to go empty-handed, and after a moment's gazing into a toy shop I entered and purchased a medium-sized but exceedingly noisy drum for the boy and a wax doll for the girl. These purchases I had neatly wrapped up, and without further adventure I knocked at Bobster's imitation mahogany door at 3 p.m.

"Delighted to see you," roared Bobster, coming to the door in *propria persona* and his shirt sleeves. "Just step into the sitting-room—you know Mrs. Bobster—I'm having a little tussle with the bedroom stove."

He was off like a shot and I walked into the sitting-room feeling like a fool. As a matter of fact I did not know Mrs. Bobster, having only met her once ten years before.

I was surprised to find her a severe lady with corkscrew curls.

"Delighted to meet you," said I, meeting her eye with some confusion. "Bobster told you, of course——"

At this critical moment, while I was smiling like four o'clock, and on the eve of making a good impression, my foot caught in a rug and I landed myself and my bundles on the lady's lap.

As I did so the door opened and another lady appeared.

"Why, ma!" she cried. "Who is this man?"

I could hardly refrain from assuring her that I was all right, and had just struggled to my feet when Bobster reappeared, with soot on his nose.

"Hello!" he cried, "what seems to be the row? Tumbleston, my wife. Mrs. Bagstock, my wife's mother."

"I saw my mistake and murmured my apologies, which I regret to say were not received in good spirit. I thought I perceived chunks of coolness lying around the room, so to speak.

With a view to dissipating the frigidity I unwrapped the bundles and said cheerfully:

"I took the privilege of making the youngsters a present—something for the little girl and the little boy."

I fancied that Mrs. Bagstock's laugh was simply satanic, and I was at a loss to conceive into what hole I had put my foot until Mrs. Bobster cried indignantly:

"The idea, ma! Why, sir, Milly is seventeen and Bobby past fifteen. Do you take them for idiots, to be pleased with such trifles?"

Here was a blunder indeed! It was ten years since I had seen the young Bobsters, and I had actually forgotten they had grown!

I felt so bad about it that when Bobster came in with his nose scuttled and wearing a black coat and white tie, I drew him privately aside and asked to be excused for the remainder of the day.

"The fact is that I don't feel well," I explained.

"Pooh! pooh!" laughed Bobster. "I admit that Mrs. Bagstock is—er—peculiar, at first, but you will soon get to like her. Why, Jim, she hasn't been here for three months and we are quite friendly at times."

Well, I allowed myself to be persuaded, like a fool, and, after depositing the unlucky presents in a dark corner of the hall I meandered in to dinner and was there introduced to Miss and Master Bobster.

Miss Bobster was pretty but pert, and Master Bobster was about as disagreeable as a boy of fifteen can be, and everybody knows what that means—Mrs. Bobster and her ma were on their dignity, and Bobster made a very poor fist at being jolly.

The dinner, I must say, was excellent, and had it been sauced with good temper I would have enjoyed it. I only prayed that it would pass without any outbreak; but it was not to be. Bobster had to get reminiscent—always a dangerous experiment for a married man.

"It's been twenty years since you and I ate a Christmas dinner," said he, jovially. "It was just after the war, Jim, when you had just closed that hard contract and money was plenty."

"Quite a difference nowadays, Julia," remarked Mrs. Bagstock in an audible aside.

"It was a jolly spread—I remember it well," went on the reckless Bobster. "There was you and I, Jenny Sands, Tillie Raymond, the one we used to call 'the flyer;' Pattie——"

"Ahem!" coughed Mrs. Bagstock. "Julia, my love, perhaps we had better retire while the gentlemen discuss actresses and——"

I came to the rescue in my usual happy style.

"That was before Fred was married, you know. Nowadays he never ventures on a frolic. Two or three brandies, a supper at the club or a nine o'clock game of billiards is his limit now."

"Really," exclaimed Mrs. Bagstock, with great asperity. "Julia, you will be told next that you deny Frederick a latchkey.

"Come, I say!" began Bobster.

I began to feel one hundred in the shade, and I was about to open my mouth again when young Bobster fortunately upset the gravy boat on my new pantaloons.

"Don't mention it," I cried, hastily, sopping up the gravy with a napkin. "I was just about to discard these panta——"

Mrs. Bobster screamed, and I at first thought I had shocked her sensibilities, but on closer scrutiny I discovered that I had deposited the gravy-soaked napkin in the lap of her green satin dress.

Here was a pretty how-d'ye-do, and as Mrs. Bobster and her sympathetic mother swept out of the room, Bobster smiled in a sickly fashion.

"New last week, old fellow, and cost a pretty penny."

"I am so sorry."

"Oh, don't mention it; I'm sure I——"

"No consequence, indeed!" cried Miss Bobster. "I'd like to know where my new dress is to come from if mamma is to have two inside of three years!"

"That will do, Drusilla," said Bobster, sharply, whereupon the offended miss upset the vinegar cruet and bounded out of the room. "We're having a regular monkey and parrot time," remarked Master Bobster, with a villainous grin, and I couldn't help but laugh.

"Really, Jim," remarked Bobster, "after what has passed I should think that you would restrain yourself."

I confess that this angered me.

"Confound you, Fred!" I cried, pushing back my chair; "if you think that I am enjoying this feed you are very much mistaken. I came here at your invitation and I have been insulted at least six times. I don't know what I've done, but I'm sure——"

Bobster arose from his chair and so did I. Master Bobster also arose, and out of the corner of my eye I saw the young rascal rub his hands as if in anticipation of a fight to the finish without gloves.

At that instant, before time was called, as it were, the door bell rang violently and Bobster left the room without a word.

I seized the opportunity to slip into the hall and invest myself with my hat and coat. I could hear Bobster talking loudly to some one on the front steps. Presently he came in with a pale face, and he started as he saw me.

"Not going, Jim, old boy?" he said in a shaky voice.

"Yes, I am," I replied stiffly.

"No, no, Jim," he continued, visibly excited. "Step into the sitting room, won't you?"

Before I could answer he shoved me in and closed the door.

"Oh, no apologies," I said, hurriedly; "I appreciate the vexations of married life, and I don't reproach you. But I really can't stay in this house any longer."

"Yes, I know, I know," said Bobster, hurriedly, "but it isn't that. I say, can you let me have thirty dollars till the first of the year?"

"Thirty dollars!" I gasped.

"Yes, until the first of January. Most unfortunate occurrence—horse race last October—gave the man my note—deuced unprofessional to come to a man's house and looks like blackmail, but—you saw Mrs. Bagstock!"

I nodded.

He sighed. "Estimable woman, but— Confound it, Jim, unless you want my blood on your head you'll let me have the money!"

Of course that was taking an unfair advantage of me, and I knew it, but what was I to do? You may have been in the same boat yourself.

When I got outside I was so mad at myself that I streaked for the nearest hotel and assuaged my grief with a small bottle. Figuring up there at my leisure I made it out that my Christmas dinner had cost me enough (I had a clairvoyant idea that I wouldn't see Bobster on the first of the year) to have entertained my friends in style.

Can you wonder that I made a mental vow to cast all future Christmas invitations sternly behind me?

Well, I did, and that is why I will dine in solitary state this Christmas Day. Excuse me—no, I really can't? I must decline.

JAMES HARVEY SMITH.

A Paying Investment.

Mark Hanniford's Christmas Eve musings were not inspiring ones certainly. To find himself on the lowest round of the ladder after years of financial prosperity, battling with sickness, and starvation almost, in a cheerless back attic—brought to this pass through the dishonesty of his partner and subsequent losses by fire—was disheartening, to say the least.

Mark had a brave spirit and a clear conscience, but his sickness had brought him into a low mental condition. He looked around upon the room, with its faded carpet, dingy furniture, rusty stove, and low bed, where he had spent hours of pain and loneliness. He grew impatient. He longed to get out of the dismal suggestions of the surroundings. But he was chained to the room by weakness, for his gaining strength could not keep pace with his impatient spirit, without money or friend upon whom he could call, except the good landlady, who had tended him as kindly as if she had seen a prospect of recompense.

The Christmas gladness throbbing in the air oppressed him by contrast. He thought almost bitterly how his friends had dropped away when adversity came. He had never married, which was fortunate, he told himself.

He had been pacing the room slowly. He stirred up the fire, then sat down by the window, drew aside the curtain and sought diversion in the outlook. The rich gloom of the starry night was over the roofs of the city. His window commanded a view of the rear of the tall dwellings on Sherbourne street. He caught glimpses of bright home interiors through their lighted windows. He could look across the dim back yards into a conservatory, where, unmindful of surrounding frost, the tropical plants and flowers drew summer into their glowing hearts. Just above were the windows of a handsomely-furnished room. The curtains were not dropped. He could see the marble dressing-case, the full length mirror, the massive frames of the pictures glinting in the mellow light, the rich window drapery, the clustered roses of the carpet.

This was not his first observation of the room, or its occupant, a lady, who now entered, and moved around the room quietly, a slender graceful figure, with coils of blonde hair crowning a face whose features and expression he could not discern clearly, but which he felt sure, must be sweet and womanly.

For some unknown reason his heart had gone out to her from the first time he had observed her. She sat down at length before the glowing open fire. In his weakness and hopelessness Mark reached out his hands towards her for warmth, and comfort, and companionship. There seemed to be some subtle sympathy between them. How he longed to sit before that glowing fire! He glanced again at the rusty stove, with its handful of fuel, and at the red-cheeked china milkmaid on the mantelpiece over it, with that everlasting simper upon her face, and turned again to the bright interior opposite with a touch of home-sickness. A gentleman had entered, and was sitting opposite the lady. He could see that they were conversing earnestly.

The chimes of Christmas bells from a neighboring church came to his ears. He listened. He opened the window for a moment to draw the restful melody into his soul. He had never become cynical; he had too much of the opulence of manhood for that. The sweet music awoke exquisite vibrations in his heart. It grew and grew upon him. He closed the window. A new atmosphere had been created around him. The room seemed full of voices whispering, "Cheer up!" "Merry Christmas!" "Look out for your dividends!" "Merry Christmas!"

His spiritual sense was quickened, his inner perceptions had grown keen through isolation. The whispers mingled with the melody of the bells, murmuring:

"Peace and good will,
Good will and peace,
Peace and good will
To all mankind."

He looked over his shoulder, half expecting to see faces there.

But the only likeness of living thing to be seen in the room was the milkmaid, standing with her pail balanced upon her head, as if about to step from the dingy mantelpiece into the coal box, as she had done all through his sickness. In his half delirious hours he had longed to sweep her into the coal box, or into oblivion, that eternal smile was so exasperating and unsympathetic.

Across the way the lady had risen from before the fire. He could see her reflection in the tall mirror as she faced the gentleman, who was talking with earnest gestures.

A scene of long ago came before him. It took hold of him persistently. He saw two friendless children sitting together on a doorstep, the little boy holding his sister's hand tightly, the tear-stained face and tremulous lips of the latter upturned to him, piteously asking for something to eat. His heart warmed and glowed with the recollection of the brightness he had shed over these two young lives that far away Christmas Eve. He had taken them to his own cosy bachelor quarters and left them in the warmth and brightness, returning with such a supper for them as made their eyes glisten. They had told him of the mother dead only two days, and how they had no one in the world to care for them. He had made them a bed on his sofa, dividing his own bedclothes with them. He remembered how in the night he had turned up the gas to look into the two sweet faces close beside each other, with the shadow of their sorrow upon them even in slumber.

He had assumed the responsibility of caring for them, had found a home for each, and, feeling he had not yet fulfilled their claim upon him, he had bought a share for each in a newly organized stock company. All this had happened years and years ago. Amid reverses and changes of residence he had lost sight of them completely.

They had been so fond of him. He could feel their arms about his neck, their kisses on his face. They had been well grown when he had last seen them. They must be wealthy now, for the value of the stock in which he had made the modest investment for them had increased beyond the wildest dreams of the company.

"Merry Christmas!"

"Look out for your dividends!"

Were the voices within him or without him? He could see the lady, now dressed in a long fur-trimmed cloak. In a few moments the two passed out of the room together.

He sat wondering over his lightsomeness of spirit, not yet connecting it with the party he had been observing. Presently he heard steps upon the stairs, a man's deep tones, the silver notes of a woman's voice. There was a rap at the door. He opened it. There stood the two who had left the room opposite. He could not mistake them.

"Mr. Mark Hanniford?" questioned the gentleman.

"Yes," Mark returned, looking from one to the other, with dawning recognition in his eyes.

"I am George Stanley," said the gentleman.

"And I am Emily," said the lady, stepping forward, her eyes brimming with tears and reaching out both hands to Mark, who stood a striking and pathetic figure in the cheerless room with his abundant iron-gray hair clustering about his noble head, his face thin and pale, his eyes unnaturally large, yet luminous with an inner light.

"I learned to-day by the merest chance," George said as he clasped the hand of his benefactor, "that you were here sick and alone."

"And you are coming to our house to-night," Emily supplemented. "A room is being prepared for you, and George will get a carriage."

Mark did not protest. His bread cast upon the waters had returned to him again.

The carriage came. He was assisted down the stairs by careful hands. George had slipped a bill into the hand of the landlady, who watched his departure between smiles and tears.

The angel of peace and good will lingered long over that roof in Sherbourne street that night. Mark's cup was full to overflowing as the brother and sister lingered around him, their faces beaming with love and gratitude in the midst of the warmth and luxury to which he had so long been a stranger.

Mark found his level again as a partner in the business in which George Stanley was engaged. In Emily's eyes he is the grandest man in the world, and since she has promised to be his wife she has told him that from her childhood up to her ripened womanhood he has been the hero for whom she waited.

P. B. M.

A FROLICSOME FAMILY.

The Old Pond.

You remember the old pond, way back in the woods—a bathing pool in summer and a natural skating rink now. It isn't a great way from here. You can reach it in a short walk, but you can't feel half as happy there now as you could when you were young and took your little sweetheart there to skate when school was over.

The old mill beside the pond is deserted and still. The sage old crow on top of the motionless wheel is wearing that serenely happy cast of countenance that only attacks those who are perfectly satisfied with all their surroundings. The red-faced miller, with the kindly smile and the jovial way, isn't there now. He sleeps over the hill yonder, where the snow on the ground seems to merge into the marble slabs and columns that rise at irregular intervals. And the mill is deserted and is rotting, rotting away, and soon it will form just as much a part of the ground as the old man over the hill, whose joys and hopes and ambitions and fears were all bound up in it while he lived.

There was Katie, too—the red-faced miller's rosy daughter. Katie has gone Away. She is in the city somewhere. You can see her at the matinee in silk attire, with costly diamonds flashing from her dainty ears. There is rouge on her face now. It has lost the beautiful coloring nature gave it in youth. There is no mirth in her laughter, either. It is joyless and sad. Her voice is harsh and cold, her manner brazen and audacious. She has lost the simple innocence, the trusting confidence, the happiness and purity of her youth. A bitter woman has arisen from the ashes of the tender, trusting, merry-hearted girl who left her home with one for whom she scorned the world.

It is well that the old miller Sleeps.

There is a poetic desolation, a dreary sadness about the old pond to-day. The trees are gray and silent. The melodious whispering of the leaves of summer cannot be heard. No birds sing from their quivering depths. Occasionally the silent charm is broken by a stray rabbit ambling over the dry, brittle leaves; the shrill, lonely halloo of the screech-owl, or the occasional caw of the pirate crow sitting sedately up there on the old mill-wheel. Now and then a snow-flake eddies and twists about in the air, telling of a snowstorm near. The sheep are all huddled together like so many gossips, except that they are silent, and the turkeys are bunched on the topmost limbs of the walnut trees at the gate. The silent charm of the close of a gray day settles softly down. Everything seems downy and soft. The monotonous drab is only relieved by the green of the cedar, and the shriek of the small boy as the pond suddenly slips from under him.

Rosebushes and hawthorns fringe the pond. When the roses bloomed in summer we couldn't reach them because they overhung the water. Now we can get at them, but there are no roses to pluck. We would probably like to pluck some because there are none to pluck, and we are human. We yearn for the delights of summer in winter, just as we do for the pleasures of winter in summer.

The haws on the branches shine like so many rubies or drops of claret. In appearance the hawthorn that fringes the pond is a rum-shrub. But the haws do not taste as sweet today as they did twenty years ago. They have lost the flavor of youth.

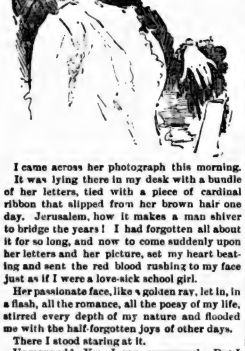
And then we used to play shinney, and that is enough to keep the pond fresh, even if it were salt, in our memory. The ring of the wooden ball bounding over the ice will never be forgotten. There will again be as happy a day for any of us, as any Saturday we spent on the old pond in the woods. Even the dog, who spent most of his time snoozing bilsafully beneath the stove, would come along, knowing he could not be thrown in as he was during the summer. And then the fun of putting on girls' skates while our fingers were so numb we couldn't have picked up a $5 gold piece with them. And the fun of cleaning off the ice after a heavy storm. That was twice as much fun as cleaning the snow off the walk in front of the house. And the fun in stealing the farmers' rails to keep the fire going. The boys huddle around the fire until their faces glow like so many toy balloons—just as we huddled and glowed twenty years ago. All the boys have nice fires at home, but they won't stay home to enjoy them. They want to be out where it is coldest and then build a fire to take the chill off.

Twenty years ago! We feel old as we watch them at it now—the boys of to-day doing the difficult feats on ice that we did twenty years ago in our old-fashioned red rockers, with big pieces of pine shoved under the straps to keep them tight and firm.

JOHN SMITH.

WAITING.

An Old Idiocy.



I came across her photograph this morning. It was lying there in my desk with a bundle of her letters, tied with a piece of cardinal ribbon that slipped from her brown hair one day. Jerusalem, how it makes a man shiver to bridge the years! I had forgotten all about it for so long, and now to come suddenly upon her letters and her picture, set my heart beating and sent the red blood rushing to my face just as if I were a love-sick school girl.

Her passionate face, like a golden ray, let in, in a flash, all the romance, all the poesy of my life, stirred every depth of my nature and flooded me with the half-forgotten joys of other days.

There I stood staring at it.

Unmanned! Yes, I was unmanned. But I could no more help it than you can help being honest with yourself at times and looking over your shoulder, so to speak, at all the dead roses and withered thorns along the winding path of life.

How the memory of the dear old times came over me as I looked again at her face! I heard again her sweet, soft voice and its tones thrilled me to the heart. The very swoon of the dying summer, the very scent of the burnt leaves, the very song of the birds again. I caught the flash of her eyes, the hint of a smile about the corners of her demure little mouth, the very leaping of a wind-tossed lock of her wavy hair blown from its fastening.

It seems to me now that she was part of that autumnal dream. I cannot separate her from the warm, hazy, slumbrous beauty of September. I remember as if it were yesterday, how I gathered some dead grasses and a big bunch of flaming golden rod, and twisting them clumsily, went through the mock ceremony of presenting her with a bouquet. And I remember too—how my heart beats even now at the thought of it—how she hugged that clumsy bunch all the afternoon and would not throw it away.

I can see her now walking along the old road, with the shadows of the big trees lengthening across it. I can see again her beautiful face, with eyes like a tropical midnight, full of dreams at times, and again shooting fire like a summer cloud which is rimmed with lightning. She had a warm, passionate, gifted nature. She was as bright as a ray of sunshine. She charmed men with her wit and fascinated them with her variable talents.

And I was her favored lover!

Well, I was no more the fool than other men have been. Who would have thought those flashing eyes of hers were burnt-umber lies? No one would take that sweet, demure, piquant face for a mask of hypocrisy, would they now? How in the world is one to tell that a sweet, low, murmuring voice comes out of a hollow heart?

One late September night we sat on the gray sand of the Island. A red moon was coming up out of the lake mists, and it threw a bridge of fire across the dusky waves. Forthwith troeped over its dancing timbers all the phantom hopes and lunar dreams of lovers. Her hand lay in mine. Her dark cheek was very close to mine. We were silent. It was very much in love and silence suited me. Suddenly she spoke and with her usual impetuosity. "Oh, Harry, why don't you talk of what I'm thinking about?"

"Because I can't always read your thoughts—they're so uncertain."

"Read my feelings then—they're steadier."

"Are you quite sure?"

"I wish I were as sure of all things as I am of one thing. How much do you think of me?"

"More than I ever thought of anything before. You're a necessity to my thinking."

"What are you going to do with me?"

"Love you."

"Do you know what it means?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Happiness.'

"Do you mean happiness for me, or are you only thinking of yourself?"

"You are the first one that ever taught me to forget myself. I don't see why you should ask me that!"

"I wish know myself. What made you love me?"

"I've asked myself that question a thousand times, but I never get any other information than that I do. It's a mystery. I love you, I think, because you are you. I love everything about you and belonging to you, and when you add it all up, my dear, the amount of love my heart holds for you is simply incalculable. If I turned it loose it would mean a second deluge. It is love, worship, adoration, blind, helpless, hopeless infatuation."

"Neither helpless nor hopeless, Harry," she said tenderly. "I do love you—I do indeed."

Not all the wisdom of the world, nor conscience, nor all the good angels could convince me that she was not sincere. Not all the storms of nature or tempests of life could chill the songs of my buoyant heart after that. I kissed her again and again. I whispered fond words of endearment. I pressed her to my heart and rained kisses on her hair, her brow, her cheeks, her lips.

Moonlit sands and words of love! Jehu! how the emotions of your dead loves do come back to you!

Let me look through her letters. H-m! The usual fragments—"call Tuesday evening"—"that horrid Billson wanted to come, but I told him I would be out"—"be sure and come early this time, dear, I have so much to say to you"—h-m—h-m! "The hours seem like days when you are from me." And so on, through long pages written in her free, firm, characteristic hand—terms of endearment scattered plentifully through the pages. Hello! Here are the very verses she cut out of the paper and sent to me. Listen to them:

The crystal beaker of this Sunday morn
Is at my lip, O dear one, and the sky
Sings sweet hosannas, but I am forlorn,
The music of the Sabbath bells goes by
And all the soun is that heaven meant to bless
Leave me astray in hollow lone liness.

But come time, dear one, I shall be with you,
Thou shalt not always walk alone in life,
Some mystic day, with sweet celestial blue,
Is dawning for us out of present strife,
And then I'll come and dwell with you apart
Within the temple of your guarded heart.

It may not be in life for who can say
Out of the present what is yet to be
But even death cannot keep me away,
My soul will come ass ured, my own, to thee,
Thou may st not see me in that by-and-bye
But then shalt hear my voice and know I.

Some evening when the light is sadly fair,
When summer's wildwood roses are abloom,
When all the breezes blowing eastward bear
Upon thy wings, my love, our old perfume,
I'll come and guard thy way, to thee unknown,
Thou shalt not walk alone, thou shalt not walk alone.

So safely will I come unto your heart
And knock upon the doorway of the past,
That only love shall hear, and take my part
And hold me in your memory close and fast.
Thou'll know me in the gloaming, O my own,
Thou shalt not walk alone, thou shalt not walk alone.

I put the cutting back in the envelope, walked over to the window and began to soliloquize. "The unutterable sentimentality of it all is sickening," I said. "'Thou shalt not walk alone,' indeed! Well, I am walking alone—awfully alone. I have no companion but a thumb-marked copy of Browning, and, if that isn't loneliness, I'm a Dutchman. And that jade has gone off with some other fellow, and is probably cutting pretty poetry out of SATURDAY NIGHT and sending it to him!"

But the bitter reflections running through the necromantic fancies the sight of her photograph had called up would not kill the fancies. I remembered the last time I saw her—the big room in her uncle's house, with the Smyrna rugs thrown with intentional carelessness on the polished floor; the etchings on the walls; the plants in the windows; the water-color sketches on the carved easel; the cottage piano standing open, a red scarf hanging over one end of the ivory key-board, the gold-thread monogram showing plainly. The last sounds I heard from that instrument were on that russet afternoon when she sat there with the twilight deepening in her wavy hair and sang "In the Gloaming."

It was best to leave you thus, dear! Well, perhaps it was, only it's a pretty rude shock for a man to find that his passionate love kisses have been printed on false lips.

Just a note the next day: "Good-bye. Forgive me if you can; if not, forget me. It was best to leave you thus, dear, best for you and best for— Oh! Harry, love, good-bye. Think kindly of me. JENNIE."

There's a woman for you. "Forget me and think kindly of me!" Deal a man the hardest blow possible, shatter his faith, his trust, his love, his hope, his happiness, and then ask him to do that. Well, it's more than I can do. When I heard that she had gone away to get married I cursed her—I give you my word for it, I cursed her. And I've been spending the rest of my life trying to forget her.

And I've succeeded pretty well until now—

Tush! What folly it all is! Why should a man of practical sense sit deliberately down like this and open the healing wound, pore over the tokens of his lost love, which seem so far away and so cruel?

I don't know.

When a man wants to be alone with his past, he's out of order. He's eating his heart. And the next day he'll curse himself for his folly.

Well, it *is* idiotic. The letters and photograph and the heart-wound that may never heal, are all I have left of her. I'll burn the two and trust to time to close the latter.

Into the fire they go one by one. See how they flame and flutter. There go the verses now. How they writhe and roll, just as if they had some heart in them.

And now for the photograph. Saints of old! how it all comes back to me! She seems to be looking at me with her eyes full of penitence and love. The whole glory of the past seems to be waiting for me to say the word that it may pour over me.

Bah! Am I nothing but a sentimentalist? Ah! there goes the picture at last, and I give a sigh and go back to the open ledger—a blacksmith's book, which I do overtime for two dollars a week—with its dreary columns of figures.

W. C. N.

The Dying Pugilist.

Good morning, Parson, I'm glad you're come; I reckon I'm going fast.
My sec nds have got me up once more; the next round 'll be my last.
Drath had me over the ropes that time, and the knock down blow was square:
Another like that, and I guess you'll see my sponge go up in the air.
Time was this fist like a hammer would bruise, and cut like a razor, too;
Now look at it lying here weak as a babe's with bones a'most coming through.
Death's champion now, and no mistake; when he sends his challenge in,
There's no backing out; you've got to fight, and at last he's bound to win.
I hate those whining canting chaps, wot was here the other day,
And talks and talks, and won't never hear wot a feller has to say,
Leatways not unless he cants like them, but you're summut like a man;
You lets a poor cove say just what he feels, and say it as best he can.
I went with the rest as a young un, and larned what they teach at Sunday School,
And remembers bits of it even now, as I ain't altogether a fool.
But, bless yer, the things they told us there didn't take no hold on me then;
Poor critters! they seemed to mean business, but they wasn't my notion o' men.
Way! a big feller one day was kicking a little chap half his size,
So I gave him a wunner wot sent him to grass and blackened both of his eyes;
And a long tongued, sailer-skinned super, never axed about wrong or right,
But jawed away the whole afternoon how wicked it was to fight.
There's two chaps, though, in the Bible whose stories I never forgot:
One's Samson wot licked the Philistins, and let 'em have it so hot;
Tother's David, wot tackled the giant with only a stone and a sling:
It wasn't wot you'd call a regular mill, but a wonderful plucky thing.
And the big chap had b'usered and bullied, cos he didn't think nobody'd fight;
So I cheered when the light weight knocked him out, for I thought it served him right.
Then as sets up for being so pious says prize-fighting's terrible sin.
So it is—when yer se la yer backers, and doesn't go in to win.
A smoking cuss, wot would go for to play sich an out and out blackguard trick,
Hadn't ought to be squarely fought, but pitched from the ring like a doz with a kick.
Fights ain't so dangerous, not by half, as many a kind of sport
Wot a cove may take up, and nobody to care to say as he hadn't ought.
There's soldiers, firemen, railway men, and a heap of others too,
Has a much better chance o' being killed, a'most everything they do.
In useful perfessions, yer'll say perhaps, it's right to risk life and limb.
Well, wot gets a feller his living, says I, is precious useful to him.
A rattling mill is a roughish sight, when claret's flying about,
Or a nose gets smashed, or a chap goes down with a regular clean knock out.
Howsomdever sich things is trifles to us. They'd finish the likes o' you;
But a *good man*—in proper condition o' course—is all right in an hour or two.
And the fuss is all made by fellers as hasn't no right to speak,
Whippersnappers o' straw which a tap on the jaw would knock 'em slap into next week.
That's just where the trouble comes in, yer see; folks don't know what other chaps feel;
And yer soft mollycoddles han't no idee wot it is to have muscles like steel,
And a bull-dog's head on yer shoulders, wot a sledge-hammer hardly could break,
And a great lion's heart in yer body, wot's ready to give and to take.
Tother chap, maybe, gets on yer ribs with his right, and shoots his left straight in yer phiz;
And just as he's thinking to knock yer out, you gets right and left upon his;
And yer backers cheer like mad, and bets more free as yer puts in the blows;
There's a sort o' wild Injun joy in it all sich as nothing comes nigh wot I knows.
Just shake off the parson a minute, and look at it straight like a man;
Here's stalwart chaps with a living to get, and to get the best way they can.
How's cove's like us to get on in the world as ain't overburdened with brains?
Would yer have us go working as navvies with spades, and laying down roads for trains?
We'd fight just the same, cos it's in us, but in drunken quarrels, like fools,
Instead o' fair matches whin London P. R., or Markis o' Queensberry rules,
And get into fights without training, and some of us p'raps be killed:
For it's that wot does it; I shudders to think wot a lot o' blood might be spilled.
Folks natral cottons to things in wot they can knock all comers out;
And them wots *good enough men* can't see no harm in a friendly bout.
There's many a bloke you'd think was a saint, the way he takes on about sin;
But meetings and preachings is *his* P. R. wot he finds himself champion in.
And we fights as a matter o' business, not in malice, that ain't our plan;
And a true boxer 'd hit an old woman soon as hurt an ornary man.
There was Billy the Kentucky chiaken, a feller wot took his place
On a railway car, when he gave him his mind, up and hit him square in the face.
If he'd knocked the bloke's head off his shoulders 'twould hardly have been unfair;
But he just ketched hold of him, collar and pants, and held him up in the air
For a second or two, then laid him down, as a mother might lay her child;
And when he begged pardon, let him up, and shook his hand and smiled.
Us pugilists *ain't* all brutal. No sir; I denies it flat;
And I rayther think as none but a pug would have done sich a thing as that.
In the matter o' liquor, and wuss than that, we's much like others I think;
But a pugilist ain't never good for much wot's reg'lar given to drink.
Yer can't go stoopidly focling round with a heavy fight to come.
And it's all times best, if a feller knows how, to keep clear o' the women and rum.
So in training I allus lived strictly square, but when business was all got through,
I drank pretty free and sometimes had—well I did as you *gentlemen* do.
And it's that wot makes me feel so bad, and that's the only thing
As I sees any call to be sorry for, and hooray! says I, for the ring.
But I wants to make my peace with God, so I likes to hear you preach;
Its awful to think o' standing up to sich odds in weight and reach.
So I keeps on saying again and again that little bit of a prayer,
And I hopes to Heaven they'll let me in—but *is there no prize-fights there?*

TRINITY COLLEGE. ALDERSON BOYS.

The Poetry of Christmas-tide.

Christmas is a festival of memories, greetings, love and brightest hope. The Christian year is starred with anniversaries, but Christmas is the gem of all others, for it stretches from Bethlehem to Calvary—its poetry is the poetry of the human heart. He who is the inspiration of all true poetry gave us the great epic of Christmas-tide, and through angelic messengers proclaimed to man "*Gloria in Excelsis Deo et in terra pax hominibus.*" And so this happy season has ever been observed as a time of peace, good-will and cheer. The rich share their worldly goods with the poor; the afflicted are visited and comforted; the king, the peasant and the lord stand around one common altar of charity, and in the name of Him who represents the poor, offer up gifts of frankincense and myrrh. Christmas is indeed a time of joy. Hearts long estranged are brought together. Deep wounds are healed. The fireside glows with the affections of family ties, the chambers of memory are hung with pictures of the past and every heart is a harp whose chords throb with the melody of Christmas-tide.

Ring in the memories of olden days,
And the joys of bright Christmas-tide,
A wreath of song for the hearts that live,
A prayer for the souls who died.
Ring, in the love of a mother's heart,
The faith of a father's tear—
These hint the lines of sweet Christmas-tide,
A golden chain for the year.

O hearts that love!
Ye feel the cheer;
The wreath of song,
But hides a tear.

Around the hearth we miss each friend;
Around our joys fond memories bind.
The harp-keen strings—ah, who will pledge?
Life's tuneful lyre rends each face;
The old—the young—the loved once dear—
Bloom in our heart thro' memory's tear.

Ring in the starry songs of heaven—
The flame-lit hours of happy home;
Across the sky in distant dreamland,
Sweet voices fill the starry dome.
The heart of June is filled with throbbings;
Hark to the laughter of a sweet May;
Around the fires bright months of roses
Chap hands and welcome Christmas day.

O hearts that sing
And know not sorrow,
Ye dream of bliss
That light to-morrow.

Come! let us welcome at the door,
The friends our hearts have known of yore
Give to our boards good Christmas cheer,
And crown with flowers the coming year;
Sing 'round the merry, merry song,
The wine of life—in deeds prolong.

This morn—O Faith, and Hope, and Love,
The rainbow seal in Heaven above,
The stars chant forth a glorious hymn,
The New Born dwells in Bethlehem;
The hills rejoice, the seas proclaim
The glory of a Saviour's name.

Gloria in Excelsis Deo
Rings the heavenly song,
Gloria in Excelsis Deo,
Chants the heavenly throng.
Gloria in Excelsis Deo
From the starry sky,
Gloria in Excelsis Deo,
Peals the hymn on high.

This morn—O sinless souls of grace,
Kneel at the cri in lowly place;
Before the altar of the heart
Let incense pure in prayer depart.
O peace on earth! O peace from Heaven!
Sweet flower of peace at Bethlehem given.

Gloria in Excelsis De
Sings the angels choir,
Gloria in Excelsis Deo,
Strikes the heavenly lyre;
Gloria in Excelsis Deo
Hark to the notes afar,
Et in terra pax hominibus,
Bethlehem's heavenly star.

As I write I find myself holding a levee of departed Christmas nights. into my room silently come these apparitions, "clad in snowy mantles, brooched and gemmed with frosts." Here is one of childhood seated in a chair by the crackling fire dreaming of gifts from the generous hand of that mythical king of good offices, Santa Claus. O blessed faith of childhood peeping through curtains of hope for tokens of affection and love, how dear are thy delusions to the matured heart environed with the iron realities of life! Though we were rulers of empires, moulders of a nation's destiny in court or camp, we must unbend before thy spirit as tenderly manifested in the innocent yet sublime confidence of Annie and Willie's prayer:

"Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me
And grant us the favor we are asking of Thee,
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring,
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us as much as does he;
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie Amen."

"Please, Deuss, 'et Santa Taus tum down to-night
And bring us some p'esents before it is light;
I want he should div' me a nice 'ittle wel,
With 'right shin-o' 'unners and all painted red;
A box full of tandy, a book, and a toy,
Amen, and then, Deuss, I'll be a dood boy."

And so the Christmas spirits that have trooped in and filled my study room, speak to my heart in the tones of many years. They conjure up scenes that have long passed away. The very songs, jests and laughter that erstwhile filled the youthful heart with Christmas cheer, break in on life again. Off with those beards, boys! They were not worn in college days. How could you enter into the knight errantry of college revelry with such testimony of age upon your faces. As well seek for roses beneath the snow. Life is marked by seasons. Spring opens up a vista of hope and promise before the mind; summer warms its fruitage; autumn garners life's harvest-tide; and winter weaves for the weary brow a crown of faith.

The Christmas of boyhood and the Christmas of school days are one—the same warm pulse stirs the heart of each. It seems but yesterday that we rehearsed the charade for the holiday exhibition and our heart glowed with a covenant of prospective pleasure. It seems but yesterday that we knelt before the lowly crib at Bethlehem with the incense of midnight mass around us while the tender notes of that Christmas hymn so dear to every Christian heart—the *Adeste Fideles*—moved to deep devotion each pious soul:

"Adeste fideles, laeti triumphantes
Venite, venite in Bethlehem.
Natum viziete Regem angelorum,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

O ye who scoff at religion and its perfections in the human heart, ye who would chill the flowers of piety with atheistic frosts, come kneel at the lowly manger at Bethlehem and receive the chrism of faith upon your brows. Read in spirit the great epic of Christmas-tide. It blinds soul to soul in Christian charity. It is a balm for the wounded heart. Across nineteen centuries canopied with a heaven of eternal promise, the soul harkens to the first sublime notes of the Nativity:

The stars in the far-off heaven
Have long since struck eleven!
And hark! from temple and from tower,
Sounds the time's grandest midnight hour,
Blessed be the Saviour's birth,
And night putteth off the sable stole,
Symbol of sorrow and sign of dole,
For one with many a starry gem,
To honor the Babe of Bethlehem,
Who comes to men the King of them,
Yet comes without robe or diadem,
And all turn low to the holy east,
To hear the song of the Christmas feast.

Four thousand years earth waited,
Four thousand years men prayed,
Four thousand years the nations sighed
Last their King so long delayed.

The prophet told His coming,
The saintly for Him sighed;
And the star of the Babe of Bethlehem
Shone o'er them when they died.

Their faces towards the future,
They hoped to hail the light
That in the after centuries
Would rise on Christmas night.

But still the Saviour tarried,
Within His Father's home;
And the nations wept and wondered why
The promise had not come.

At last earth's hope was granted,
And God was a child of earth;
And a thousand angels chanted
The lowly midnight birth.

Oh! Bethlehem was grander
Than home than Paradise;
And the light of earth that night eclipsed
The splendors of the skies.

Then let us sing the anthem
The angels once did sing;
Until the music of love and praise
O'er whole wide world will ring!

May the spirit that blesses the festival of Christmas abide in our Canadian homes, consecrate the hearts of our people and establish all classes and all creeds in the permanency of true peace, Christian charity and love.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

Waiting.

He is late and she is waiting for him. The evening has slipped past slowly. He should have come an hour ago.

Will he come?

Why, of course, he will. She is young and charming, and he loves her devotedly. Something has detained him. Presently the door will open and his brisk step will echo on the polished floor.

What would he say could he see her as we see her now? Would he wonder of whom she is thinking? Would he imagine that her thoughts are playing about him, wondering what he will say when he comes, how he will look and act, what he will do? Would he guess that her dear, modest, maiden heart is pulsing with love for his own unworthy self?

Probably not.

Because, you see, the young man is very much in love and like all true lovers he is impressed with the sense of his own unworthiness. When he approaches her he becomes awkward and embarrassed. He deals in eloquent silences for he fears that his tripping tongue will not carry him safely through. He has no self-confidence left and if he had any with him he wouldn't know what to do with it.

But he loves her. And she knows it. And she loves him, but he doesn't know it, for she is far too cool and self-possessed a young lady to let him see that that fair citadel, her heart, has been already captured.

A Christmas Carol.

Ring out, ring out, ye Christmas bells!
Ring out across the snow!
For Christ was born on Christmas morn
Two thousand years ago;
And all we are and hope to be
We owe to that nativity.

Ring out, ring out, ye Christmas bell
A peal loud and long,
Till every heart, in gladsome part,
Breaks forth in grateful song:
"Lord Jesus, for this day of days,
How can we ever sing thy praise!"

O blithe and happy Christmas bells,
Ring out from zone to zone,
In every clime 'tis Christmas time,
Wherever God is known.
For He Whose birth you hail to-day
Has washed *Creation's* guilt away.

Ring out, ring out, ye Christmas bells,
Till to our tranced eyes,
Beneath your strains, Judea's plain
Appears once more to rise,
And we the message hear again
Of "peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then still ring on, O happy bells,
Nor let your music cease
Till every land joins hand to hand
In that commanded peace,
And one glad brotherhood holds sway
Wherever men have learned to pray.

Ring out, ring out, ye Christmas bells,
Ring out across the snow!
For Christ was born on Christmas morn
Two thousand years ago,
And all we are and hope to be
We owe to that Nativity.

EXPERIENCE.

A Queer Fellow.

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO DIED.

You ask me to write a sketch for SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS. I will tell you the story of a man who died—a man whom you all knew, though of whose inner history you may not have heard. Let us shield his name with our pity as the briar bushes shield it on the tablet to his memory that his fellow newspaper writers placed over his now forgotten grave.

He had one of those queer, warped natures that our unfortunate system of social life occasionally develops. He had come to Toronto a boy—ardent, hopeful, impulsive—a creature of gaiety and raillery, with the brain of a giant. A bright, fluent writer, graceful and easy in phrase and diction, he soon won position and individuality on the local press, and might have achieved eminence in his profession had he been faithful. But he was high-spirited, restive and uneasy. He could not labor and wait. Better scholar and more graceful writer than many of those above him, he was too much of the good-fellow and Bohemian to win, and always remained as he began—a subordinate, working for barely enough to make existence palatable.

One day he got married. The union was not a happy one, and he shortly separated from his wife. After that there was a dash of recklessness in his career, as there is apt to be in the careers of men who stake heavily on an emotion and lose. He began to drink a great deal, and frequently went on sprees that lasted for weeks. Then there would be a term of bracing up in the hospital, and afterwards he would come into the world again and work along until temptation once more tripped him up.

I met him when I first came to Toronto. He was then about forty years old—gray-haired and a physical wreck. His first question to me was, "What'll you take!" I replied, "Whisky," and for about five minutes we were firm friends. But he was an ardent freetrader, and I a rabid protectionist. And we quarreled. Because he could not or would not see through my eyes, I, with true parliamentary courtesy, remarked that he was an unmitigated ass, to which he retorted with an ornate and flowing selection from the language of the country which is generally printed thus: ——— ——— !!! or words to that effect. Our misunderstanding did not last long. By mutual consent the governmental policy of Canada was thereafter tabooed between us, and we worked together peaceably.

But the man himself puzzled me. I have heard him rail by the hour at men, women and children. He ascribed the basest motives to everything and everybody. To listen to him it seemed that human nature had no redeeming qualities; that goodness, honor, virtue—he was quite Byronic in his views—were merely words not qualities. He scoffed at everything from religion to rats. His tongue was as bitter as gall and as sharp as a needle. He had wonderful powers of satire, sarcasm and abuse. He was a cynic among cynics, a pessimist among pessimists, a satirist among satirists. Optimists found their most sacred tenets ruthlessly dissected and routed. His great knowledge of men, books and events, his fecundity of intellect, his vast command of language and his keen critical and argumentative powers gave him an advantage over those whom he encountered in wordy wars that was simply irresistible. He fell foul of some of the most eminent thinkers of the day and vanquished them with a sentence. Poet, priest, philosopher, pundit went down before him like tenpins before a ball. He slaughtered them all as readily as a butcher slaughters sheep. It was a sad and pitiable thing to see a man of his brilliant parts going down hill so persistently.

To the men about the office he was always more less of a mystery. Even in his most intoxicated moments there was a certain amount of hauteur about him that forbade promiscuous familiarity. I sometimes wondered if any one ever called him Jim. Whenever I had heard him spoken to the prefix "Mister" was invariably used. I tried to fancy his making love, but the fancy failed me. (It was not till years afterwards that I knew of his unhappy marriage). I wondered what his home was like whether the happy voices of children ever sounded there, or the glad lips of a wife and mother ever turned to his with the kiss of trusting affection. But I could not imagine the possibility of it. He seemed to me a solitary, lonely, bitter, uncongenial man, old before his time, disappointed, hopeless and unbelieving.

And yet, paradoxical as it may seem, he was one of the most kind-hearted men I have ever known. His gruff exterior was simply a rough shell about a tender sympathy, a considerate understanding for his fellows. When he had money none need want. His brother workers on the paper could always borrow from him if he had it; the street arabs were constantly enriched from his scanty store; to the homes of poverty and want he carried food and money unobtrusively, and he was constantly doing those little kindnesses to his friends which make life palatable to us all. Nor did he ever ask or expect a return. He seemed to delight in extending every kindness he knew to all with whom he came in contact. It was more happiness to him to give than to receive. Not for worlds would he have told this to any one around the office. To us he seemed as cold, callous, gruff, bitter and unsympathetic as man could be. It was only afterwards that we learned how kind and tender a heart beat in that rugged bosom.

II.

I have no desire to make this hasty and necessarily brief sketch assume the shape of a homily on the evils of intemperance. He who runs may read if he so wills it. We all know what they are, and reiteration here would be out of place and needless. This hero—for he was a hero—of mine, went the way of all men who are engaged in a protracted battle with Mr. John Barleycorn. John finally assumed control of the establishment. It came to pass that my hero's prestige forsook him. He began to lose his clearness of head, and his once facile pen ran slowly. He would come to his laborious duties tired out physically and muddled mentally. Night after night I have gone into the office, fresh from the theatre or some public meeting, and found him with his feet on the desk, his head hanging over the chair, sound asleep, while piles of local and telegraph copy lay unedited on his desk. It was no time for moralizing or humanizing influences. The invariable course was to take him out to a back street saloon which kept open surreptitiously until unholy hours. There, taking a glass, he would fill it to the brim with whisky, and turning his back while he drank it, after swallowing every drop, he would say, "Ugh! how I hate the horrid stuff." But the spirit would have a marvelous effect upon him and in the next two hours he would do the work of two first-class men. Although he had a constitution of iron and nerves of steel his stomach naturally rebelled at this capricious treatment, because it was built on the ordinary pattern, and the ordinary pattern won't permit this sort of thing without an occasional break. So after a while he faded out of responsible duty, he lost his grip, he fell lower and lower, he went from paper to paper, each time taking a poorer position and poorer pay.

In this busy world of ours, and particularly in this busiest and hardest worked profession of newspaper writing, men have little time to grasp each other by the hand and give a helpful pull from a lower to a higher plane; and even if his friends had been more helpful than they were, it is extremely doubtful if the depression of his mind could ever have been overcome. He became more cynical, gloomy and disgruntled than ever before. He lost position after position. By and by he would not be tolerated around any newspaper. He became untrustworthy. There is no man whose newspaper usefulness is so soon gone as the man who is found to be unreliable. Poor writing may, nay, will be accepted for a time, but the services of the journalist who cannot be depended on are speedily dispensed with. So it came about that he found himself at last unable to secure employment. He was one of the workers who fell by the wayside; one of the bright fellows, full of promise, who dropped to the rear. He could not labor and wait. He became the man of Yesterday, mourning in his cups, bewailing his fall and the temptations that beset him. In sober moments occasional snatches of special writing got him the necessaries of life, or such of them as he used—most of his revenue went for whisky. My last memories of him living are of his shrunken figure shambling shamefacedly along back streets, gray-haired, blear-eyed, unshaven, nervous, his clothes ragged and threadbare and full of holes.

III.

It was on Christmas Eve, 18—, that he died. I do not want to particularize the date, because it might recall a name that has long since been forgotten, and is better so. He had been ill for days from the effects of a debauch. Scarcely a morsel of food had passed his lips, and he was trembling and unstrung. He lived in a wretched room in a poverty-stricken part of the city, and, as was afterwards learned, the payment to the woman—by courtesy called his landlady—of the amount due her had left him all but penniless. The few cents in his pocket were sufficient to procure a meal, and his mind was presumably full of some such investment as he shambled past the brightly lighted stores and the gay faces of happy shoppers hurrying home with their bundles. He went into the office of a morning paper and wrote a Christmas sketch, which the city editor refused to take, because it was flavored with a bitter cynicism which he felt would prove unpalatable to his readers at the glad season when there is peace and good will on earth. He made the rounds with his article, but it was refused everywhere. He was too proud to speak of his destitute condition, or his old-time co-workers would have speedily come to his aid. He passed out in silence.

By this time it was growing late. The streets were almost deserted. A few belated groups, an occasional brawler shouting some ditty until the police interfered, the jingle of passing sleigh-bells—these were all. Silence was settling down over the snow-wrapped city, and a few big flakes fluttering through the frosty air gave premonition of a coming storm. Through his insufficient clothing the cold struck sharply, and his reflections must have led to his calling himself many bitter names for the folly that had brought him to his present pass.

He shambled on. The snow fell faster. Through the flood of illumination shed by the electric lights, the big flakes fluttered thick and fast. He was beginning to feel the want of food, and he thought to himself that at the next open restaurant he would eat heartily and return once more to his cold and cheerless room. Two children tottered across his path—boy and girl. Their pinched, pale faces aroused all the pity in the great heart that had sympathy for the sorrows of everyone except his own. He stopped and questioned them. They began to cry. They told him some pitiful story—sad enough, no matter what it was, the stories of the poor are ever tales of suffering and of woe. And he! He led them by the hand to the door of some cheap eating-house and sent them inside with the last copper he had in all the world. A thought struck him as he left them there, and turning, he took off his ragged coat and wrapped it about the thinly-clad form of the hungry girl—a tot of seven or eight years, already in receipt of the awful heritage of want and woe which birth had made her portion.

In his ragged shirt-sleeves he stumbled on once more, bending his steps towards home.

His long fast, his enfeebled frame, his insufficient clothing made him powerless to resist the cold. He grew weak and numb. His steps lagged. Presently he sank down—on his knees first, then swaying, swaying. Then he toppled overand Fell Asleep. The pitying snow softly down. The huge flakes settled tenderly on his unconscious form, mercifully blotting out his faults and sins and weaknesses. By and by there was nothing to be seen there, save a shapeless mass!

Who shall say that that man's death was not an evidence of better things which in vain worked within him! Who shall say his last worldly act was not heroic? His deed was never told until now, but poets have raised immortal strains to the glory of men of less nobility of soul than this poor, drunken wretch.

W. C. NICHOL.

A Christmas Reminiscence of 1837.

During the Christmas holidays in the year 1837, there was great excitement in the old town of Kingston in consequence of the scare created by the report circulated that William Lyon Mackenzie and his rebel followers were on their way from Navy Island to capture Kingston. All who could command horses and sleighs to convey themselves beyond the reach of danger started off hurriedly in various directions. Before I made up my mind to depart as hastily as other were doing, I concluded to make further inquiries into the matter. Consequently I started off in search of more particulars. I had only been on the street a short time when I met John A. Macdonald and Oliver Mowat (our present Dominion and Ontario premiers). I asked them what they thought of the situation. They assured me that it was quite possible an attack would be made upon the town that night by the rebels under Mackenzie. Young Macdonald and Mowat were then as they are now, and I feel certain they ever will be—true Loyalists. I concluded that my informants had given me authentic information, and I at once repaired to John Collar's livery stable and hired a horse and a two-seated cutter for the purpose of taking my mother, my sister and grandmother to a place of safety. The refuge we sought was a hotel, kept by the late Francis R. Wycott, at McGillivray's factory, about two miles south of the village of Mill Creek (now Odessa), twelve miles from Kingston. After spending three days, including Christmas day, at our hospitable friend's hotel, I learned that the enemy had not yet appeared in or about Kingston. As I was incurring a heavy expense in keeping Mr. Collar's livery riz so long, I determined that as discretion is the better part of valor, I would return home, which I did, with those under my care. I then delivered up the horse and sleigh, paid my bill for their service, and felt greatly relieved in mind that we had all been delivered from an invasion of men, many of whom, in after years, I became intimately acquainted with, namely: Messrs. Mackenzie, Dr. Rolph, Joseph Shepperd, Montgomery, Gibson and others.

In connection with the above reminiscence I may just here mention that I was at the wharf in Kingston when the steamer arrived that left Toronto on December 30, 1837, with troops on their way to dislodge the rebels in the windmill at Prescott. I saw the prisoners who were taken in that engagement. I was present at the trial, execution and burial of Von Shultz. the Pole, who was the leader of the patriots on that occasion. I witnessed the execution subsequently, at the jail in Kingston, of some twenty companions in arms of Von Shultz, which was the last chapter of the rebellion of 1837 in Canada.

A. H. ST. GERMAIN.

ECLINTON, December, 1863.

Hints for Christmas.

Perhaps mother might like a screen for kitchen use, to keep from her the heat of the fire when she is superintending the pastry making. It can be manufactured at comparatively small expense: Fasten two clothes-racks together with hinges; cover the panels thus made with common cotton cloth, cut as wide as the panels, tacking it firmly at the bottom; then stretch it tightly over the frame and fasten it securely at the bottom on the other side; also fasten the cloth firmly to the sides. Now fill the whole with a thin coat of glue size; this causes the cotton to shrink and makes the frame work very solid, and gives a nice surface to work upon. Go over the frame with black shellac, and rub it to a surface with emery cloth. You can then decorate in any way preferred—pretty wall paper used for dado and frieze, with a plain space between, which may be covered with olive, dark red, sage green, or any color of paper preferred. A pretty ceiling paper with gilt stars is not bad.

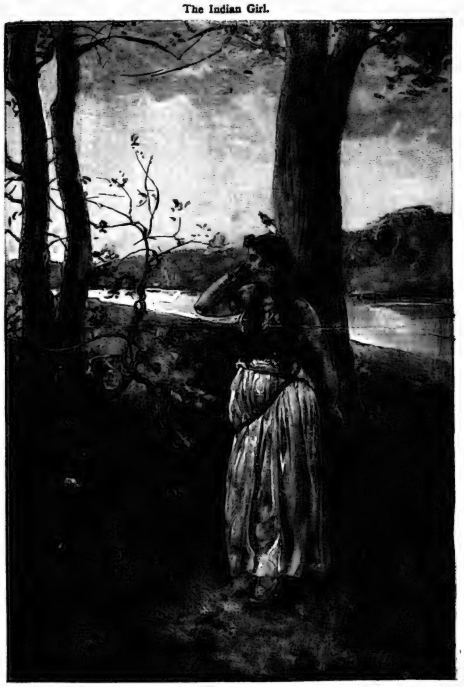
A parlor dust-bag can be made of Chinese silk of any preferred color. Make in the shape of a straight bag thirty by ten inches, doubled and pointed at the lower end. Leave an opening large enough to admit the hand, in the seam which should be at the back, to slip in the duster. Ornament both ends with crewel tassels of a contrasting color, and suspend by a brass ring through which the bag is drawn ten or twelve inches.

A traveling bag in itself would make a very nice gift for Christmas. These bags are far preferable to a leather valise for ladies' use, and contain space for an amazing amount of baggage. They are better without handles, and can be carried with a shawl strap.

Take a piece of heavy gray duck eighteen inches wide and thirty inches long. Make a two-inch hem at each end, and if you wish to adorn it, work a simple design in black around the four sides. Lap the hems, and close with four smoked pearl buttons and button holes. Bind the raw edges with black braid, and fit in a circular piece of the duck eight inches in diameter with the initials embroidered in. You may have an outside pocket with a flap that buttons down, for the safe transportation of small articles, such as handkerchiefs, hairpins, and little things that may be required frequently for a journey.

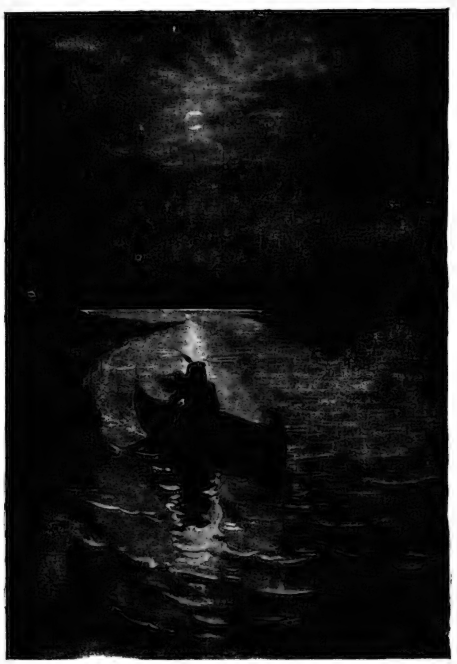
A pretty newspaper rack can be made of bamboo welting, which is eighteen inches wide. Sometimes the entire piece for the pocket is painted in diluted oil paint; then a design is painted across the upper part, and also across the bottom where about eighteen inches are turned up to form the pocket. At the corners this is fastened to the back. The whole is bound with harmonizing ribbon; at the top are ribbons finished with a bow, by which it is hung. A small-sized length of bamboo should be sewn into the upper edge before binding, to prevent the pocket from sagging when it is hung up. Another pretty and durable rack is made by taking two large beveled-edged panels, either of wood or paper. One should be much larger than the other. The smaller, which forms the pocket, should be laid on the larger one, holes be pierced both back and front at the corner, and a cord, gold or silk, be drawn through and tied closely on the front, the ends being finished with little tassels. Then the upper corner should be pierced, and a small brass chain or cord matching the lower one, be fastened on the back at a suitable distance to allow for the drop of the pocket. A pretty design of birds or flowers, painted in browns and grays, touched with white, is suitable for this, or the figure of a newsboy would be effective. Sometimes the boards are gilded, and then painted.

The Indian Girl.



"ONE HAND TO EAR TO CATCH ALARM."

A winsome girl of native grace
And moulded form the comliest;
Scarce two-and-twenty Junes had kissed
With breath of rose her charming face—
Brunette, with crimson tinged and blest,
As it 'neath Saxon face there glowed
The warm mareon of Indian blood,
And stirred a doubt of her descent—
A doubt that still intenser grew
With her rich garb of Tyrian hue.
Her queenly grace and soft attire
Bespoke a line from noble sire.
Around her bodice trimly laced
Fell glossy falls of raven hair,
Half veiling, half revealing there
The zone that clasped her lissome waist.



"SHE ROUNDED SWIFT THE BENDING SHORE."

One hand to ear, to catch alarm,
Showed jewelled wrist and rounded arm.
In purple folds her kirtle fell—
The simpling hem just kissed her feet,
In shoon of chamois fitted neat
As glove and palm of courtly belle;
Beneath her instep, proud and high,
A flower would bloom, a bee would fly.

* * * *

O'er shingly bar, thro' ridge of bay,
She rounded swift the bending shore
To mooring, whence, an hour before
With eager oar she dashed away.

—*Ennaliada.*

How the Children Saved Naumburg.

Calm the harvest moon is beaming on fair Naumburg's vine-girt plain,
Where the Saale-Unstrut waters blend in tribute to the main.

But within be'eaguered Naumburg utter woe each heart enthralls,
For the dreaded Hussite captain circumvents her ancient walls;

Prokop, terror of Bohemia, with a heart distill'd in hate,
'Gainst those towns whose vengeful judgment urged his martyr'd leader's fate.

Had not Naumburg swelled that council which, for Mother Church's sake,
Lured John Huss from old Bohemia ere it doomed him to the stake?

And the people send their elders unto Prokop's camp to plead
For the goodly town and vineyards in their sublime hour of need.

"Dear to us these scenes of childhood," and the pathos of their wail,
"For the ashes of our fathers rest within this peaceful vale."

Fierce the ire of Andrew Prokop, and his fury-quickened breath
Hisses forth: "For Naumburg Mercy wears the sable garb of Death.

"Meet it is, ye men of Naumburg, I should put to fire and sword
Her who, by her wicked counsels, slew th' anointed of the Lord."

Deep the voice of lamentation, loud the women's answering wail,
When the weeping fathers tell them that their prayers have no avail.

Visions dark of sack and rapine fill with cries the stricken air,
And the hellish lust of murder seems already rampant there.

Weep, O matrons! Shriek, ye maidens! Sob, frail infants at the breast!
Soon the swooping carrion's scream shall desecrate your bloody rest.

But—hold the cries and tumult born of Naumburg's bitter woe
Speak! old Caspar, the schoolmaster, white with seventy winters' snow:

"Youth may fade. The aged must die. Death to me were little loss.
Gather all the little children; rally at the market cross.

"I will lead them unto Prokop, through the guarded southern gate,
And their prayers shall, by His blessing, stay our vengeful foeman's hate."

"What!" the mothers cry in anguish, "lead our lambs into the den
Of the wolfish Hussite, Prokop, fiercest of the sons of men!

"Yet, alas! they're doomed as surely, an' they stay till Naumburg's won.
Take them! Lead them to the Hussites, an' th's good God's will be done!"

Passing fair that frail procession, waving palms with childish mirth,
Scattering flowers—God's sweetest kisses to His children on the earth.

Waving palms and scattering flowers, on their mercy-mission bent,
Past the outworks, past the soldiers, till they come to Prokop's tent.

"Listen to our prayer, dread chieftain! Stay, oh! stay the conquering hand;
Spare the hearths and lives of Naumburg, spare our dear old Fatherland!"

Sing they from—sweet children voices—hymnals of their Gothic fane;
Rich in mediæval sculpture, carved in a forgotten reign.

Wrath, amazement and compassion stir the depths of Prokop's heart,
But the frown of dark displeasure brightens where the tear-drops start.

Like unto his little Anna's, one sweet face and mem'ry thrills;
Gentle Anna, peaceful sleeping, 'neath the far Moravian hills.

Lifts he in his arms that frail one, he the Pope-and-Kaiser feared—
And his soldiers cheer the prattler as it grasps their leader's beard.

"Go your ways, sweet little children, ye have won your town's release;
Prokop's forces enter Naumburg, but they pass her gates in peace."

And the mothers' tear-dimm'd vision sees the entering Hussite band
Lead their children to the elders, greeting them with open hand.

* * * * * *

Thus the children saved old Naumburg from the red right hand of war,
And the baffled vulture's screaming vexed her peaceful vale no more.

Calm the harvest moon is beaming on fair Naumburg's vine-girt plain,
Where the Saale-Unstrut waters blend in tribute to the main.

Saale-Unstrut, roll your waters! Sing your ever-ceaseless rhyme!
Comrades of the passing ages in the eternal march of Time!

H. K. Cochie.

Mental Telegraphy.

"I received your telegram, Mrs. Purling, and came, as you see, at once."

"That was very good and clever of you, considering that I never sent you a telegram."

"Allow me to assure you that you did."

"Permit me to assert most positively that I did not."

The laughing lady and the serious young man confronted each other. "Of course," she protested, "I know that you are well versed in all manner of occult lore, and probably know more about my doings than I do myself, but as regards this suppositious telegram——"

"You understand that I mean a mental telegram!"

"No, I seldom understand what you mean; certainly not now. What is a mental telegram?"

The question was repeated in the inquiring looks of three young ladies, and a heavy eyed young man, who, with a number of others, were drinking five o'clock tea in Mrs. Purling's pleasant parlors. It was in this city a year ago—a time and place so near that my characters are forced to masquerade in assumed names, lest I should be considered a chronicler of family secrets.

"The sender of a mental telegram," explained Sydney Ford, "must fix his mind so strongly upon—upon—"

"The sendee," suggested one of the ladies.

"Exactly; that the sendee will be irresistibly reminded of the sender, and by careful analysis of the impression received will be able to determine the nature of the message sent. Now, it would be useless for Mrs. Purling to deny that she thought of me to-day."

"I really did," assented the lady. "My special reason for wishing to see you is my niece, who is here for a few hours on her way to Montreal. She has"—this in a low aside—"almost as peculiar a mind as your own, and I thought it a pity that two such freaks should not meet." She turned and presented him to Miss Clive.

"I think I understand what you mean," said this young lady, in the course of conversation. "I have a correspondent whose letters invariably cross my own, and your theory explains it. Being in perfect sympathy with each other, my friend could scarcely fix her attention upon me sufficiently to write me one of her long, thoughtful letters without my being aware of it, and my own letters, written before hers is received, is the best proof of her power."

"Ah! there are many interesting experiments in mental telegraphy," said young Ford, "if we were only interested enough in the subject to try them. What, after all, is space, that it should intercept the communications of human souls?"

"There is a good deal of it," said Miss Clive gravely. "It seems to belittle human souls by contrast."

On the contrary, space, like steam will gladly acknowledge us its master, when we have learned how to overcome it. Sometime it will be possible for us to make a number of calls on people living a thousand miles apart, all in an hour or two.

"It sound rather ghostly—rather spirit-like," she said.

"That is because we are spirits. Don't you remember the old line?"

"We are spirits clad in veils."

Yes, she was well acquainted with the poem from which this line was quoted, but its significance had never struck her before. She glanced about at the chattering, prattling, little crowd, the pretty faces and coquettish bonnets, the light, soft overflow of laughter, the easy moving, easy speaking forms, so trim and deft and debonair—and then she came back to the deep eyes of Sydney Ford.

"We are not of them," he said, following her glance.

"Oh, no, indeed," she replied as though the idea were absurd, "we are spirits, and we take all space to be our province."

The wilful mockery of her tone concealed from neither of them the fact that she was speaking from her heart. Miss Clive was a beautiful girl, but she was not specially interested in her own beauty; she lived a fashionable life, but it did not charm her. She felt that her existence was being passed in a cage—a very pretty cage—in which she was expected to prim her lovely feathers, carry herself adroitly, twitter and chirp at proper intervals, and go through a set of performances that were equivalent to hopping from one stick to another, and hopping back again. But now some one whom she had apparently known in a previous life, was opening the door of her cage, and "the universe beckoned to her."

They began to talk with eagerness, trying in the space of half an hour to make amends for the years in which they had not known each other. How charmingly the vistas of psychological experiences, unspoken of to any one else, opened up before them. How delightful to gallop down the flowery paths of poetry with a companion who was capable of keeping up with oneself, instead of with one who persisted in jogging miles behind, with a countenance expressive of fatigue and bewilderment. After all, it was only the chance encounter of a lifetime. Mr. Ford was saying good-by now, with precisely the same bow and smile with which gentlemen usually accompany that ceremony. To-morrow he was going to Muskoka, and she to Montreal—and then an end.

It was growing toward the wee sma' days of the year, and the beautiful wilderness of Muskoka, decked out in all the flying colors of the fall, was beginning to pale at the approach of November. Still there remained lustrous mornings, when the hills, girdled with gold and fire, gave back a dazzling welcome to the sunlight, and langorous noons, when the river held in its heart a yet more luminous heaven than the one above it. The forest was lit with leaves, as with a myriad brilliant tapers, but these gay-colored fairy lights were often dimmed by a sudden tumult of rain, and hurry of wind beneath a blackened sky. Sydney Ford delighted in deep-toned portentous thunder, in the lake, writhing under the whip of the storm, in torn fragments of rugged grey clouds, in the dimmest recesses of untroubled pools, in the low-growing shrubs and grasses at the stream's edge, in all the never-wearying sights and sounds of nature. In his rambles he was accompanied by a young girl, who was as beautiful and as unspoiled by artifice as the scenes about him—but she accompanied him only in imagination.

To say that he had given his heart to an unknown woman, whom he had met only once, and talked with for less than an hour would be overstating the facts of the case; but it is certain that he was giving a large part of his mind to her. He had received mental telegrams from her to the effect that she had not forgotten him, and he was tempted to let her know by the same occult means that he was thinking constantly of her. But why should he do so, and what reason existed that he should be haunted by her perpetual presence?

One morning a budget of mail matter was put into his hands by the farmer, whose house formed his headquarters in his various excursions. He turned it over with slight interest, until he came to a brief note, signed in the clear hand of Adelaide Clive. She was going to be married, so she wrote him, to Mr. Herendeen Tyler, on the following Wednesday, and she wished, if it were not too much trouble, that he would send her his greetings and good wishes in a mental telegram, a few minutes before the ceremony. The reason she specified the exact time was, that being very hurried, she saw no opportunity of giving him her undivided attention until the hour mentioned, and she was sure that by isolating herself at a certain pre-arranged time and putting her mind in a listening attitude she would be certain not to miss a word of his telegram. It might be only one of her fancies, but she had never known any one quite so hospitable to her fancies as was Mr. Ford.

When the young man read this note his face was the color of the lavishly white-washed walls in the tiny bedroom where he sat. He read it again, and then the horror and helplessness of the situation brought out a cold sweat upon his brow. He knew Herendeen Tyler as a runaway forger from the States. It was an unusual name; he could not be mistaken in the man. And now he was about to marry a girl whose shoe ribbon he was not worthy to tie. About to marry? Was he not already married to her? This was the Wednesday appointed for the wedding. By a rapid mental calculation, which made allowance for the difference in time, he discovered that scarcely more than half an hour remained to him in which to save Miss Clive from becoming Mrs. Tyler. What could he do? The nearest telegraph office was over a dozen miles away. Was there any hope in mental telegraphy? It was a desperate chance, but the only one that was left. And then she was waiting for his message—she was listening to him at this moment with her delicate, impressible mental ear. There was a gleam of hope in that. He dropped his face into his hands, so as to shut everything from his mind, save the agonizingly vivid thought of her. It seemed as though his blood and brain and body were wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, and wreaked upon that one overmastering desire to make himself heard by the innocent, unthinking girl, whose earthly salvation depended upon her hearing him. "You must not marry him! *You must not!* You must not!" His whole soul went out into the cry. A less amount of effort, expended over a number of days, would have enabled him to walk the distance between them. When the half hour had expired he lay down faint with exhaustion on his couch.

A few hours later he was on his way to Montreal.

"You received my telegram," were his first words to Miss Clive.

"Your telegram," she cried, with a half hysterical sob, "I received an earthquake! Just before I was to be married I went to my room to get your message, as I wrote you I would. Instead of the few pleasant words I looked for, I experienced the sensation of being knocked down—in the abstract, I mean, wholly in the abstract—and of being so stunned and dizzy afterwards, that I apparently lost my senses. The idea of being married to Mr. Tyler seemed the most repulsive imaginable, and I sent word to the assembled guests that I was taken suddenly ill, and could not possibly leave my room. Now, tell me why you treated me so badly."

He made amends for the abruptness and brevity of his telegram by giving her the fullest possible explanations, adding positive proofs of the evil reputation of her betrothal. She thanked him from her heart, but said, with the grieving look natural to a woman after a severe nervous strain, "You were very rough with me."

"I had to be," he said, regretfully. "So much depended on it." He longed to ask her if he might not obliterate the memory of his roughness by a lifetime of tenderness, but this inquiry he did not venture to make until some weeks later. Since then the science of mental telegraphy, so far as these young people are concerned, has fallen into a state of "innocuous desuetude," Mr. and Mrs. Ford having wisely concluded that the easiest way to conquer space is never to allow very much of it to come between them.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

The School Entertainment.

What so well introduces the boys and girls to the wild freedom of the Christmas holidays as the annual entertainment? They have toiled for weeks at their dry grammar and groaned over the arithmetic and the geography. The merry Christmas season is now at hand, the holidays are in sight, and the dull grind will come to a temporary end with a grand entertainment.

Back in Western Ontario, on the banks of a small stream tributary to the Thames, stands the old school-house where this twig was bent. There I delved my laborious passage through all the books, from "Is it an ox?" in the first to "Parliament Reform" in the fifth. (My father used to say I went through more books than all the rest of the family.) The old building, one of the pioneer brick school houses, will never again see the sunny side of forty years. It lacks the airy grace of your modern edifice, that, methinks, will look mighty tawdry when it grows old. Rather has it the unpretentious appearance of the old-fashioned country matron, who has reared her family of boys and girls and now watches them go forth to toil in the field of life with proud and anxious eyes. Those plain, square windows have seen my triumphant grin as I stepped to the head of my class, and those smoke-tinted walls have heard me—now often—threaten to lick the teacher when I grew big. Alas, the razor has long since invaded my downy cheek, and I am not yet big enough to lick one side of some of them.

When snow enough fell to enable us to pelt each other with snowballs, or to roll up hugh chunks with which to model a primitive Apollo Belvidere striking enough in appearance to scare the passing horse, we began to talk entertainment and to count the days till school would close. The scholars began to prepare readings, recitations and dialogues. Tom Potts was not the "bright particular star" of the school in the teacher's eyes. He was "one of the boys." In our conferences at recess Tom would say, "By gully, I can't see no darn use in studyin' grammar unless a fellow's goin' to be a schoolmaster, and you bet I aint. I'm goin' to be a sailor. My dad and uncle Tom never learnt drammar an' they got along good enough. Only stylish folks uses grammar!" Tom was in the third book, and his favorite pieces were Casabianca and John Maynard. These he could almost repeat without the book and about entertainment time he would commence to rehearse his favorites.

The school-room had to be properly decorated with evergreen arches and mottoes. On a fine afternoon half a dozen of the big boys would receive permission to go to the swamp, a mile away, to get branches of pine, cedar and hemlock for this purpose. But before an evergreen bough was cut, the axe had laid low a huge tamarac, from whose seamed and knotty bark the gum had oozed and the hard, clear chunks were chipped off. When they had filled their mouths and their pockets with gum the boughs were cut and when Birnam wood came in sight of Dunsinane there was a general stampede to meet it and the battle cry was "Gimme some gum." In the evening the young men and women of the neighborhood assembled to erect the decorations. These meetings were the scenes of much gaiety and much sparking. Many a sturdy yeoman as he looks across his fireside to the comely mother of his children recalls to mind the evening, years ago, when she helped him build an evergreen heart on the school-house wall over the spot from which the plaster had fallen.

But at last all is ready. The day is arrived, and the setting sun has looked in on the old walls, gorgeous with evergreens, tissue-paper flowers and mottoes—Welcome, Knowledge is Power, Success, etc. The "startled ear of night" hears unwonted sounds of sleigh-bells, merry voices and laughter, as sleighload after sleighload drives to the door until the house is full. The chairman, smiling all over, opens the programme with his little speech. A pretty girl plays the organ and sings Grandfather's Clock very sweetly. One of the fifth class recites Thurlow's Reply to the Duke of Grafton with blood in his eye. The buns and candies are passed, much to our satisfaction. A young man sings Barbara Allen, and is deservedly encored. The minister delivers a long, dry discourse on Knowledge is Power, and Tom Potts makes the hit of the evening with The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck. This, and a great deal more, draws the programme out to an interminable length. The old folks are pleased, the boys and girls have had their fun and their buns, and there is no school to-morrow. The young men are waiting at the door to see the girls home. Another moment—the school-house is dark, and far away on the road I hear the faint jingle of bells, a burst of laughter and a cheer. Here at my desk, with the sound of the city clocks chiming midnight in my ears, it is all before me now—the schoolhouse with its tall poplars and the willow drooping over the door, the pump, the gate off the hinges, the woodpile! The bell rings, the boys reluctantly throw their shinnies aside and walk very slowly from the playground, muttering, "There goes the old cow-bell again!"

Van.

Our Boys.

Splendid little fellows, are they not? Still you cannot help confessing that half a dozen girls are nothing to mar a lad, compared with these two youngsters, who rattle their sticks against the railings as they come down the street from school, stopping on the way to hurl a brick at your best neighbor's pet cat, and an apple, which has not turned out as well as its exterior promised, at the man who is perched on the green-grocer's wagon. And when you are mending their clothes at night, fond mother, what revelations do their out-turned pockets make. You will find a piece of cheese, a dead mouse, some taffy, a duck's egg of last month's nest, some bait for fishing, a little fish, some hooks, a paper of gunpowder and a dozen matches. And when you tuck them safe in bed, and kiss them good-night, you know that although the neighbors call them "dreadful boys," they are still as the apple of your eyes, and dearer than all the world beside.

Little Gretchen.

Plump, demure-faced little Gretchen!
In yon Swabian cottage rude,
Where her sire, the landgraf's woodman,
Dwells in rustic solitude.

And the little maiden, sadly,
Near her grandam takes her stand,
But I must confess that Gretchen
Recks not of "the better land."

Of whose glory old Katrina's
Soul doth inwardly rejoice,
As she reads unto the maiden
In her crack'd old German voice.

Ah! I trow that little Gretchen's
Childish thoughts are far away
'Midst the pine trees of the Northland,
Whence comes Santa Claus—they say.

I don't blame thee, old Katrina,
Nor the maiden at thy side,
Thou art very near "the border,"
As for her—'tis Christmas-tide.

And I sympathize with Gretchen,
And Katrina, too, because
What is Christmas-tide to children
If they don't have Santa Claus?

What is life unto Katrina
If her poor old palsied hand
May not clasp the letter'd story
Of dear Heaven—her Promised Land?

H. K. C.

An Idyl of Dog Lane.

I.

"Mamma."

"Yes, dear," said the tired mother, rising from her rude chair in the little room, and advancing towards the crib where the young sufferer lay.

"Mamma, has papa come back?"

"No, darling," and the mother turned her head to wipe unobserved the tears that filled her eyes.

"Oh, I wish he would come home; he promised to take me to bonne St. Anne's, and he has been gone so long," said the child wearily, as she went off into a doze again.

Little Marie, as everyone called her, had been a cripple almost from infancy, and was now nearly eight years old. She was not pretty, for the little face was pinched and dark, and bore traces of the great suffering which she had endured all her life long. But her eyes, black as coals often lit up with a strange light, and at such times, little Marie was sweet to look upon. She was the only child of Paul and Josephine Dubois. Paul was one of the shrewdest pilots of the Lower St. Lawrence. Brave as a lion was he, wiry in frame and stout-limbed. Many a ship had he piloted and brought to a safe haven. In his younger days he had sailed before the mast on many a gallant craft. He knew the great seas and the oceans well, and his career had nearly closed, once when his ship went down in the Gulf, and next in the China seas when his bark collided with a tall schooner and seventeen out of a crew of twenty were drowned. Paul at last resolved to quit his roving life and return to his old home, and take up the calling for which nature and disposition had fitted him so well. Ten years before our story opens he had met Josephine Legendre, the daughter of a brother pilot. She had just reached her twentieth year, and Paul was thirty, when the tender passion struck those two. Their courtship was of short duration, and when the *cure* made them man and wife there was much rejoicing in *la ruelle des chiens*. Paul took his bride from her father's house, beneath the great cliff, which frowns like a gloomy giant on the almost sunless lane below, to his own home a dozen yards further up the line of small cabins on the same street, and there they spent their honeymoon. And there they lived in a queer old house that might have sheltered Arnold when, more than a hundred years ago, he passed through that narrow defile with his invading soldiers bent on capturing the fortress town. Dog lane was much the same then as it is now—narrow, winding, steep, dirty, but always interesting. In the summer-time it is suffocating. In winter, with its huge piles of snow, it is bleak and trying enough. But men and women live there, and seem to thrive. Paul and Josephine lived in one of the poorest cabins in that poor street. But both had stout hearts in their bosoms, and as love forever dwelt with them, the world did not go so badly after all. Their happy life was gladdened to overflowing when, on a Christmas morning, baby Marie was born. Paul was almost beside himself with joy when he looked into the doll-like face, and beheld a pair of bold, piercing black eyes, looking for all the world like those that had first melted his rugged nature to thoughts of love two years before. Josephine was hanging out the day's wash that afternoon, on a line which extended across the street, and it was not long after that that a betrothal in Dog lane was announced to the neighbors. Young Jean Beaubien had cast

LITTLE GRETCHEN.

longing eyes on Josephine for many months before the sailor-pilot had come home to live and marry, but the maiden would have none of him, though Jean was not ill looking, and he rowed the fastest boat in the whole St. Lawrence fleet, and Cure Pascal said his character was good, and he had fifty pounds in the bank. Well, little Marie, somehow or other, did not thrive. She was always weak and frail, and one day while trying to climb a short way up the sharp cliff, she fell back into the lane, and was picked up, bruised and bleeding, more dead than alive. Cure and doctor were hastily summoned, but she seemed so far beyond human recall that no one looking at the pale face and lusterless eyes could believe that little Marie would walk again. But she did return to life, and when, after many, many weary months had passed away she was able to leave her bed, the strength had gone clean out of her limbs, and Paul made her a pair of crutches. With these she was able to go about Dog Lane pretty well. Every one knew the little maid, and every one had a good word and a smile to bestow upon her. She was as one who had risen from the dead. The courage of her father was in her heart, and she struggled bravely, but as her years lengthened her deformity seemed to increase her sufferings, and the pale face grew paler, and the bright eyes were fast losing their soulful earnestness.

The black November days with their hours of snow and rain were making matters in Dog lane very dreary when little Marie, dozing pitifully in her cot, said to the watching mother:

"He promised to take me to bonne St. Anne's, mamma."

"Yes, darling, and when papa comes home he will take you to the Shrine of the good Saint and may be you will get well, and be able to walk without the sticks, like Celeste and Jeanne Le May."

"Yes, mamma, I know I will get well when papa comes back," and then she dropped off again into sleep.

II.

Twenty odd miles from Quebec stands the peaceful hamlet of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, where in summer thousands of faithful worshippers meet and pray at the shrine of the patron saint. In the winter time the church is left to the villagers, for the quiet, pastoral village wrapped in its mantle of snow, is not inviting to those who make these pilgrimages from the less favored sections of the country. In the great new church—for the little chapel alongside has been discarded long since—the relics of Ste. Anne are exposed to all who believe that comfort and aid will come to them from those precious souvenirs. Tradition tells of the many who went to this sacred shrine blind and lame and returned whole and healed, leaving on the pulpit steps their crutches and canes. And those crutches and canes are still to be seen in the church, mute but practical historians of the faith of man. To many this faith in those poor bones must be very sweet indeed, and one gentle heart in Dog lane was cheered at the thought that soon she, too, would go to Ste. Anne's, and kissing the relics, find her withered limb whole and strong. Oh, how she longed to hang those cruel sticks on that pulpit which held so many other cruel sticks. All through the summer Paul Dubois had promised his dear one that he would take her to the shrine, but the poor tired weakling was too ill to undertake the journey, and so from day to day this pilgrimage which was to result in so much good, was put off, and little Marie was falling further and further into the dark. "Next week I will take you," said the father, but the next week proved no more opportune than that that had passed, and when November came the invalid was still waiting to be carried to *la bonne Ste. Anne.*

The last ship of the autumn fleet was leaving Quebec for England, laden with heavy freight, and Paul Dubois was going out with her as pilot. His farewell words were about Ste. Anne. "I will come back very soon," said he "and then, my darling, we will go." Kissing wife and child good-bye, the pilot closed his door, and pushed through a blinding storm of sleet and snow to join his ship. Stormy as it was, the wind was favorable, and the Antoinette, staunch and strong in every part, and commanded by a man of iron nerve, sailed away, the last craft of any sort to leave the St. Lawrence in that year. The snow fell very heavily shortly after the Antoinette was under way, and the shore on either side of the river could not be seen at all. But the good ship glided on, the object of the captain being to get out of the river as soon as possible, for the gulf offered a fairer course. At Bic it has always been customary to land the pilot, who makes his way back to his home as best he can. In the busy season he has not long to wait, for it is at Bic that he often gets a return ship to pilot to Quebec. But when the Antoinette arrived at Bic, on the night of this November day, the storm had reached its height, and there was no chance of the pilot-boat's making the ship. Paul Dubois knew his fate. He had been carried to England once before, on a similar occasion, and though it wrung his heart to think that he must leave his dear ones for full two months without a word, he was compelled to resign himself to the inevitable, and so he sailed away into the blue gulf and bluer ocean.

It was soon known in Dog lane that Pilot Dubois had been carried out to sea, and that it would be several weeks before he could return to Josephine and Marie. It happened not infrequently in the declining days of the shipping season that Dog lane was served in just this way, and when it was not Charles Moisie who was carried across the sea, it was very likely to be Napoleon Trudel or Joseph Landry. Paul's mishap, after all, was no great trial. He would be well paid and fed, and sent home again at the expense of the owners of the ship, and he would have his little jaunt for nothing, and at a time of year when there was nothing doing in his line at Quebec. So the men and women of Dog lane talked and reasoned among themselves, but in the lowly house which crouches under the grim and beetling cliff itself, a woman sat by a little bedside, with a heavy heart indeed. Poor Josephine, how her thoughts flew, forward and back, now running to the glad morning of her simple wedding, now passing on to what might come alas, at any moment. Less than a month more, and it would be Christmas day. How would that sweet festival find her? Marie slumbered on, murmuring often in her sleep, "I shall go to St. Anne's when papa comes home." And so the days sped on, and storms came and went, November gave place to December, and Christmas eve found the town gay, bright and bustling. In many a house that night there was joy. In many homes there were hearty Christmas-tide greetings among reunited families now assembled after years of parting. All looked forward for the coming day. The shops and streets were full of eager buyers, and happy faces beamed on each other, as thoughts of the morrow warmed their hearts. The air was still and cold, and the thick-lying snow sparkled with the dazzling light of diamonds. Snow and ice were everywhere that night in Quebec. But nobody minded the cold. It was Christmas eve. That night, too, came word from Bristol that the Antoinette had arrived, with all on board safe and well. A neighbor ran, rather than walked, to the small house in Dog lane with the good news, for everybody liked Paul and Josephine; and this running friend, Charles Moisie, was proud to be the first bearer of tidings that would gladden the pilot's wife. He reached the door at last, and entered, for his double knock had met with no response. Josephine, on this Christmas eve, so full of joy to countless thousands all over the world, sat weeping by the bedside of little Marie. "Never mind, mamma," said the child, "papa will soon come home again, and then—and then we shall go to bonne Ste. Anne, and I will never use the sticks again." But she fell deeper and deeper into the dark that night, and when in the morning the church-bells rang out the tidings that Christ was born, the Saviour of the world was come, a bell in a woman's heart tolled a requiem, for the soul of a tender child had passed away!

GEORGE STEWART, JR.

The Golden Key.

The castle walls were bleak and gray
Beyond, and ever and anon the snow
In fitful flurries swept the shadowed pane;
And lovely eyes, blue like blue violets,
Gazed wistfully into the gathering storm,
And motionless the Princess Vide stood.
Within the tried casement there alone,
Bright gems were on her hand, and on her brow
And all about her throat pale jewels gleamed
Like chains of tiny stars caught down from Heaven.
And ah! her curls—like golden floss tiny fell,
And oftentimes she softly laid aside
A truant little one that kissed her cheek.
I know not if her silken garment's hue
Were like the lily or the tinted rose,
For all the thousand little shafts of light
That throng the almoners upon it played,
And if perchance I ever deemed it white,
A flood of tints rushed over it—it changed.

The evening shadows fell space.
The lights burned dimly in the servants' hall
Beyond the stony turrets gray and grim,
And all along the lonely corridor
The chilly wind crept in with plaintive moan.
Yet pensively the Princess Vide stood—
No lights were in that marble hall save one,
A feeble light from embers slowly dying,
And forms fantastical in shadow life
In deep recesses breathed their little breath—
"O solitude," she sighed, "sweet solitude!
How weary I am grown of thy sweet hush,
I fain would leave thy temple's silent charm,
I fain would mingle with the merry world!
Hey-day! to-morrow eve a jolly elf
Bearing a thousand gifts will pass this way,
I'll beg—perchance he hath a golden key,
I'll pray him, tease him till he give it me—
Away! O, Solitude, thy charm is done!"

Joy reigned in cottage and in hall.
'Twas Christmas eve a long, long time ago,
And merry groups were gathered near the fire,
And baby eyes were closed in slumber sweet,
Expectant all of joy the morn wou d bring.
And like a fair young bride the moon came out,
A silvery veil low-trailing o'er the hills,
And her vast multitude of bright-eyed maids
About the altar gathered one by one.
Then Princess Vide to the casement turned,
And drew the crimson curtain soft aside,
And long she meditated in the night,
Wits all the moonlight sweet so pale upon her.
The hours passed by. At last a tiny bell,
A tiny tinkle on the night wind fell,
And Santa Claus came riding on the air.
Ah! then she flung the lattice open wide,
And leaning from the casement to him cried:

"Ho! Santa Claus, my merry elf,
I've waited for you late—
I long have tarried by myself,
Your coming to await.

"Now, Santa Claus, you have good cheer,
I wonder what you bring—
Ah! I know what I'd like this year,
The best of everything.

"Yes! I should like a golden key,
I'm sure that you have one—
Dear Santa Claus pray give it me,
Hey-day! 'twould be such fun—

"A golden key a heart to touch.
A prince's heart to win—
O, Santa Claus, I've heard of such,
Come! I will let you in."

He smiled and nodded as he traveled by—
Go sleep, my child, go sleep, to-morrow morn
Arise thee with the sun, toy wish is thine!
When people lived in castles grand
And fairies sometimes blessed or cursed mankind,
A good prince once a wicked fairy vexed,
Who him a prisoner made in his own home
And cast the golden key into a well,
A fountain far away within the wilds
Untroddden save by beasts of prey alone.
And then the wicked fairy thus decreed:
"Sir Prince, within these walls thou shalt bide
Until the golden key now lost is found,
Until a fair one comes to set thee free."
Upon his throne Prince Aile cast him down
And wept as little children sometimes do,
For he was young, and life was, oh! so fair;
And oft in dreams a bright face haunted him,
And a l day long he prayed that she might come.
Thus all alone within the castle halls
He dwelt full many a day, each weary sigh
A silver thread into his tresses stealing,
For trouble ages even more swift than time—
And once he thought that he must surely die,
But Santa Claus passed through the lonely wood,
Passed by the fountain, grasped the golden key.

All hail, O holy Christmas morn!
Across the fields sweet matin bells were ringing;
Their merry, merry chiming o'er the hills
Swift all the little echoes bore away.
Up with the sun the Princess Vide rose,
Donned silken gown and jewels gleaming fair,
Then clasped unto her heart the golden key
The jolly elf had promised should be hers.
And lo! she felt the spirit of a charm
Steal over her, and from the marble hall
As in a dream she followed where it bade.
And soon into a valley calm and deep,
Where summer verdure clothed each sunny slope,
Where roses bloomed at Christmas-tide, it led—
"Tis summer always where the heart is warm—
Here softly flowed a little silver rill,
And from its bank a bed of violets
Breathed sweet perfume upon the gentle air.
Bright moss in garlands twined from leaf to leaf,
And through the fairy web a golden wall
Reflected bright a thousand sparkling suns.
But Vide paused not till she reached its side
And to its door the golden key applied.
She touched it and its massive hinges turned,
And softly stealing in with timid step,
Slow moving through the labyrinthine halls,
Approached Prince Aile sleeping on his throne.
Ah! was there ever yet a form so fair,
A face where beauty traced so pure a charm?
Just one sly glance she gave, and all her heart
Went out to him, and swift she turned away
And would have stolen from the golden halls,
But the sweet rustling of her silken robe
Broke in upon the stillness of his sleep.
And as she turned away he started up,
For lo! he saw the vision of his dreams—
He rushed to her and happily he led
Beside the little rill, for all his heart was hers—
Then came an old priest, saintly and white haired,
To minister the holy pledge of love,
And joy-bells sweet upon the air were pealing—
O'er earth their merry, merry voices stealing.

FICTOR. —HELEN M. MERRILL.

An Interview With Santa Claus.

(From the Mars Daily Twinkler.)

An elderly gentleman, with long white hair and flowing beard, wearing strange garments, who registered his name as Santa Claus, visited our planet to-day. He drove along the ice on the newly constructed canal with a pair of singular looking animals which he calls reindeer, attached to a vehicle he calls a sleigh, which may be described as a gondola on runners. He informed our reporter that his home is in the neighboring planet Earth, and that he reached Mars by balloon, reindeer and all. This remarkable old party is in quest of new varieties of gifts for distribution among the children of his native planet. We gathered from what he said in a brief interview that he is a sort of patron saint for the little ones, and that he has a kingdom of his own, which he says is in the hearts of little children, among whom he makes an annual gift distribution at a season called Christmas. Efforts, he said, while a look of sorrow overspread his benign countenance, have been made of late years on earth to dethrone him by representing that he is only a myth, having no actual existence, but he declares that as long as the little children have faith in him he cares nothing for the attacks of the iconoclasts who would uproot the faith of his subjects and try to make out that he is a humbug. It appears that he finds great difficulty in devising and discovering new toys for his annual distributions, and his visit to Mars is for the purpose of securing new designs in toys, his little subjects being more precocious and less easily satisfied than were those of a few generations preceding, who were content with such simple things as dolls and drums, and impossible monkeys climbing up impracticable sticks. It seems that the old gentleman delivers his presents personally, making nocturnal visits to the houses of his subjects by way of the chimneys and leaving the mementos of his visit in the stockings of the little boys and girls, these stockings being placed by the expectant children in proximity to the chimney place, so that they may be easily accessible. Santa Claus says that his one object in life is to make little children happy, and that their smiles are his sunshine and their laughter his applause. He goes to the houses of the poor as well as to the houses of the rich, and he assures us that at Christmas time among the parents of the little ones good nature becomes contagious and there is an epidemic of enlargement of the heart, the most pronounced symptom of which is a desire to do generous deeds. He is a funny old fellow, and nothing gives him more pleasure than to speak of the bright eyes and happy faces of the children after he has made his regular rounds. Sometimes they lie awake for hours on Christmas Eve in the hope of detecting him at the work of distribution, but so far he has eluded their watchfulness and succeeded in slipping in and out of the chimneys without being discovered, although he has had many narrow escapes. He tells some amusing stories of his night rides over the roofs of the houses, and the surprise of the cats when they see the horns of his reindeer, cats being, as he tells us, a species of domestic animal, which go about at night emitting strange noises and soliciting bootjacks and other contributions from the delighted people whom they entertain with their weird music. Among other things which Santa Claus mentioned as indicative of the progress being made on the sister planet is that the people of Earth converse with each other by means of wires which they hang on poles, the common form of salutation through these wires being "Hello." He also says they differ from the people of Mars in that they wear bags on their legs, thus making a garment which they call trousers, and that when a boy is old enough to don these bags he ceases to take the same interest in the chimney, and pretends to believe that the gift-making of Santa Claus is a fable and the old gentleman himself a hollow mockery. Our distinguished visitor made the round of all the leading toy shops of Mars and selected a choice assortment of playthings, which will be pleasant surprises for the children of the neighboring sphere, and may be the means of opening up a valuable trade between the two planets. He assures us that the people of a place called Canada, which he pointed out on a map, are the happiest and most contented that he has come across in his many wanderings, and he declares that there are no brighter or better behaved children to be found anywhere than those of Earth. It appears from casual remarks made by this venerable party, if he is to be believed, that instead of going from place to place with wings attached to their spinal columns, like the Marsites, the people of Earth travel by means of steam wagons which run on iron rails; that they harness immense animals with four legs, and are called horses; that they go about with things on their heads like stovepipes, which they call plug hats; that they do not walk on all fours, as formerly, but by some process of what he calls "development" are enabled to walk about erect; that everybody tries to put as much money in everybody's else pockets (or take it out, we are not sure which) as it is possible to do without being seen; that the feminine portion of the community is tender, loving and kind, and makes a great deal of bustle in the world; that as the festive season of Christmas approaches the air becomes laden with the perfume of generous deeds, and that an election has just been held in a place called America, in which Lord Sackville was unanimously elected president as a graceful tribute to his pen. Santa Claus is such a jovial old fellow and has such a merry twinkle in his eye that we are not quite sure just how much of what he says the people of Mars are to take as gospel, but we give his curious statements for what they are worth. He leaves Mars to-morrow, as he is due in Earth by Christmas Eve, when he make his annual rounds. *Bon voyage* to him, say we, and may his visits to the homes of the little ones be like a flood of sunshine streaming down every chimney.

A. F. PIRIE.

The Helper at The Oar.

The pretty illustration on page 11 of SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS SCARCE needs descriptive text. The brave little lass struggling manfully with the big oar pulled by father, shows the sturdy, helpful spirit that in after years will bring comfort and consolation to the home birds, should the waves of sorrow and misfortune ever break over the roof tree. Just now father looks at the little maiden with an amused smile on his weather-beaten face. He puffs the blue smoke from his well-seasoned pipe, and a look of pride comes over his sun-browned face as he notes the determined air with which his little daughter helps him wrestle with the big oar.

There are a good many "helpers at the oar" in this world. You find them in every home where the lighted lamp of love sheds its soft illumination on the scene. Dear little hearts, they can't do enough to help father or mother along, their every act helps to lengthen the chain of family affection which binds them all together. It is this spirit which, when proper y developed in youth, makes brave, manly, honorable men and courageous, tender, loving and lovable women.

Keeping House.

In harmony with the sketches which appear elsewhere in this paper of the little boy and girl dressed up in the caps and spectacles of their aged grandparents, is this pretty little sketch of German peasant life. The boy has put on his father's apron and is sitting on his father's bench reading, while the girl—who is evidently pretending to be his wife—stands listening and playing with her mother's knitting. It is a very pretty little scene, this. It is pretty because it is natural and human, and the whole world can show us nothing more touching or more beautiful than the simple pleasures of childhood. It is not in Germany only that such pretty scenes as this have been enacted. In our own homes, about our own hearthstones, the children play in the same way. Their simple joys are not confined to a nation; they exist all over the known world wherever children exist and play and are happy, as children only can be happy. All too soon, perhaps, they will be, enacting in earnest the parts they are now playing. For weal or woe they will make their choice of the companions of their lives. Let us hope they will be as happy then as they are in their simple innocence to-day.

A Frolicsome Family.

Kittens at play are full of mischief. When the old mother cat purrs in contemplative laziness and watches her offspring frolicing, the sight is one of beauty. There is such an air of affectionate contentment in her expression and manner, that her appearance is a joy and a delight. She beams serenely upon them and watches over them with a tenderness and care that is beautiful to behold.

Look at the old cat in the picture on page 13. See the look of affection on her face, note the contented happiness expressed in her pose, and note, too, the watchful care with which she glances at the frolicsome kittens before her. The feline mater becomes an object for more than idle contemplation. She sets an example for many human mothers which it would be well for them to profit by.

Undivided.

'Tis the last act in a living drama of Love and Despair. Below the swirl of waters seems to promise eternal oblivion from the shadows that pursue. Love, all consuming Love, is theirs, but the sanction of the world is withheld where honor and fidelity to another have been outraged. Well nigh incredible is the compact, entered into by these despairing hearts, did we not know from the past that such have been made, and carried out with unswerving determination of purpose.

One moment's pause on the brink that stands between life and eternity, one second the weaker spirit shink from the prospect, and, clasped in each other's arms, the awful leap is made, and two immortal souls, unbidden, have gone to meet their Maker.

UNDIVIDED.

A Below-Zero Christmas.

WITH SOMETHING ABOUT THE NORTH-WESTERN REBELLION OF '69.

By Hon. William McDougall.

[Ed. Note.—This article was not given the honored place it deserves as it was not received until all the other pages were stereotyped and on the press.]

You are probably old enough to remember the Red River Rebellion of 1869. The true history of that politico-religious plot to control the future development and political institutions of nearly one-half the North American continent has not yet been written. The materials, however, are within reach, and may ere long be turned to account.

The purchase of Rupert's Land and the North-West Territories having been agreed upon in London by Sir George E. Cartier and myself as members of the Canadian Government, and December 1, 1869, having been fixed as the date of transfer, I was honored with a commission to be the first Lieutenant-Governor of that Great Lone Land. It was deemed important to have everything in readiness for the inauguration of the new government on the day named. Accordingly I set out early in the month of October with my commission in my pocket, and a staff of officials named by the Ottawa Government. It was a long and toilsome journey. From St. Cloud, Minnesota, to Pembina at the boundary, a distance of nearly 400 miles, we had to ford rivers, meander through sloughs, and keep a sharp look-out for the cart trail.

On October 30 we arrived at a Hudson Bay post on the Red River, some two miles north of the 49th parallel. Here we learned that Riel and his half-breeds had practically superseded the Hudson Bay Company's authority, and had erected a barricade at a river crossing, some thirty miles distant, to prevent us from reaching Fort Garry.

The situation was unexpected and embarrassing. I was encumbered with a staff of expectant officials and their baggage, as well as my own family, servants, books and other *impedimenta*. But, as the sequel will show, the marrow of our expedition was a certain captain of artillery, who was impatient to get at "the half-breeds," minus big guns, gunners or ammunition! Contrary to my orders, he drove off to attack the barricade, supported by his wife and two servants—a St. Cloud stable-boy and an old woman. It appears that Riel and his guards were awed as well as surprised by the audacity of the attack, for when the bold captain roared the command, "Take down that blasted fence," they thought Her Majesty's forces had already taken possession of the country. Retiring for a moment to deliberate, they surveyed the "outfit" between the fence rails, and, recovering courage, they at once decided to maintain the barricade and turn back the captain.

This *contretemps* of an ill-informed and rebellious camp-follower cut off all opportunity for explanation and good understanding with the well-disposed, and, at that time, the most influential of the French half-breeds. He was brought back to us a prisoner. Ambroise Lepine and fifteen well-armed Half-breeds formed his escort. I invited Lepine and his companions to take refreshment which they willingly accepted. When they had supped he asked for an explanation of my visit. I invited him and his lieutenant to my appartment, and in the presence of my prospective officials—minus the brave captain—explained my mission and my authority. When I exhibited the parchment commission with its big seal, appointing me Governor of the North-West Territories, and handed it to him for perusal, it was observed that he held it upside down, and directed his attention chiefly to the seal. He could not read English, though he apparently understood my meaning when expressed in words of not more than two syllables. He said if the "committee" had known that their lands and rights would not be taken from them, and that I came to represent *Sa Majeste*, I would not have been opposed, etc., etc. He was very civil and apparently sincere, and his lieutenant nodded assent to his friendly assurances. We offered to put up his party in the Fort, as there was ample room in the outbuildings, but Lepine excused himself, stating that he and two or three of his party had business matters to attend to at Pembina, and would see me in the morning. Knowing that Stuttsman, ex-speaker of the Dakota Territorial Legislature and chief adviser of the malcontents at Fort Garry, was in the neighborhood, we had our misgivings as to the result of a visit to the American village.

When Lepine and his lieutenant returned in the morning, their suavity and veneration for the big seal had evidently succumbed to American "forty-rod," and Stuttsman's spread-eagle oratory. Lepine refused to negotiate, and ordered us to pack up not later than nine o'clock, and recross the boundary. Finding from their angry demonstrations that further parley would be unavailing, I directed my party to prepare to move at short notice, but to delay hitching the horses to the wagons until the last moment. My object was to prevent the half-breeds from claiming that we had left the Territory voluntarily. As the hour of nine o'clock approached, great excitement was observed among the armed men at the gateway. I asked Provencher, my secretary, to go out and speak to them. He soon returned, pale and excited, saying the soldiers had tied Mr. Hallet, a loyal half-breed, to a cart and threatened his life, because he had attempted to dissuade them from violence. They had taken an oath, he said, to shoot the Governor if he did not leave at the time stated.

A BRAVE IRISH GIRL.

At this critical moment I was standing on the veranda of the main building within the stockade, waiting to give the order to the teamsters, when suddenly one of my female servants, a stalwart Irish girl, who had overheard their threat to shoot the Governor, rushed out from the panic-stricken crowd within the house, and planting herself between me and the enemy at the gate, shook her fist and shouted: "You bloody vilyans, I dar' ye to shoot my master, ye'll have to shoot me furst, ye frog-atin' spalpeens," with more vituperation of the same sort. I tried in vain to restrain her, but observing that the astonished half-breeds had ceased to point their muskets towards us, I directed their attention to the stables where the horses were being tackled. This movement allayed the excitement, and obeying the order of *Le Committee National de Metis de la Riviere Rouge*, we recrossed the boundary escorted by Lepine and his *soldats*.

I can never forget the heroism and loyalty of that brave Catholic Irish girl. Her two fellow-servants were English Protestants, one of whom subsequently proved her courage and devotion in an equal, if not higher degree, by refusing to leave me day or night during an attack of small-pox, the result of a second plot concocted at Ottawa. But for spontaneous, unselfish, defiant, physical courage, I give the palm to the Irish Celt.

Although it had been agreed by the high contracting parties that Rupert's Land and the North-West Territories should be transferred to, and become part of, the Dominion, on or before December 1, 1869, on payment of £300,000, which sum had been deposited with Sir John Rose in London for that purpose, the ministers at Ottawa, without informing me of their intention, countermanded the payment, and refused to accept the transfer! No intimation of this extraordinary action had been sent to me at Pembina, where I had been instructed to remain until ordered or compelled to retreat towards Canada. We were beset by spies, and constantly threatened with expulsion by force. We deemed it prudent to post an armed sentinel every night, whom it was necessary to relieve hourly, as the thermometer frequently marked thirty, and sometimes forty degrees below zero. Being well armed with breechloading and repeating rifles, and having astonished the natives with the rapidity, range, and accuracy of our arms, we soon commanded their respectful behavior when paying visits to our camp. The magazine rifle was a new weapon in that region, and proved, as we subsequently ascertained, our best and only reliable friend on that trying occasion.

On December 2, having heard nothing to the contrary, I caused a proclamation to be issued at Fort Garry, announcing the transfer to Canada. For two days the rebels were becalmed. Many, I was told, returned to their homes. The English, Scotch, and other loyal settlers, began to assert themselves, when information, withheld from me, reached Riel and his prompters, fresh and direct from Ottawa, that the Canadian Government had refused to pay the purchase money or accept the transfer! The proclamations were torn down, and the rebellion broke out afresh. The loyalists were cowed, disheartened and left to their own devices. It was *sauve que peut*. Colonel Dennis, who had collected a considerable force at the Stone Fort, a few miles below Fort Garry, declined to give further advice or direction, and returned home to Pembina. He arrived at our camp on December 15, having seen a paragraph in the *Montreal Gazette* by the last mail from Canada, stating that the Government had telegraphed Sir John Rose to withhold payment of the £300,000 to the Hudson Bay Company. I had ordered rough sleighs to be constructed for our covered wagon-boxes and abandoning our wheels, we immediately set out on our somewhat perilous journey for St. Cloud.

AN UNGRATEFUL WOOD-CHOPPER.

On the third day of our journey, as we neared one of the great bends of the Red River, we observed smoke among some trees that skirted the bank. Our women and young people longed to see and feel a good fire, if haply, a log-cabin and not a wigwam, emitted that inspiring signal. The thermometer indicated thirty below zero at midday. Turning towards the river we soon descried a large and comfortable cabin and two Half-breeds, who told us they were wood choppers for the Red River steamboat, and that their fire and cabin were at our service. While the cooks were thawing the frozen bread and beef and making tea, one of the choppers asked if we had a doctor in our party. Dr. Jackes tendered his services, and observing the man's swollen face, asked the cause. He said he was nearly crazy with the toothache. The doctor looked at his tooth, and said it could not be cured, except by taking it out. The operation was performed so quickly, and the relief was so complete, that the grateful half-breed was profuse with his *merci bien*, and immediately offered his assistance in baiting our horses. I had not driven more than a mile before I discovered that the best horse in my team was seriously sick. Calling a halt I summoned the doctor, and he soon pronounced it a case of poisoning. One of the teamsters informed us that he had noticed the doctor's patient looking at the black horses while they were feeding, and saw him make a motion, as he supposed, to tease them and requested him to let them alone. He had evidently thrown stychnine, a common poison in that region, among the oats. Fortunately we had taken the precaution to purchase two Indian ponies accustomed to the severities of the North, as a *dernier resort*, in the event of a break down of any of our unacclimated animals. One of these was promoted to the dignity of mateship with the nobler equine, and by giving the pony a little advantage in the flight we succeeded in pulling through to Fort Abercrombie, the first and only place in a distance of 200 miles that we could even hope to find shelter or sustenance for man or beast.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS EN ROUTE.

Fort Abercrombie, at the outbreak of the war in 1862 between the Sioux Indians and the encroaching settlers, was a mere stockade in one of the bends of the Red River. It was besieged by the Sioux, but not captured. Tall trees on the river bank were pointed out to us, which had been climbed by the savages for the purpose of shooting the brave defenders of the fort from that elevated position. They were excellent marks for the soldiers within, and were shot down like treed bears; but others persisted in climbing to these points of vantage until numbers were killed on both sides.

The buildings within the fort had been improved and its exterior defences strengthened, and when two smart young officers—graduates of West Point—waited upon us at the comfortable log hostelry of Mr. McCauley and invited our party—and especially the ladies—to assist them to celebrate Christmas at the fort, we could not decline the polite invitation. Lady "partners" were not plentiful in that region in 1869, and as we were able to contribute four to the military ball, our gallant host assured us their presence would make the soldiers forget absence from home at Christmas time. Even we tried to forget our troubles and our frostbites, and the hundred miles of unsettled country still to be encountered as soon as our exhausted teams could be recruited. Trunks were unpacked, and our girls put on their best apparel. Of course the unexpected happened. It caused a ripple of surprise in the neighborhood and a murmur of discontent from at least one of our party. Mary informed me that she had been captured, and would remain in Dakota! We ought to have foreseen the danger, but did not till the fatal question had been popped and answered. Mary married an ex-soldier who had taken up a claim in the neighborhood, and I believe has contributed a small army of boys to the industrial forces of the great republic. If they inherit their mother's spirit and energy they will not be apt to flinch in the hour of trial or danger.

Ottawa, November 24, 1888.

Santa Claus in the Toils.

I can look back with gratitude to many a pleasant Christmas-tide. It is true with me, and I suppose with others, that as the recollections of by-gone days grow dim fond memories are saddened with a tender grief as, in the deepening shadows of the past now and then, we catch glimpses of the dear faces of the loved ones, gone, but not forgotten. But in this busy, bustling, selfish world most of us find little time to think upon the past; and it is well with us, indeed, if that past hides no skeleton, and if its record enables us to look the future squarely in the face with courage and with hope.

But a truce to moralizing at Christmas-time, with its visions of happiness and good cheer, and its tender message of Peace and Good Will. Let us be thankful for the many blessings which the Giver of all Good bestows upon us; and at this particular season let us not forget the poor, the needy, and the afflicted in our midst; but let us remember that charity covereth a multitude of sins, and that kindness, like charity, is as the gentle dew from Heaven.

In the most vivid recollections of my busy life there has been very little startling—certainly, nothing romantic; but I can remember a somewhat ludicrous Christmas morning episode that came under my personal knowledge. If its relation does not in any way edify the elders, it may at least interest the little ones, and, as the story is very brief, I will relate how Santa Claus got in limbo one Christmas morning.

One particular Christmas Eve, when the good people of Toronto were very busy and very happy preparing for the pleasures of the morrow, I called upon a friend to whom the world had been unkind, to bid him be of good cheer. It was well into the we' sma' hours before the Christmas greeting was said, and as I trudged my way homeward through the softly falling snow, I encountered a rather novel spectacle. It was no less than a policeman in charge of a horse and waggon, the latter piled high with Christmas toys. I inquired from the guardian of the place what the trouble was, when he silently but eloquently pointed to the front part of the wagon, and there for the first time I noticed the driver cuddled up and fast asleep among piles of rocking-horses, drums, sleighs, dolls, whips and what not. This modern Santa Claus had evidently been overcome by the fatigue of delivering numerous loads of toys—or possibly by the potent hospitality of the night. But, however that may be, there he lay, oblivious to care and sorrow, and beside him, "dimly burning," the lantern by which he discovered the house numbers. I thought, but no doubt it was only fancy, that as he stirred uneasily and muttered, even his befuddled brain felt pangs of remorse at the sore disappointment his conduct would cause to numbers of curly-headed little ones who would awake to find empty stockings, and no rocking horses to ride, nor drums nor bugles with which to make the hallways ring.

"I found the horse wandering down the street," explained the officer, "and took the rig in charge, and 'twas well I did so, or the wagon would have been upset and the toys smashed into smithereens. Of course the young ones will be disappointed, but we'll keep the lot safe and see that they are delivered all right to-day."

And so Santa Claus and his load were marched to jail, perhaps for the first time on record. But my little friends will be glad to know that the nice toys were all delivered that forenoon, and that none of them were broken except the fore-leg of one great grey rocking-horse, which a carpenter afterwards "set" as good as new.

In one household, however, the episode spoiled forever the familiar old story of Santa Claus and his mysterious movements. When the errant wagon arrived at noon on Christmas Day the little ones were at the door in a minute, and I will leave my readers to judge of their surprise when, instead of the grey-bearded, fur-clad, benevolent-faced old Santa Claus of the story, with his bounding reindeer and great sled laden with toys and candles they beheld a sulky driver, clothed in ordinary habiliments, a very muddy wagon and a dejected looking horse that had evidently been out all night instead of in its warm stable eating its Christmas oats. From half a dozen little throats the cry at once went up, "There is no Santa Claus! Papa is Santa Claus!" And so from those curly pates the belief in the good old man of Christmas-tide faded out, but in its stead no doubt there came a stronger, warmer love for the new-found Santa Claus. Would that all youthful fancies were as gently and as kindly dispelled!

The moral of this little story is that Santa Claus should give Bacchus a very wide berth—especially on Christmas eve, lest he meet with the awful fate that befell the sleeping driver and his load of toys that I met on Christmas morn.

Let me bid adieu to my little friends by expressing the hope that Santa Claus will never again be remiss in the discharge of his duty, or guilty of such a gross breach of good behavior; that all toys and candies may in future safely reach their destination—down the chimney, of course—when every one is asleep in bed; and that all the children and those whom they love may spend a very happy and pleasant Christmas.

E. F. Clarke, M.P.P.

Fish are like ladies in full evening costume. They weigh less after they are dressed than before.

Heaven itself is no doubt a delightful place, but we can easily imagine that some of the people are rather trying.

It is very difficult for a lady to enter or leave a carriage properly. It requires practice and a carriage. The carriage is the hardest part to acquire.

A CHRISTMAS INVITATION

In this pretty Christmas number
I should like to add a line,
And will try to tell my story
In this little Christmas rhyme.
My name is Raymond Walker
And I keep the Queen Street Store,
So with your kind permission
I'll tell you something more.

At this merry, joyous season
It is well that you should know
That every solid comfort
That is needed here below
I will sell on weekly payments
With a little money paid,
Be it lounge, or lamp, or easel
You can surely make a trade

Perhaps an easy chair is wanted,
Lady's mantle, it may be,
Set of dishes, or an album,
Center table or settee,
Stove or picture, fancy rocker,
Suit of clothing for the boy,
Fur cap or cape, or anything
To bring the loved ones joy

From this list a choice is easy,
For the rest just trust to me;
I will treat you well, don't doubt it,
Only make a call and see.
My customers are legion,
From the cottage to the hall;
Meanwhile, looking for your visits,
Happy Christmas to you all.

Besides my large collection of desirable Christmas presents I wish it understood that I keep in stock every desirable household comfort from a handsome set of parlor furniture down to a brown stone tea pot. Parties are finding it convenient to pay cash can always be accommodated on easy terms. They will also find that prices are no higher than they would pay to a cash dealer.

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AN OLD SHIP

With a New Hand at the Wheel

Amongst the curiosities of Toronto perhaps none have more claims on public notice than Notman & Fraser's old photo gallery, the extent and working of which is something deserving of notice, not only as a place to get a correct likeness of ourselves or friends, but of friends long gone to their fathers, in old print books by stacks, old negative registers, each one a good lift for an able-bodied porter, and tons of negatives which keep one man busy filling re-orders and keeping them in order. The gallery occupies mostly four flats of 41 King street East. We counted seventeen different apartments, and more might be made of it. It completely throws in the shade all our notions of a photo-gallery before made. The operating room is over 60 feet long by 30 feet wide, and is supplied with a stock of instruments not to be surpassed. Mr. Simpson has lately returned from New York, where he purchased new scenery, lenses, &c., at a heavy cost. Mr. Simpson took the three first prizes at the late Exhibition, including the silver medal. "Photographer to the Royal Family," is no empty boast, for by a look at Mr. Simpson's books can be seen that he has done work for royalty.

Mr. Simpson is something of an artist in colors himself as far as time permits, his time being chiefly occupied in the operating department. His ability in that line may be seen by the *lifelike* style or none of his subjects in the window and through the rooms, as compared with THE LIFELESS appearance of a great many otherwise good portraits. We might fill columns by a close detail of this establishment. What Notman & Fraser began in the earlier stages of the art Mr. Simpson has brought to perfection. His gallery to-day is the culminating triumph of photographic art. It knows no equal; it has no superior. All Notman & Fraser's old negatives are carefully preserved, and copies may be had from them at any time. We doubt if a gallery on the American continent can be found that contains as many notable features. For beauty of work it may be equalled, not excelled. Persons visiting remember the number, 41 King street East.

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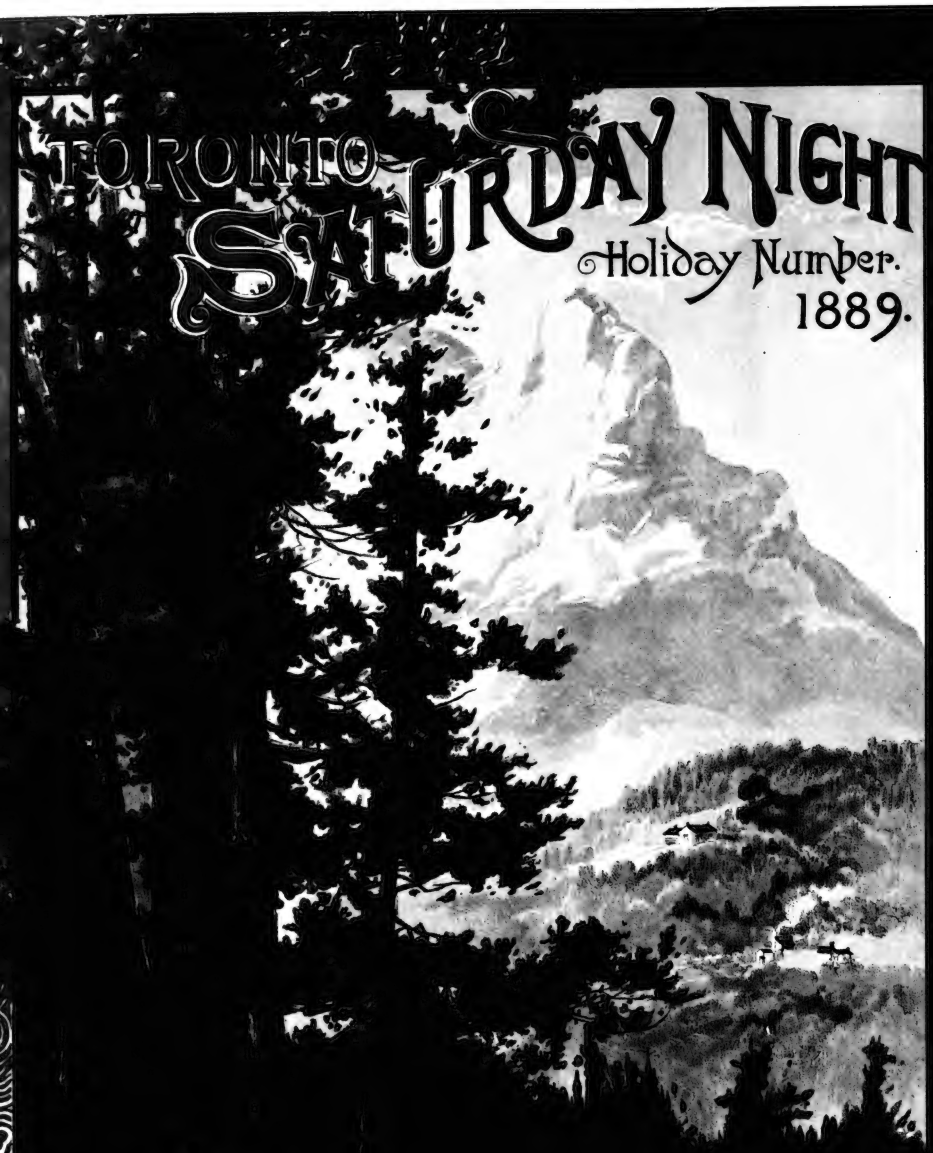
Holiday Number.

1889.



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4.0 x 7.0	9.50	13.00	
2.9 x 2.9	3.00		
3.0 x 3.4	3.75	4.50	
4.0 x 4.6	9.00		
3.0 x 12.0	10.50	12.50	15.50
6.6 x 9.0	22.50		
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9.0 x 12.0	47.50	60.00	

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3.0 x 6.0	9.00

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1.6 x 3.0	$2.25 $2.50
3.0 x 3.0	4.50
2.2 x 3.9	4.00
2.3 x 4.6	4.75
3.0 x 5.3	7.50
3.0 x 6.0	9.00
9.0 x 10.0	42.50
10.0 x 13.6	60.00
11.3 x 13.6	14.50
11.3 x 12.0	35.00
11.3 x 15.0	65.00

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3.0 x 6.0	4.25

Japanese—(Continued).

3.0 x 12.0	9.50
4.6 x 7.0	7.50
6.0 x 9.0	12.00
9.0 x 12.0	25.00
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3.0 x 5.6	4.50

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2.10 x 3.0	4.50
2.6 x 5.0	5.00
3.0 x 6.0	6.75
4.6 x 7.0	14.00
5.0 x 9.0	12.50
5.0 x 12.0	15.00
5.0 x 15.0	18.00
6.0 x 7.6	30.00
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12.0 x 13.6	70.00 85.00
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3 x 4	12.50	13.50	15.00 18.00
3½ x 4	15.00	17.50	
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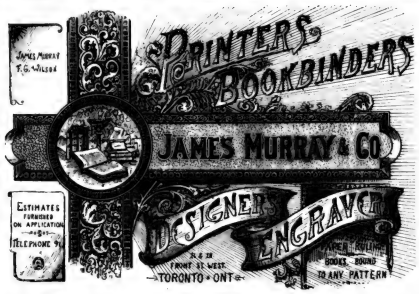

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

Holiday Number, 1889

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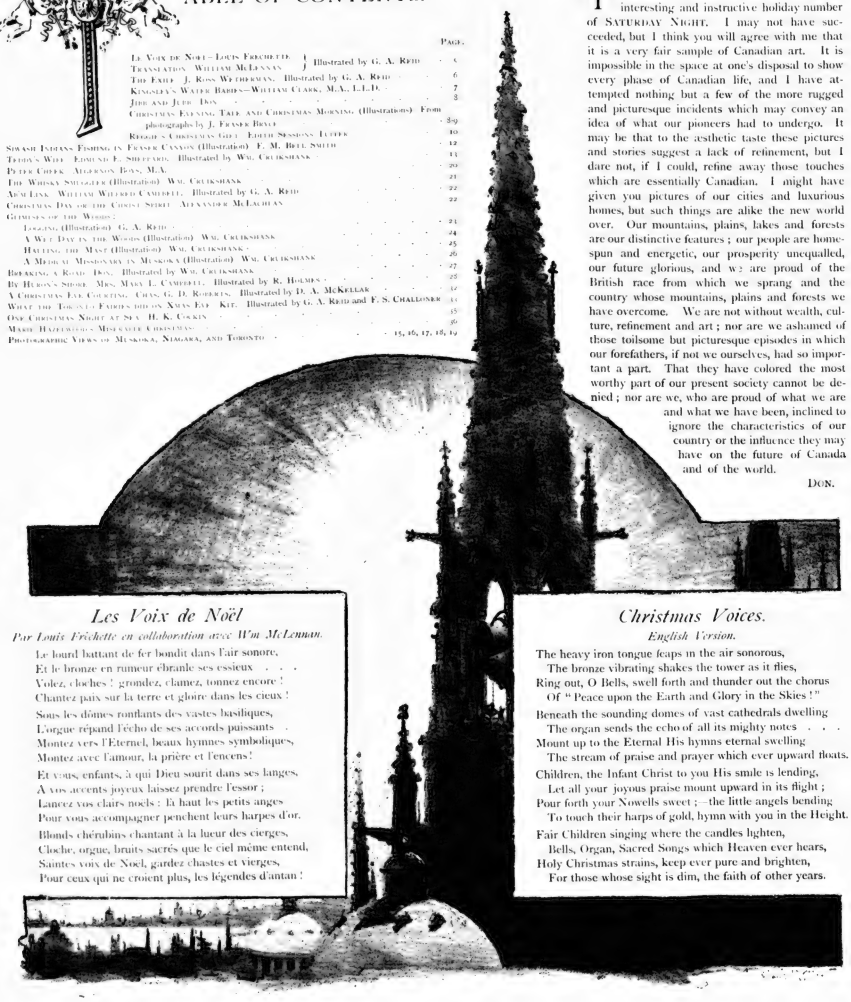
PREFACE.

To me was intrusted the task of making an interesting and instructive holiday number of Saturday Night. I may not have succeeded, but I think you will agree with me that it is a very fair sample of Canadian art. It is impossible in the space at one's disposal to show every phase of Canadian life, and I have attempted nothing but a few of the more rugged and picturesque incidents which may convey an idea of what our pioneers had to undergo. It may be that to the æsthetic taste these pictures and stories suggest a lack of refinement, but I dare not, if I could, refine away those touches which are essentially Canadian. I might have given you pictures of our cities and luxurious homes, but such things are alike the new world over. Our mountains, plains, lakes and forests are our distinctive features; our people are homespun and energetic, our prosperity unequalled, our future glorious, and we are proud of the British race from which we sprang and the country whose mountains, plains and forests we have overcome. We are not without wealth, culture, refinement and art; nor are we ashamed of those toilsome but picturesque episodes in which our forefathers, if not we ourselves, had so important a part. That they have colored the most worthy part of our present society cannot be denied; nor are we, who are proud of what we are and what we have been, inclined to ignore the characteristics of our country or the influence they may have on the future of Canada and of the world.

Don.



Les Voix de Noël

Par Louis Fréchette en collaboration avec Wm McLennan.

Le lourd battant de fer bondit dans l'air sonore,
Et le bronze en rumeur ébranle ses essieux . . .
Volez, cloches! grondez, clamez, tonnez encore!
Chantez paix sur la terre et gloire dans les cieux!

Sous les dômes ronflants des vastes basiliques,
L'orgue répand l'écho de ses accords puissants .
Montez vers l'Eternel, beaux hymnes symboliques,
Montez avec l'amour, la prière et l'encens!

Et vous, enfants, à qui Dieu sourit dans ses langes,
A vos accents joyeux laissez prendre l'essor;
Lancez vos clairs noels: là haut les petits anges
Pour vous accompagner penchent leurs harpes d'or.

Blonds chérubins chantant à la lueur des cierges,
Cloche, orgue, bruits sacrés que le ciel même entend,
Saintes voix de Noel, gardez chastes et vierges,
Pour ceux qui ne croient plus, les légendes d'antan!

Christmas Voices.

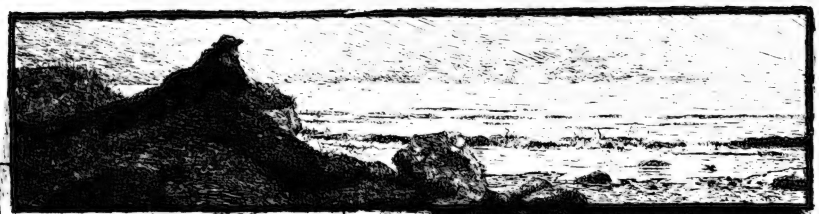
English Version.

The heavy iron tongue leaps in the air sonorous,
The bronze vibrating shakes the tower as it flies,
Ring out, O Bells, swell forth and thunder out the chorus
Of "Peace upon the Earth and Glory in the Skies!"

Beneath the sounding domes of vast cathedrals dwelling
The organ sends the echo of all its mighty notes . . .
Mount up to the Eternal His hymns eternal swelling
The stream of praise and prayer which ever upward floats.

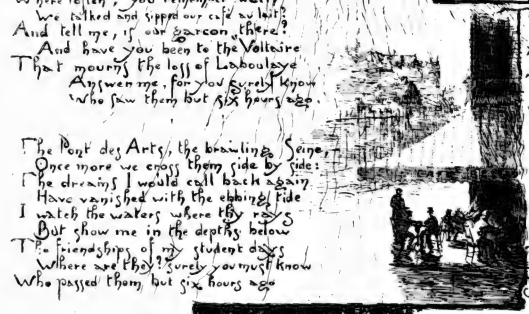
Children, the Infant Christ to you His smile is lending,
Let all your joyous praise mount upward in its flight;
Pour forth your Nowells sweet;—the little angels bending
To touch their harps of gold, hymn with you in the Height.

Fair Children singing where the candles lighten,
Bells, Organ, Sacred Songs which Heaven ever hears,
Holy Christmas strains, keep ever pure and brighten,
For those whose sight is dim, the faith of other years.

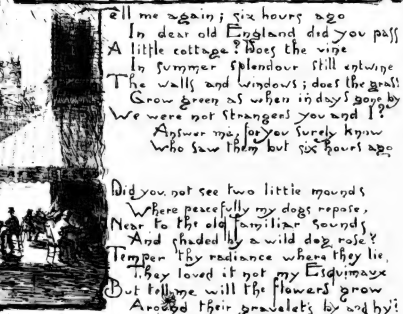


Tell to me, say, six hours ago
In passing Paris, did you see
My chamber in the rue Soufflot
The corner one au quatrième
Are all things as they used to be,
The bed, the clock, that did not go
The desk where in the days gone by
We read together you and I?
Answer me, for you surely know,
Who saw them but six hours ago.

As down the Boulevard Saint Michel
You sauntered, did you pass Soufflot
Where often, you remember well,
We talked and sipped our café au lait?
And tell me, is our garcon there?
And have you been to the Voltaire
That mourns the loss of Laboulaye
Answer me, for you surely know
Who saw them but six hours ago.

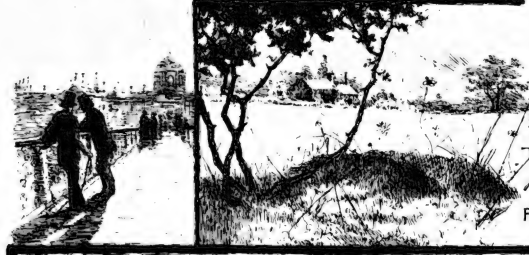


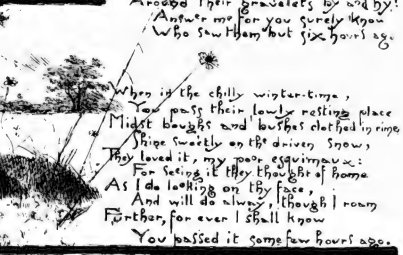
The Pont des Arts, the brawling Seine,
Once more we cross them side by side:
The dreams I would call back again
Have vanished with the ebbing tide
I watch the waters where they rose
But show me in the depths below
The friendships of my student days
Where are they? Surely you must know
Who passed them but six hours ago



Tell me again; six hours ago
In dear old England did you pass
A little cottage? Does the vine
In summer splendour still entwine
The walls and windows; does the grass
Grow green as when in days gone by
We were not strangers you and I?
Answer me, for you surely know
Who saw them but six hours ago

Did you not see two little mounds
Where peacefully my dogs repose,
Near to the old familiar sounds
And shaded by a wild dog rose?
Temper thy radiance where they lie,
They loved it not my Esquimaux
But tell me will the flowers grow
Around their gravelets by and by?
Answer me for you surely know
Who saw them but six hours ago.





When in the chilly winter-time,
You pass their lowly resting place
Midst boughs and bushes clothed in rime
Shine sweetly on the driven snow,
They loved it, my poor esquimaux:
For seeing it they thought of home
As I do looking on thy face,
And will do always, though I roam
Further, for ever I shall know
You passed it some few hours ago.

J. Rojo-Wetherman.

KINGSLEY'S WATER BABIES.

Every reader of the charming "fairy tale for a land baby" of the late Mr. Kingsley must, at least, guess that it has in parts an allegorical character, but there are not a great many persons who have taken the trouble to follow out its spiritual meaning from beginning to end. If the present writer ventures to offer his guidance to those who would willingly be saved the trouble of exploring for themselves, it is because he had Mr. Kingsley's own confirmation of his exposition. Many years ago, soon after the publication of the story, he took in hand to explain it. Several friends questioned his explanation and challenged him to publish it. This was done nearly twenty years ago in an English magazine, and brought Mr. Kingsley's assurance that he desired not one word more or less as regarded his meaning. So much may be said for the comfort and assurance of the reader. It may be well to point out that we are not to regard the spiritual states represented in the allegory as necessarily following each other in the same order as the parts of the story.

The hero of the Water Babies is, at the beginning, a little chimney sweep, who afterwards becomes a water baby. His name is Tom; and his history represents various phases in the spiritual life. In the first place, we have a representation of a conversion from a life of sin. Tom had the conviction of his uncleanness forced upon him by the words of an Irishwoman, and by the cleanness of Ellie. "I must be clean," he said, and cast himself into the river, and was changed into a water baby. The Irishwoman (who did not appear in the story as originally published in *Macmillan's Magazine*) represents Conscience, and perhaps also Providence.

Another phase of conversion is represented by the change which took place in Tom after he became a water baby. For a time he lived a merely selfish, frivolous life, but also a lonely one. He could see no other water babies. But after he had helped a lobster out of a pot in which it had been caught, his eyes were opened and he saw that things which had previously seemed to be merely bits of "shells and sea creatures" were water babies. The meaning is unmistakable. While men are living merely selfish lives, their fellow men are to them only the means of amusement. When the spirit of love awakes in them, and goes forth in acts of devotion and self-sacrifice, then they recognize their fellowmen as brethren. It is the same thought which is so beautifully illustrated in Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.

Agnes Thomson, Canada's Leading Soprano.

Tom now enters into the Society of the Water Babies in S. Brandan's isle. He is "a new creature," but he is not perfect, and the discipline of his life and character is carried on under two wonderful fairies, Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid and her sister, Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby. These two ladies represent the principles of Law and Grace, the two great agents in the moulding of our moral and spiritual life on earth. Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid is a rather ill-favored lady, who does to the water babies as they have done to others, and explains that she cannot do otherwise because she is wound up, and must go on. And she says herself, "I am the very ugliest fairy in the world, and I shall be till people behave themselves as they ought. And then I shall grow as handsome as my sister, who is the loveliest fairy in the world." Law is ugly to law-breakers; but to those who love the law and keep the law, it is as beautiful as Grace itself, which is here represented by Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby.

But a change takes place in Tom's circumstances. Little Ellie, whom he had seen when he was a chimney-sweep, had also become a water baby, and had helped in Tom's education. But Tom noticed that Ellie always went away on Sunday; and when he asked her where she went, she said she could not tell him. It was a beautiful place, but she could not say where it was. "And it is strange, but true, that no one can say; and that those who have been oftenest in it, or even nearest to it, can say least about it." The fairy, however, told him that those who would go there must first do as Ellie had done. "They must go where they do not like, and do what they do not like, and help somebody they do not like. Tom suspected that Ellie's work had been his own education, and that his appointed task was to do something for Grimes, his cruel old master when he had been a chimney sweep. But at last he consented to do as was required. The meaning of this is plain. Ellie could not tell Tom where she went on Sunday; and those who have attained to the higher levels in the spiritual life cannot explain to those on a lower level the nature of their experience. Each one must make it his own before he can know what it is like, and the way of ascent is the hard and thorny path of self-denial and self-sacrifice. "The Captain of our salvation" was made "perfect through sufferings."

It has been remarked that the different parts of the story do not always represent the order of spiritual experience; and we must be contented to explain the meaning of certain incidents without being sure that we know the reason of their being where they are. This is the case, for example, with the episode of Mother Carey, who undoubtedly represents Dame Nature. She was a white marble lady seated on a white marble throne. "And from the foot of the throne there swam away, out and out into the sea, millions of new born creatures. . . And they were Mother Carey's children whom she makes out of the seawater all day long." Mother Carey gave Tom two directions. She told him to follow his dog and to walk backwards. The principal guides with which Nature furnishes us are instinct and experience.

Another remarkable character that Tom met with on his journey was the Gairfowl, a representative of a somewhat large class of self-satisfied people, who are so well-pleased with their own qualifications and attainments that they refuse to learn anything from others, and regard progress in every form as a vulgar kind of thing quite unworthy of them. And so, in time, they come to lose the power which they once possessed. The Powwow man, again, is a sample of the religious teacher, of whatever denomination, who thinks it impossible to make people good without first frightening them into fits. Mr. Kingsley would certainly not have denied the need or the utility of fear in certain moral conditions; but he points out well and clearly the evil and the danger which are frequently connected with the method which he is here describing.

At last Tom comes to the place where poor Mr. Grimes is stuck in a chimney. No one can get him out of it, and he has not yet come to the state of mind in which he can help himself. At last the news of his old mother's death touches his heart, and the copious tears which he sheds wash the soot off his face and the mortar out of the brick chimney, so that he is able to get out. And now Tom's work is done; and he can return to S. Brandan's isle. The episode of the back stairs is very funny, and is meant to teach us that there is no "royal road" to any destination which is worth reaching.

When Tom and Ellie meet again in S. Brandan's isle they are no longer babies, but a full grown man and woman. They are no longer children, but grown to their full stature in Christ. And by reason of this growth they are able to understand something of their former instructors and guides which they could not know before. Mark how this is brought out in the story.

"At last they heard the Fairy say: 'Attention, children! Are you never going to look at me again?' They looked; and both of them cried out at once, 'Oh, who are you after all? You are our dear Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby.' 'No, you are our good Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid; but you are grown quite beautiful now.' 'To you,' said the Fairy. 'Look again.' 'You are Mother Carey,' said Tom in a very low, solemn voice; for he had found out something which made him very happy, and yet frightened him more than all that he had ever seen. 'But you are grown quite young again?' 'To you,' said the fairy. 'Look again.' 'You are the Irishwoman that met me the day I went to Harthover.' And when they looked she was neither of them, and yet all of them at once."

The meaning here is unmistakable. When, through the illumination of divine grace and the discipline of life and the power of divine love, we are come to perfection, then we shall see no longer, as children, through a glass darkly, but face to face, and we shall know as we are known. And then it will become clear to us that Nature and Grace and Law and Conscience and Providence are not things different, or, as they sometimes seem to us, contradictory, but that they all find their perfect harmony and unity in God.

WILLIAM CLARK.

CHRISTMAS EVE TALE.

JIBB AND JUBB.

[This fairy story in rhyme (it does not pretend to be poetry) was written for recitation at the request of the little girl who is telling it in Mr. Fraser Bryce's photograph, and I wish long and happy life and many merry Christmas Eves to her and her little audience and to all the little folks who may read it or have it read to them.—Don.]

Jibb and Jubb, a boy and girl, were youngsters not many years ago,
And the story's true I tell you, for my auntie told me so.
They were naughty, awful naughty, and wouldn't mind their Ma,
They were fibbers, story-tellers and told whoppers to their Pa.

It was summer, while the steamboats were plying across the bay,
That naughty Jibb proposed to naughty Jubb, "'S'pose we run away?"
And girlie Jubb thought 'twould be lovely to get away from Ma,
And Jibb guessed he'd have a jolly time if he could hide from Pa.
So they took their savings bank and shook out a silver dime,
And started on the ferry boat to have the loveliest time.
On the Island they chased each other along the shiny sand,
And paddled in the shallow pools and listened to the band.
Then they got into a sail boat and shoved out across the bay,
The wind sprang up and before they knew they were miles and miles away.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Then rough grew the angry water and Jibb and Jubb got sick,
And wished that they were home and were sorry for their trick.
But both wind and wave grew wilder and the boat it faster flew,
And the low Island and the city sank down behind the blue.
The sun went down and stormy darkness spread all across the deep,
And in the sinking sail boat tired Jibb and Jubb were fast asleep.
Jibb with his arms round little Jubbie had said his bedtime prayer,
And e'en though they were very wicked God must have seen them there.
For while the storm was howling and the waters flew mountains high,
The boat still lived, the great God had heard the weeping parents' cry,
While in their stricken home they prayed in an agony of fright,
That their Jibb and Jubb might not be harmed that wild and stormy night.

Stand upon the highest cliff and when across the lake you gaze,
You'll see, where the skies and waters meet, a cloud of misty haze,
Kept always there by the fairy queen to hide her mystic cave,
And over its ragged, rocky roof the storm-lashed waters rave,
For the queen fairy of the lake is not always good and kind,

Or she would never wreck a ship as she rides upon the wind.
Nor is she always cruel, though many a sailor I've heard say
That not a soul who has seen her cave has ever got away.
You'll see that this is wrong from the tale I am about to tell
Of the queer things and adventures strange which Jibb and Jubb befell.
The queen fairy was out riding on a flying thunder cloud,
And the fierce, hungry waves to please her were shouting long and loud,
When she saw the leaking sail boat and the youngsters fast asleep.
"How's this?" she asked, "If angels a watch o'er all good babies keep:
These must be naughty ones or they would not be so far away
From their warm bed in their cosy home and on the lake astray.
If I thought they could be made to mind I'd put them in my cave,
But if they fib or w-h-i-n-e at night such babes I would not save."
Jubb looked so fair with her sunny hair and Jibb as sweet as pie,
That the queen fairy's heart grew softer and she could not let them die.
Taking them both in her arms she dived down to her palace door,
And still dripping with the spray she laid them on the sandy floor,
Gave them a drink of bitter wine made from water-lily leaves,
And cover'd them with a weed blanket which a fair mermaid weaves.
There they slept till the morning light, shining through the lofty dome,
Woke them to see with wide-staring eyes their fairy, wave-girt home.

Everywhere the cave seemed dripping, yet the air was dry and warm.
Everything seemed peaceful, though yet the sound of the raging storm
Through the wide cavern came rolling with a dull and booming sound,
Which echoed through the corridors and kept whisp'ring 'round and 'round.
Jibb was awfully frightened, and Jubb began at once to weep,
As in strange places babies will when awakened from their sleep.
Crowds of fairies came a-flying and gathered around the pair,
Each one wondering and asking, too, "However they came there?"
Jibb said he did not know, and trembling Jubb all the louder bawled,
When through the long and echoing cave a stern voice loudly called:
"Throw her into the lake if she don't quit that nasty yelling,"
Little Jubb grew silent in less time than it takes in telling.
And well might she be terrified, for Mæts the Goblin was there,
With fifty teeth in either jaw and a ton of greenish hair;
An ugly old giant indeed, as tall as the highest tree,
A nose as big as this room and eyes like blazing fires had he;
And his two great hands could cover up a hundred little boys,
Or toss two big horses in the air just as if they were toys.
"The queen hath said," and glared he at the babes from the upper world,
"That the next young scamp who makes a row shall from the cave be hurled."
And he gave Jibb a poke with his spear which made his bones all ache,
But he did not cry for fear of being thrown out in the lake.
Then the fairies gave them breakfast and some very good advice,
To do as they were told, and keep as quiet as little mice,
As side by side they sat, two better children were never seen
Than the noisy Jibb and saucy Jubb while waiting for the queen.

At last Queen Ezah-Retaw came, the loveliest fairy she
Of all fairies in the fairyland which lies beneath the sea.
Her eyes were dark and her satin skin was of a reddish hue,
Down to her wee feet hung waves of hair of black just tinged with blue.
Her smile was sweet as honey, but from beneath her sombre brows
Shone the light of a haughty spirit which one word could arouse.
"My two naughty little ones," said she, "I saved you from the storm,
And if you're good, I'll have you well fed and keep you dry and warm;
But if you're bad," and the fairy's eyes grew large and dark and flashed,
"You'll have Mæts to deal with, not your Ma and Pa, and you'll get thrashed.
To-day we give a dinner to all the fishes and their friends,
And you will see many strange beings before the party ends;
Even now," said the queen more gently, "the covers have been laid
Sit at the table right next to me and do not be afraid."
She led them to the banquet-hall, which was half-full of water,
And introduced them to Mistress Wall-eyed Pike and her daughter,
Who were quite convulsed with merriment while bowing to let them pass.
"The ill-bred things," said the queen; "Why, how do you do, Mr. Bass?
Glad to see you, Mistress Bass; Master Sunfish you're looking well!
Why, Mistress Trout! to see you gives me more joy than I can tell."
She wore a salmon-colored dress and a lovely speckled sacque
Her fan and dressing-case were carried on Mister Mullet's back
"Good day, Uncle Catfish, I never saw you looking better;
Sorry the Pollywogs won't be here! I've just received their letter."
She introduced Jibb and Jubb to all in such a pleasant way
That they ceased to be frightened though they had not a word to say.

The table with its dainty fare was floating on the water,
The head waitress was Niagara, Mrs. Herring's daughter.
Fat old Mr. Sturgeon took the chair, which was a sunken log,
And after dinner said: "We will have a song from Mr. Frog."
When young Frog rose up to sing he had a smile upon his face,
His songs, which were of the low marsh-lands, were sung in deepest bass.
I forget the words, but all the chorus was: "Ker-flunk, ker-plunk,"
And when the fairies thanked him he bowed and said, "Ker-flunk, ker-plunk."
Jibb and Jubb thought this was funny, and both began to giggle;
Such rudeness amazed the fish, and they all began to wiggle.

The Bluefish hit Jibb with his tail, and the Crab bit Jubbie's toe,
And where the row might have ended I am sure that I don't know,
Had not Queen Ezah-Retaw begun to sing that weird refrain,
Which quiets all the fishes and tells of coming wind and rain;
The tune of her song was like the cold night winds' complaining sigh,
When, W-u-u-W-u-u, around the house you hear it's lonesome sigh.
Jibb and Jubb grew weary, for the water was up to their chins,
And were glad when the time came for them to shake the clammy fins
Of the departing fishes, who were exceedingly polite,
Though some of them acted as if intending to stay all night.
Later on they had supper and some more of the bitter wine,
Made by the fairies from the green water-lily's graceful vine,
But when they went to bed that night their pillow was wet with tears,
For they were thinking of their home and parents, poor little dears!
With thoughts of mamma and of papa, their hearts were like to break,
As they knelt down and prayed for God to save them for Christ's dear sake.

. . . . . .

Six long, long and weary months have passed since that eventful day
When naughty Jibb and saucy Jubb sailed gaily across the bay.
You would not of known them; they never fought with one another,
Jubb had no one to go to with tales of her naughty brother.
They told no more fibs, and always minded what the fairies said,
And often asked at night if their mamma thought that they were dead.
They didn't know that in her sleep mamma had heard a fairy say
That her Jibb and Jubb would be brought back to her on Christmas day.

. . . . . .

It was Christmas eve, and they were sleeping just as sound as sound,
Queen Ezah-Retaw stood beside them with fairies all around;
They covered them with sea-weed blankets and carried them away,
And Jibb and Jubb woke up at home on the morn of Christmas day,
To see their dear papa and their mamma weeping tears of joy,
Once again to hold within their arms their little girl and boy;
Though old Santa Claus had been there, and had left them lots of things—
Jibb's arms are 'round his mother's neck, Jubb to her father clings—
Worthless indeed are fine hobby horses, dishes, dolls and drums
If there be no papa, no mamma, when Christmas morning comes—
There now I saw you yawning, so I shan't tell you any more,
Except that every night at bedtime they ask about the door
If it is locked, and if nurse thinks Goblin Mæts could get in there
With fifty teeth in either jaw and a ton of greenish hair.
For they'll never forget if they live ever, ever so long
Queen Ezah-Retaw's cave or the bull-frog's ker-plunkity song;
The Bluefish who slapped with his tail or the Crab who bit their toes,
Or even little Miss Trout who paddled around with her beaux. DON.

REGGIE'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

AND what does Reggie wish St. Nicholas to fetch him, a sled?"

"No-o."

"A sword?"

"No-o."

"A drum?"

"No."

"What then, darling, tell mamma," and the slender, sweet-faced young mother bent down and caressed the fluffy, blonde head lying on her knee. Reggie was silent a moment, then looking into his mother's tender eyes, he said, clapping his fat, pink hands:

"Me wants a papa!"

Eleanore's pale face grew whiter yet. She had dreaded this hour: the hour when her child should ask for his father. And now that the question had come at this Christmas time, when everything was reminding her of her cruel loss, it seemed hard indeed.

She did not at once answer her child, but caught him in her arms and held him pressed convulsively against her stormy breast. The tempest passed after a little, and she calmly said:

"Reggie, dearest, that is something St. Nicholas cannot bring you. Choose, instead, some toy, darling."

"If I had a papa he could play wiv me," eagerly suggested Reggie.

There suddenly flashed before her mind a picture of what might have been. Instead of sitting here alone before the blazing fire, there might have been a handsome, fair-haired man lounging there on the tiger skin, with Reggie climbing triumphantly over him, pounding him with his tiny fists, pulling his mustache—kissing him. O heavens! it was too much, she could not bear it.

With a bitter sob, she flung herself upon the low, broad couch and buried her face in the cushions.

Reggie looked in the sorrowful eyes of his pretty mamma. He could not understand it. Mamma cried so much. The mammas of the little boys with whom he played did not cry. They scolded sometimes, which was something

his mamma never did, but they never cried. There were papa's in all the houses where Reggie was wont to visit.

His childish mind was trying to grapple with this problem. There were papas, the mammas didn't cry! His mamma cried a great deal, and there was no papa. Now if a papa could be found perhaps mamma would not cry.

An idea shortly grew in that busy, little brain. It was nearly Christmas and St. Nicholas surely must be somewhere about. Why should not Reggie go in search of him and finding him, beg for a papa?

St. Nicholas, he had been told, was a kind old gentleman to good little boys and Reggie had been very, very good for such a long time. Yes, that was it! he would set out directly in search of St. Nicholas and a papa.

He stole quietly out of the room into the back hall. Here he pulled on his stout india-rubber boots, put on his overcoat and cap, drew on his fur mittens, opened the door, squared his shoulders and trudged out into the night.

It was a frosty, star-lit evening. Reggie shivered a little but he was a sturdy, brave little chap and not easily discouraged. He hurried down the street toward the railway station. He had been told that St. Nicholas lived away off somewhere, and as he had long wished to take a trip on those fascinating "train cars" which swept through Rosedale, he deemed this a most excellent opportunity.

He entered the station and warmed his small hands at the big coal stove with an air of great importance. The agent noted the handsome little fellow with cheeks like apples and eyes like stars, and long blonde curls falling over his shoulders, and smiled at the little manly airs he gave himself.

The eastern bound train thundered down, and Reggie went forth close behind a man and wife with their four or five children.

The brakeman, supposing him to be of this party, swung him on board, and a little bit frightened and a good deal delighted, Reggie found himself really starting on a journey in search of a papa.

The conductor, passing through, repeated the brakeman's mistake, and the young traveler was not questioned. On and on through the solemn, winter night rushed the train bearing the little boy on his quest. He fell asleep finally and made so lovely a picture that the conductor, who had two fine boys at home, regarded him with approval. It suddenly dawned upon him that there was no striking resemblance between this beautiful child and the snub-nosed, freckle-faced family on the other side of the car, and he began to make inquiries. He was somewhat alarmed when no one was found to lay claim to Reggie. However he could not put the child off the train and decided to await developments.

. . . . . .

There was horror, confusion and chaos when Reggie's bedtime came and he was nowhere to be found. The absence of his wraps showed he was not hidden about the house for mischief.

Grandfather and grandmother were in a state of mind which it were idle to attempt to describe. The poor mother passed rapidly from one fit of unconsciousness to another, and stalwart Uncle Rob was the only one to think and act. It was nearly midnight before the child was traced to the station, but once tracked to that point the rest was comparatively easy, and Uncle Rob soon held a precious yellow document in his hand which announced that the little runaway was safe on train No. 10 and would be returned on No. 5 the next day.

Eleanor's agony was relieved, though she could not sleep that long night, and the morning found her too weak to leave her bed.

Reggie would not return from his trip until three o'clock that afternoon. His mother counted the hours and moments till she should hear that merry childish voice again.

. . . . . .

The western-bound express rolled into the big station at M—— the next forenoon, and a little, mussed, dishevelled boy of four years was put in charge of the sleeping car conductor. His story was soon known by everybody from porter to the passenger in the last section.

He was so handsome, so mischievous, so bright, that he was soon the center of attraction. The porter brushed him up and even combed his curls. He was petted and cuddled and questioned over and over. To every fresh catechism he returned always the same answers: that he had gone to find St. Nicholas to ask him to bring him a papa so mamma wouldn't cry so much.

This naive answer affected many tender-hearted ladies to tears, and even caused a suspicion of moisture to gather in more than one pair of manly eyes.

The most desirable section in the Caledonia was filled with coats and luggage bearing any quantity of foreign labels. There were piles of books, papers and uncut magazines. However, the occupant of No. 11, did little reading. He occasionally fumbled his books in the most nervous and distrait manner imaginable, and passed the most of his time in the smoking-room, lighting cigar after cigar. He stared steadily through the frost-covered windows, but not at the scenery. Over and over he saw but one picture: A brightly-lighted room, daintily furnished everything new and fresh and smart. He saw three people there two men and a woman. One man starting forward with pleading, out-stretched hand he could hear his voice—"Listen, Harry, you must, you shall. Good God, man, it's all a mistake."

He saw the woman, sweet-faced, slender, drawing herself up with superb disdain, and flashing a look of resentment and contempt at the third actor, who mad with rage and jealousy was rushing from the room away, away from his home, from his sweet, young wife, from his country, to wander for nearly four long years to and fro, hating himself and everyone else.

With a start this man, with the bronzed face and sad, tired eyes, flung his half-smoked cigar away and lighted another. He recalled that morning in Venice when he received a letter which had followed him all over Europe. A letter from a woman who had hated his young wife and who had sent him that terrible anonymous letter which had poisoned his naturally jealous mind. She was dying and wished to undo the wrong she had done. The allegations she had made were all false.

Stung with remorse he lived again that shocking scene wherein he had accused his wife of her affection for his friend, and refusing to listen to any explanation had left her as he thought forever.

Now he was on his way back to beg her to forgive him. Ah! would he find her? Perhaps she was dead.

A childish voice startled him.

"O, what a funny little room. Tan I tome in?"

He looked up and saw a beautiful fair-haired boy, in kilts and sailor blouse, standing in the door of the smoking-room. Just behind him stood the porter benignant, protecting, smiling.

The man with the tired eyes held out his hand to the child.

"Yes, come in and talk to me. Who are you?"

"Reggie," said the boy, approaching with confidence.

"Well Reggie, and who's boy are you?"

"Mamma's."

"And papa's?"

"No; no papa's. I hav'n't dot any papa. I wented to find St. Nicholas to bring me a papa for Twissmass, but I 'touldn't fin' him so I'm goin' back to mamma now."

By this time he was on his new friend's knee, and playfully patting the bearded cheeks with his chubby hands.

The traveler sighed as certain recollections swept over him, and the conductor passing then, stopped and told the story of Reggie's flight.

The child listened gravely and then announced his errand again.

"Mamma tries all the time so I finked if I dot a papa she wouldn't try."

"By the way," said the conductor, "the child is bound for your destination—Rosedale.

"Is that so?" asked the man, carelessly. "What's mamma's name, Reggie?"

"Mamma Nora," said the boy, pulling at his friend's moustache

"Nora—Nora what?"

"Not Nora what—dust—Mamma Nora."

"Do you live alone with her?" asked the man, trying to speak calmly.

"Dare's dranpa and dramma, an'—an'——"

"Yes, yes, *who* else? Speak, tell me," clutching the child, convulsively.

"Uncle Rob—an' Aunt Hattie, an'——" but he did not finish, for with a great sob the man strained the baby to his breast, crying out:

"My boy—O my boy."

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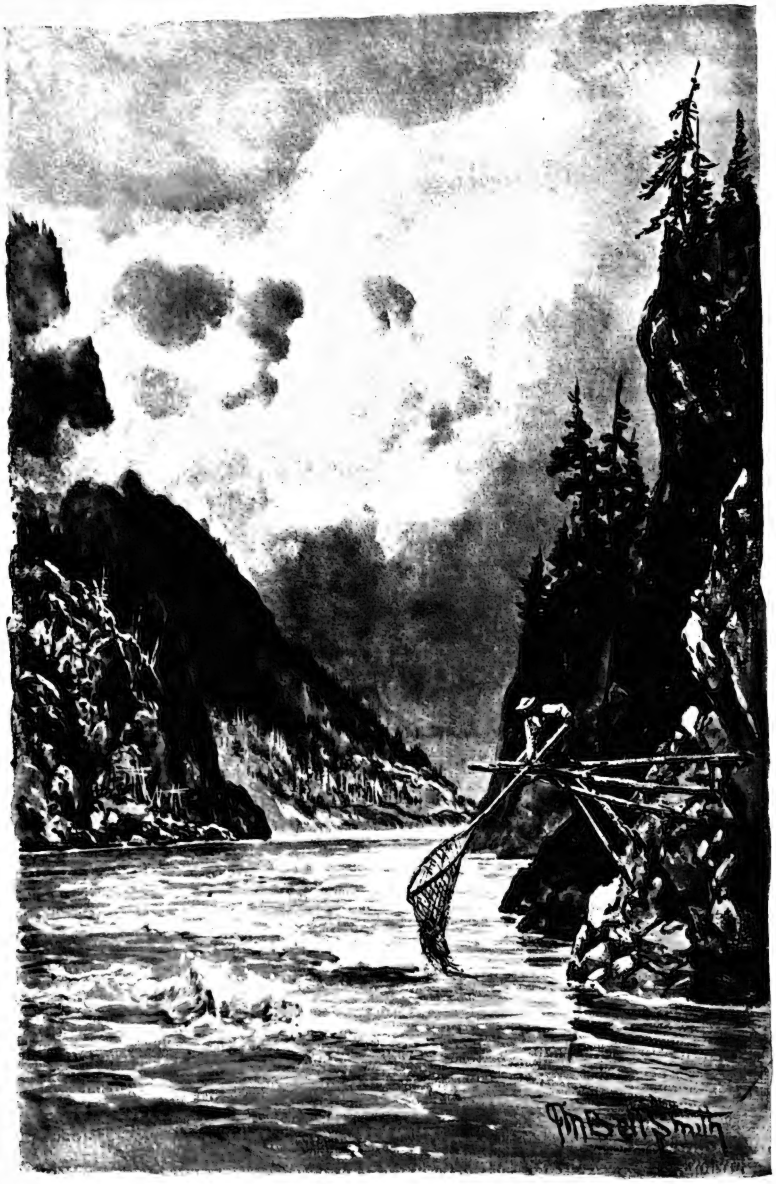
It was time for Uncle Rob to be back from the station. Eleanor raised herself on her elbow and listened. Yes, there was his voice, and—oh joy! yes Reggie's. The door was flung open, and the boy ran in leading a tall, handsome man, and crying, gleefully:

"Mamma, I wented and finded a papa an' I bringded him home to you."

Eleanor gave one startled, upward glance—then her husband bent down and silently took her in his arms.

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.



SIWASH INDIANS FISHING IN FRASER CANYON.

TEDDY'S WIFE.

CHAPTER I.

IT WAS a charming little room, the deep, rich coloring blending with the tasteful decorations, while the furniture in its softly cushioned and brilliantly polished newness was almost luxurious. But I must begin somewhere else. When Mr. J. Tedrington Lightbourne married Miss Kittie Gordon their apparent resources did not amount to quite two thousand dollars, and the bride furnished fully three quarters of the not extravagant amount. "Teddy" Lightbourne was a jolly, good natured soul, junior partner in a firm of architects, and had hardly yet learned to keep his aristocratic tastes within the limits of a very limited income. Of course they decided not to go into debt, what newly married couple with the slightest pretence to worldly wisdom fails to make that excellent resolution? Teddy insisted, in his large, impracticable way, that any sort of a room would do for him and that Kittie's money should be expended in furnishing the drawing-room and the other apartments which would constitute her special domain, while he would fix up some kind of a den for himself, and, after elaborate calculation, he decided that he would have enough left to furnish the dining-room and kitchen. But Mrs. Lightbourne, who was somewhat strong-minded, though a merry and loving little soul, objected; if he would give her his money she felt certain she could put it where it would do more good than if invested by a great big, silly man, who would buy whatever the salesmen advised. Teddy was not fond of the economies of life and as she insisted that having nothing else with which to fill in the time after he left the hotel for his office in the morning, it would be a source of pleasure to her, he consented. Her proceedings thereafter were exceedingly high handed. She would not permit him to see anything she had bought nor even to visit the pretty little house which they had rented, until all was finished.

"You know, Teddy," she used to say in the evening, "I'm three years older than you are, and I kept house for papa and know all about it; leave it to me and by Christmas I'll have everything ready."

It was ready two weeks before Christmas and no wife through all the joyous lands where Christmas is welcomed as the happiest time in the year, was quite so happy as Kittie Lightbourne as she clung to her Teddy's arm and heard his exclamations of delight while being shown the beauties of their new home. His own room was the last opened for inspection and when he saw what she had done he caught her in his arms and kissed her sweet face and red lips, and told her she made him feel ashamed of himself; he had done so little for her and she had done so much for him. I think an observer, much more remote from Teddy than Kittie was, at that moment might have noticed the tears in Teddy's eyes—tears such as are started in the eyes of even somewhat selfish men when they see the self-sacrifice and love of those for whom they have taken but little thought.

Those tears somewhat disconcerted Kittie Lightbourne, even though they told her, as words never could, that her labor had been appreciated. "Sit down in your chair and try how it fits you, Ted! I want to see how you look and if the shade of leather suits your complexion!" she cried, gaily, but he still held her close to his heart and gently stroked the great coils of brown hair which rested against his shoulder.

"Do sit down, Teddy, and don't look so overwhelmingly grateful or you'll make me feel cheap and silly. After I look at you awhile I'll come over and see if it will hold us both, for you needn't flatter yourself with the idea that you are going to have this room or that chair all to yourself, Mr. Proudie, so now!"

Teddy tried the chair and it proved exactly suitable in color and quite large enough for two. "Kittie," suggested Teddy looking into the loving face pillowed partly on his shoulder and partly on the soft back of the chair, "how did you ever get all this furniture and these pretty things for two thousand dollars? I should think they would have cost twice that?"

Kittie's hand pressed firmly over his mouth stopped further enquiries. "No questions, sir!" she exclaimed archly. "Everything is paid for and details would be tiresome. If other people will only be kind enough to think that we have spent so much money we may be able to pose as capitalists, or perhaps if they know you hadn't any money they will think you married poor old me because I was an heiress."

"Poor old you, indeed," laughed Teddy. "I've reached the advanced age of twenty-five and you must be nearly twenty-eig——"

"Hush, Ted, never breathe that awful number! It is bad enough to dream of it, think of it, and see it written on the walls like that awful, ominous something at Belshazzar's feast, without ever hearing it." Kittie's serio-comic interruption made Teddy laugh, he, man-like, failing to notice the little quiver in the voice, or take to heart the lesson that every man ought early to learn, that no woman cares to see her years reckoned upon one's fingers.

"You remember what the parson said to us, Kittie," continued the oblivious Teddy, "when we gave him our ages, 'that a wife older than the husband brings good luck,' and you know a rattle-brained man like I am needs someone with sense to look after him."

"Don't, Teddy, please don't talk as if I had taken you to raise," cried Kittie, the brave little soul, still keeping the accent of pain hidden beneath her gay laugh and comic grimaces. "If ever you confess to anything more than that we are about of an age I'll get a divorce or do something equally desperate and heartbreaking. And it would be heartbreaking, Teddy," murmured Kittie, as she put her arm around his neck and drew her face close up to his bearded cheek, "if anything ever separated us, for I love you, Teddy, with all my might, and old as I am I never imagined that I loved a man before that night we met at Grantham's ball." Kittie's voice was serious now, desperately serious but Teddy was gazing at the gleaming beauty of the moonlight on the waterstretch in an etching which his wife had hung over the mantelpiece, and responded with nothing more re-assuring than an abstract hug and a kiss, which would have been effectual only that Teddy's eyes had, in the meantime, become fixed on a pair of very handsome curtains over the window.

"Why, Kittie," he laughed in that light-hearted and horribly masculine way which, when it comes in answer to the heart-appeal of a woman, is interpreted as indifference, "how can you suggest anything so preposterous as the possibility of a separation. If two people on this earth were ever suited to one another then you and I are the two. Now I couldn't have fixed up this room to please myself half as well as you have done it; those curtains are the prettiest I've seen anywhere; the best houses in the city have nothing nicer or in as good taste."

Though Teddy was anxious to change the subject he really had nothing to conceal, his only trouble being that he didn't half understand women; didn't know that an assurance that he loved the one who had done all this for him and had never loved anybody else would have been worth a thousand times more to her than complimentary endorsements of her taste and generosity.

"I'm glad you like it, Teddy," answered Kittie, straightening up and with her face behind Teddy's head, giving her eyes a suspicious little dab with the back of her hand, "I—I was afraid I might put something disappointing and out of place in it, and you know how wretched even one little inharmonious thing will make everything look—and feel." Kittie could not restrain this one thrust at her husband but it was wasted; Mr. Lightbourne was examining a dainty little fire screen and pronounced it lovely.

"You haven't seen the larder yet," said Kittie, after her disappointment had been partially forgotten amidst the enthusiastic encomiums of her husband, whose eye trained to the appreciation of beauty as displayed in form and color, roved from one pretty thing to another—"and Teddy, you know, I've got some nice things there which you men are said to appreciate more than vases, curtains or sentiment—or even a wife."

Teddy put his arm around her, gaily whistling a bar from the comic opera in which he, as one of an amateur company, had taken a prominent part just before his marriage—somewhat to the discomfiture of his *fiancée* who was not musical and didn't care to see her Teddy in the role of a lover.

"I'm a never-get-left young man," etc.,

he sang as he danced with her through the dining-room and into the kitchen. "See there!" she exclaimed, "chops for breakfast, a roast for dinner, and celery and cheese and everything! Now isn't this keeping house, Mr. J. Tedrington, in real earnest?"

"Well I should say so," he replied, suddenly becoming practical, "but who is going to cook them, my gentle Kittie, and who is going to eat them, my dear, while we are stopping at the hotel?"

"But we are not stopping at the hotel, Mr. Lightbourne, we are staying here henceforward and forever more—or at least till we quarrel or get rich," answered Kittie, airily.

"But we'll have to get our trunks and pay our bill and all that sort of thing, you know, my dear, before we can settle down."

"But that is all done, my Teddy," cried Kittie, triumphantly. "I packed the trunks and they will be here in a jiffy, and I had enough money left over to pay the bill and I paid it."

One might have expected the recipient of this unexpected information and of the satisfactory financial statement of the partnership to have been overjoyed, but he wasn't. He stared blankly at his wife for a moment and his brow clouded.

"Well, I declare, you have been rushing things, Kit. Kind of left me out of the arrangements altogether."

"Don't you like it, Ted," she asked, the accent of pain and disappointment vibrating, without concealment, through her sweet voice.

"Yes, of course I like it, Kittie, but I'm not quite used to having my bills paid and trunks moved by someone else as if I were a child." He was gazing at the chops and the roast and did not notice her face or he would not have

continued with an unpleasant laugh: "The hotel people will think sure enough that you've taken me to raise."

Kittie's wide-open eyes, quickly filling with tears, the quivering lips, on which her white teeth were pressed in a struggle to restrain a sob, and the look of reproachful pain partially restored Mr. Lightbourne to his senses.

"Kittie darling," he cried, seizing her in his arms, "I'm an ungrateful wretch! You have been too good and it has spoiled me! I know I spoke like a simpleton! Forgive me, darling, and dry your tears, they make me feel like taking myself out to the woodshed and giving myself the horsewhipping I deserve."

Kittie for a few moments could not be comforted and sobbed bitterly. Then with a desperate effort she brushed away her tears and tried to laugh. "It is I," she whispered tremulously, "who ought to be whipped for being so silly and crying about nothing. Only—only—Teddy dear, I thought our happiness would be so unalloyed to-night that even a little scolding hurt so that I couldn't help bawling a little. You don't mind, do you, dear?"

Teddy was still calling himself desperate names and assuring her that he alone was to blame for having acted like an unfeeling brute, and was brushing away the tears, which somehow wouldn't stop all at once, when the door-bell rang. Kittie sprang from his arms and ran to the wash basin which she filled with cold water, saying hurriedly:

"Go to the door, please Teddy, quick, and see if it is old Mary or the trunks," then as she splashed the water over her eyes she called after him, "if it is Mary, call me."

It was Mary, evidently, for a grim old woman demanded sharply, "Does Mrs. Lightbourne live here?"

"Yes, Mary," cried Kittie, running toward the door, "this is the place, and oh I'm so glad to see you! You dear old woman!"

The grim old face softened as Kittie caught her around the neck and gave her a kiss.

Mary had evidently made up her mind as to what she would do first, for without speaking another word she took hold of Kittie's face and held it up to the light for a scrutiny which seemed painfully long.

"I hope yous be happy," the old body began, "but yous don't look it; bin cryin'."

"Indeed I'm happy, Mary, the very happiest woman in the world, and you only say that because you always told me never to marry, because men were all alike—bad. But here is one who isn't bad, Mary; I'm sure you'll like him. Mr. Lightbourne, my old nurse, Mary Haines," and with this Kittie caught Teddy's arm and drew him forward to be introduced. Mr. Lightbourne had scarcely relished old Mary's opinion of his wife's happiness but he endeavored to be friendly and—failed.

Just then the trunks came and caused a fortunate interruption. He offered to help bring them in but Mary shoved him into the drawing-room and superintended the job herself.

"Of course I don't mind her odd ways, Kittie," he explained, "but she is really a greater oddity than I expected. She seems strong and active if I may judge by the shove she gave me just now."

. . . . . .

"Are you comfortable, Mary?" asked Kittie half an hour later as she looked into her old servant's room.

Without deigning to make reply the old woman, in her long flannel nightgown, came over to the door and again taking her nursling's face between her rough hands, looked long and lovingly into the deep violet eyes. "Mabbe yous be, but yous don't look it!" she answered, kissing her old charge and then turning into bed, still muttering, "Mabbe yous be, but yous don't look it!"

CHAPTER II.

WAS after their late dinner, Teddy was lying on the lounge in his room, Kittie was buried deep in the soft cushions of his easy chair.

"Do you like that Maud Hetherley?" she asked after a short silence, during which her husband had shown unmistakable symptoms of somnolence.

"Why, certainly," he answered, stretching himself and seeking for a more comfortable attitude. Kittie knew that the old adage about letting sleeping dogs lie applies quite as well to sleepy men, but her heart was too full to philosophize, and though through the dinner just over she had been able to keep away from unpleasant topics she felt that the well-fed man before her should be able to stand an expression of opinion from his wife.

"Well then I don't, Teddy, and I wish you wouldn't be quite so enthusiastically good to her when she comes here." Kittie's voice was surcharged with long restrained excitement, and even the none too observant Teddy recognized that something was wrong.

"Not jealous of her I hope?" he exclaimed, as he propped his head up with the cushion and gazed curiously at his wife.

"No, not jealous. I hope I'm not silly enough to think you in love with every woman you speak to, and I know you could have married Maud Hetherley if you had wanted to, but I don't like to see you so good to her when she is so mean to me!"

"Mean to you; why Kit you must be dreaming; I thought she was becoming a regular sister to you."

"But I don't want to be 'sistered,' Teddy, particularly by a woman who tries to impress me with the notion that she could have had my place as your wife had she been so inclined," answered Kittie hotly, "and, what's more, I can't endure having a woman trying on my clothes and calling my attention to the places where she is better developed or more trimly shaped than I am, and asking my opinion as to how many inches of difference there are between us. I think she is the rudest and meanest creature I ever knew, and if you keep on making so much of her I shall positively insult her—I sha'n't be able to help it, Teddy, I sha'n't, indeed. I am getting to absolutely hate her and her patronizing ways."

Teddy grinned.

There is only one thing more furiously exasperating than that superior grin which displays itself on the face of a man who thinks he knows everything and is kind enough not to put his reproof of woman's unjustifiable ignorance into words. The other thing—the one worse thing—is when a woman ostentatiously hums or sings while her stronger half is addressing some specially appropriate words of advice, reprimand or warning to her careless ear. Kittie could never have degenerated into the hateful rudeness of refusing to listen, and Teddy had no idea how villainously provoking he looked as he turned that superior smile, that "sorry-you-are-acting-so-silly" smile upon his irritated wife.

"Teddy," she cried, angrily, sitting up straight in the big chair, "scold, scowl, get up and stalk out with an air of injured innocence, swear if you will, but for mercy's sake don't grin. I didn't believe it possible that you could have made me show my bad temper, and in the three months we've been married you can't say you have seen me real angry before, but I can't and won't stand that self-satisfied look of amusement, as if you had carefully calculated everything you and Maud have done with the fixed purpose of annoying me."

Teddy by this time was also sitting up and began looking very perpendicular. "Kittie," he began with dignity, "I confess I am surprised at this exhibition of what I didn't suppose you possessed—bad temper. I certainly shan't stoop to defend myself, for if you are to be so unreasonable it will be impossible to satisfy you. As to the charge of 'grinning' at you I certainly take that as a personal affront and I shan't trouble you with any further efforts to smile at your absurd suspicions until you are in a different frame of mind. I think in the meantime I had better take a walk and give you an opportuniny of recovering your composure."

As he rose to go his wife threw herself on his breast. "Oh, please don't go, Teddy, darling," she sobbed, "don't let this be a quarrel—our first quarrel—you know I didn't intend to say as much as I did, but I love you so much and want you all to myself that I am unreasonable. Forgive me—won't you, Teddy, and I will never scold again."

Manlike he thought it would be undignified, if not unwise, to unbend too quickly, but he stroked her hair, told her not to cry and informed her with more or less gentleness that he would remain if she showed no further disposition to go into hysterics. After he had seated himself by her side on the lounge, and pity for her tears had driven away the resentment he had felt at being upbraided he returned to the vexed subject in a more conciliatory tone.

"You really went off the handle a little too suddenly, Kittie dear. Maud may have shown bad taste in what she said and did, but I don't think it would bear any such construction as you seem to have put upon it."

"But there were so many things, Teddy, dear," answered Kittie, quickly, and then after a moment, for she saw an opportunity of at least quietly stating her case; "you don't mind me telling you what made me act so cross and silly, do you?"

"Certainly not," he replied, resignedly, "though you know I think the least said will be soonest mended, little wife!"

"Yes, but it is always best to keep nothing back—entire confidence between man and wife, you know, Teddy—and I shall feel guilty until I tell you everything I know and have thought about; you won't mind, will you, Teddy; I'll feel better, you know, and perhaps"—she added with tearful archness—"I'll be able to behave better."

"Go on, Kittie—out with it, all of it, if it will relieve your pent up feelings, but remember I shall not feel it my duty to enter into explanations. This sort of thing is always best left to explain itself."

Ignoring all but his permission to "out with her troubles," Kittie began.

"Now you mustn't be angry, Teddy. I know I'm silly, but I feel just a little too utterly miserable to be told of it"—her violet eyes were luminous with unshed tears, and her voice trembled as she looked up at him. "I was hurt that day I went into your office and found you and Maud talking so earnestly together. Neither of you seemed pleased to see me and though Maud came away with me she turned back and said something to you after I had started down the steps. I know it was silly but I thought you and she had something or other between you that I did not share. Then I met you next day coming out of a store together and you did not seem to think that your wife had any business to know how or why it happened. Then I thought I heard you whis-

pering together one night when I came back to the drawing-room after I had been out to the kitchen—all in three days, remember, Teddy—and I felt that I was being ignored and whispered about, and I thought I was just as miserable as I could be till this afternoon Maud grew confidential and told me what a lot you always thought of her, and how I ought to manage you, and what a pity it was that I was older than you, and that people were apt to joke about it though 'of course no one would think it to see us together, your whiskers made you look so manly,' and all that sort of thing."

Teddy made no answer, and after a pause Kittie resumed. "Speaking of people joking about our ages and how careful I ought to be, it struck me perhaps you had told her about me paying the hotel bill and having the trunks sent up. Did you tell her, Teddy?"

"Yes," he answered, reddening with a sense that after having apologized so vehemently for his ill-timed remarks he should not have said anything about it outside of the family.

"And did you say you were afraid 'the hotel people would think I had taken you to raise, sure enough'?"

Teddy's confusion and shame-faced look betrayed him even before he clumsily admitted his guilt and stammered that he didn't think she'd care.

"But Teddy," persisted his wife, "you knew how it hurt me and might have kept it to yourself."

"I know I might, sweetheart," he admitted, trying the while by caresses to make amends for his mistake. "And if I'd thought that Maud was going to blab it all back to you I'm sure I would have held my tongue."

"It wasn't repeated to me, Teddy; I guessed it. But do you think you should ever say anything which, if repeated to me, would give me pain?"

"No, Kittie, I shouldn't, but if you understood the circumstances it would look different. Let's talk of something else," he exclaimed, with that masculine magnanimity which husbands are so apt to assume when in the wrong and anxious to change the subject, "for now that I've learned a lesson I shall be doubly to blame if I ever err again in the same way."

Kittie knew she had scored a point and with a comical little grimace, she asked:

"What about our Christmas dinner, Ted? Are we to have it alone or do you want to have some friends?"

"A Christmas dinner with no one but you and me wouldn't seem just right, would it, Kit? Sort of lonesome, and unlike the festivities we've been used to, eh?" he answered; the interrogation in his voice distinctly overpowered by the assertion that such a dinner would be a lonesome affair, unworthy of the festive season. If Teddy had been seeking for a chance to wound his wife he could not have found a more tender spot. She had been thinking in that sentimental and loving—perhaps silly—way which women have of a jolly little dinner for two—an initial banquet which they would remember all through life as the sweetest and most memorable feast which two mortals had ever had. She had planned surprises and thought of so many little devices by which the dinner was to be made a success—a never to be forgotten success—that Teddy's suggestion that it would be a dull affair was but another revelation of how stupid and unthoughtful a man could be. Of course men were all alike! Kittie never for a moment felt like blaming Teddy, she felt that would be disloyal and unworthy of a wife. To her he was a prince even among the princes of his sex, and incomparably better than his fellow men, but—but how could she resist feeling sorry that men are so different from women in thoughtfulness and domestic impulses? Of course not; I can't blame her myself. However, previous experience warned her not to expect too much or to insist on adherence to her plans, and by way of developing her husband's ideal she asked:

"What have you in your mind as the best way of celebrating our first married Christmas? Santa Claus and illusions of that sort being out of the question, what would you propose?"

"I was thinking the other day, after talking with Bob Marlowe—you remember Bob, don't you—the fellow who used to be so well fixed in the Old Country—that it would be awfully jolly, and an act of humanity as well, to have in a lot of the fellows who have nowhere else to go! Don't you think so, Kittie? A crowd of the poor devils at the club who haven't struck a prize and a happy home like I have—and give a sort of an exhibition of how lovely it is to have a wife and family comforts and all that sort of thing, you know!" Teddy at this point gave a graceful wave of his hand, and his voice took on a tone of magnificent philanthropy which was quite amusing but it failed to appeal to Kittie's idea of what was either practicable or funny.

"But who would get up the dinner, Ted, or serve it? If we are to have a lot of club men you don't imagine that our limited establishment would be equal to the occasion." She was serious now—Kittie always was when she had to face culinary difficulties.

"Why of course!" answered Teddy, as if the suggestion of difficulty were both unexpected and unhandsome, "old Mary's cooking is a hundred per cent. ahead of her manners, and the boys have had so much hotel and club cooking that a plain family dinner would please them ever so much more than any fancy splurge. Just let Mary throw herself and I'll guarantee that the dinner 'll be all right!"

"Ted!" cried Kittie, the horror of the thought growing upon her as she mentally cast her eye over the coming catastrophe, "if you knew Mary as well as I do you wouldn't even suggest such a thing as 'throwing herself.' She's all right when she is alone and has no responsibility but if I were to tell her that we expected half-a-dozen or a dozen men to dinner she'd take to her bed with a sick headache inside of an hour." The thought of the results of such a thing made Kittie laugh, but her merriment instead of becoming contagious annoyed Mr. Lightbourne.

"I don't see what there is to laugh at! Mary can cook a better dinner than anyone I know in the city. It is old-fashioned, of course, but so much the better, it will be a change."

"But you silly fellow," interrupted Kittie, "she can't do it. It is one thing to get a dinner for two or three people and a very different affair to prepare one for a dozen. I know just how Mary would act. The very moment I tell her about it she'll sit down and wrap her apron around her hands and say she feels dizzy, and she'll be dizzy and useless till it is all over. You haven't seen her go into a dumb doze yet, but I have and it is simply awful."

"But you could help her, you know, till just before dinner, and then slip into the parlor, you know, as if you had simply been superintending the work. It wouldn't seem out of place for the lady of the house to be looking after things, you know," persisted Teddy.

"Oh! indeed, I should like to see myself," exclaimed Kittie, indignantly, "coming into the room with my face all red and ready to burst with the heat and excitement, my hands broiling and my bangs sticking to my forehead, and receive our friends as if I were the cook. No, sir; I won't do it! Now it's no use talking, Teddy, if you want to give your friends a dinner hire a caterer to get it up for them and let him bring his waiters and——"

"But, Kit, we can't afford it."

"Ted," cried Kittie, tragically, at the same moment springing to her feet and assuming a school-of-elocution pose, "I'll go hungry or ragged or take in washing on the quiet, but I won't be cook and hostess on the same night and make an exhibition of myself before your friends. If they were strangers I wouldn't care, but to have Bob Marlowe and that crowd see me steaming with perspiration and jaded with cooking would kill me. No, it wouldn't kill me, I'd kill

myself; I'd commit suicide in advance of the festivities, even if I had to miss the elegant old-fashioned dinner I had prepared for the guests."

"Kit dear—"

"No, Ted, don't 'Kit dear' me! It can't be done. Think of it yourself! What remarks they would pass! I with boiling beads of perspiration hanging from my eyebrows, nose and chin! I'd look forty years old! yes, fifty, and if the dinner was good—even gorgeous—they would go away with an abominable idea of me, and Bob Marlowe would say to his chums, 'Deuced queaw how Teddy came to marry his cook? Devilish stwange, wasn't it, deah boy!' No Tedrington Lightbourne, architect and civil engineer, the feast can't come off under those circumstances! Why Ted, darling, just think of it!" This latter clause was added by Kittie in her most seductive tone as she saw that she had not yet prevailed.

Teddy was stubborn! Men as a rule are stubborn with their wives, firm with their children, conciliatory with their acquaintances and weak with their chums. Anyhow at this critical moment Teddy was fixed in his purpose that old Mary should prepare a Christmas dinner for his friends. Fortunately he was good humored as well as mulish. This does not often happen, but Teddy's heart and mind were filled with what he thought would be an overpowering surprise for Kittie and he, therefore, felt that it was proper—eminently proper in fact—for him to insist.

"Come here, Kittie," he coaxed, as he made room for her beside him in the great big easy chair—a place that Kittie, sentimental little thing, had thought he would have insisted upon her occupying every evening, "I've something to tell you!"

"Ted!" cried Kittie in alarm, as she bent over him, her hands on his shoulders and her face close to his, "Ted Lightbourne, you haven't invited them already!"

"No, my dear," laughed Teddy, as he caught her in his arms and seated her by his side, "not so bad as that; I wouldn't do anything of that sort without your consent, for I recognize the fact that you and old Mary" (Note—including "old Mary" was a very bad error) "are supreme in affairs domestic, and I wouldn't issue invitations without permission, though of course I may, in fact have, mentioned to the boys, informally of course, that I intended to have them up if I could arrange it."

The explanatory clause was delivered in a tone large with the idea that really it didn't matter whether he had invited them or not the result would be that the invitations would not be delayed if he insisted upon it. Kittie recognized this and resented it.

"Then really you have invited them"—looking very much injured.

"No, not invited them—only with your permission—of course if you won't have them I can explain and—"

"But don't you see, Ted, what a box that would leave me in! As if I were a shrew and cared nothing for your wishes. They wouldn't have thought of coming up here if you hadn't mentioned it; of course they'll have to come now, but we'll have to have some one in to prepare the dinner!"

"Now Kit," exclaimed her husband, half ashamed of himself, "please don't go so fast. It wasn't about the Christmas dinner that I wanted to tell you. I feel awfully mean about what your feelings were when you saw Maud Hetherley and me together—and about our whispering and that sort of thing, you know, and I can't keep the secret any longer. We were conspiring to buy you a Christmas present. It was this way, you see, that book I wrote on Interior Decorations was quite a success. The old friend of yours in New York you advised me to send it to proved a perfect trump, and ten days ago I received five hundred dollars for it and the promise of a royalty on all sales. Then as you had helped me so much with it, you know, I decided I would spend half of the money on a real splendid Christmas box for you and I asked Maud what she thought you'd like best, she said a sealskin sacque; that yours was getting quite shabby and too small for you, and that nothing ever pleased a woman more than something pretty to wear. Of course it had to be made and at Maud's suggestion she found out the points in which you differed in size and she was measured for it. Now that's how we came to be together, and why we were whispering! There now, the cat's all the way out of the bag and I feel better. I guess I am like a woman and can't keep a secret over night."

"You extravagant old darling," cried Kittie, giving her husband an enthusiastic kiss and hug, which surprised him by its suddenness and intensity. Then she caught his face between her hands and looked admiringly into his eyes. "So it was your jealous, fault-finding, old wife you were thinking of all the time, you poor abused Ted. You'll forgive me, won't you, Teddy? I'm so sorry I was unjust to you and I'll promise, solemnly, 'so-help-me'-promise never to do it again."

Of course Mr. Lightbourne felt that he could afford to be magnanimous and extended his benign forgiveness, going so far at last as to admit that under similar circumstances he might have been a trifle jealous himself.

"But after all, Kittie, I think you should accept this little experience as a hint that what I do in matters of that sort, at any rate, is all right and above suspicion, even if it does look a little queer, you know."

Kittie did not demur, though in her heart she knew that fully half of her enthusiasm over the sealskin sacque had been simulated, and that while she thoroughly appreciated the goodness of Teddy's motive, Maud Hetherley was not included among the forgiven or unsuspected. She did not care a pin for a sealskin sacque nor feel flattered by the suggestion she had grown too stout for her old one, or that she was one of the women who could be best pleased by something pretty to wear. But Teddy had been thinking of her—that was enough! He must love her or he would not have taken all that trouble to please her and with that thought came more kisses and caresses for her adored.

Rarely indeed is such a sweet, loving heart to be found as beat in the breast of Kittie Lightbourne. No, I retract it, they are not rare among women but they are checked and—and—yes snubbed until they have to be concealed to be protected from the bruises which clumsy, good-for-nothing men inflict upon them. At that moment Teddy was feeling that he was a model husband—a thoughtful and perfectly lovely man and Kittie's caresses appeared to him merely a proper tribute to his pre-eminent worth. The rascal was still thinking about his proposed dinner party, and Kittie was not slow to discover that he was not as responsive as she might have hoped. She was about to offer a nominal sum for his thoughts when he disclosed himself thus:

"Now about that dinner party, Kittie. Can't we have it as I said, a real old-fashioned dinner? I've been thinking of a scheme to help you out," persisted Teddy, tightening his arm about Kittie's waist and failing to notice the look of disappointment and chagrin on her face; "a rattling good plan, I think, for keeping the boys from thinking you had to help cook the dinner and at the same time giving you a chance to cool off and not be red in the face or dripping with perspiration."

"Unfold it at once, my arch-conspirator. I am beginning to admire your talent for delightful deception," cried Kittie, with seeming gaiety, her face still resting against his, but in her eyes visions of old Mary having a fit or sitting down in a dumb doze somewhere between the soup and the fish.

"Well then, how would it do for you to sort of superintend the dinner till everything was well under way and then put on your new sacque and slip out the side door and take a little walk, coming in later as if you had been away calling on a friend and had just got back."

"And have old Mary go to the door"—interrupted Kittie—"all covered with pudding and turkey 'stuff'nin',' as she calls it, and snort out, 'Well, I hope yer walk cooled yeh off, mebbe it did but yous don't look it!"

"No," laughed Teddy, "I'll answer the bell myself and insist upon you coming into the drawing-room to see the boys 'just as you are,' you know. You'll look just lovely with your new coat and they'll see that I haven't seized all the nice things, you know, and it'll give you a chance to tell them about my book and how well it's taking and all that sort of thing, you know, and then you'll pull it off—the sacque I mean—say you must go out and see how the dinner is getting on and rush to the kitchen and everything will seem as natural as anything. Now won't it, Kit?"

Another delusion gone. Her husband's desire to parade that miserable jacket and his own generosity was like a great big piece of ice chilling her affectionate enthusiasm, but she had a keen sense of humor and Teddy's elaborate plan made her laugh.

"Lovely! Ted," she cried, springing from the chair and striking an attitude. "Just like a chapter from a Christmas story. I'll come back unexpectedly like a long lost sailor girl, rush into your arms, sobbing with joy, and exclaiming: 'My le-ong le-ost husband! At last we are re-united! Why how your feet and hands have grown! I would scarcely have known you!' and just then Mary, with her hands tightly rolled up in her apron and a stony glare in her eye, will appear at the door informing me, in loud but broken tones, 'if yous don't come back intch the kitchen an' look after them things they'll all be biled dry an' ruinated. The turkeys is gittin' the stuff'nin' all cooked outen 'em,' etc. Then! then, oh, then, my countrymen, how shall I feel?"

Teddy was immensely amused at his wife's mimicry, and his peals of laughter might have been heard on the next street, but when they ceased he was still found adhering tightly to his plan. "You needn't be afraid of Mary; tell her to stay in the kitchen no matter what happens."

"But she won't, Tedrington. I, unfortunately, had to mind Mary long before Mary ever showed the slightest inclination to obey me, and the old habit is apt to come back on her. Then," continued Kittie, ruminatively, her foot on a chair, her elbow on her knee, and her chin in her hand, "again, my lover, as I might run up against one of your guests while I dodged from the side door around to the front, I would have to take another route and climb over the ash-barrel into the lane and our neighbor's dog unaware of the beauty of the dramatic situation we were preparing might insist upon detaining me and thereupon I would scream pale-blue murder; your friends would rush to the rescue and discover the heroine of the plot mingled in wild ruin with the

remains of a sealskin sacque, an ash barrel and a hen coop, with an excited dog making a Christmas dinner off whatever sections of me he could get hold of. What would they think, Sir Ted? That I had been trying to elope or was rushing surreptitiously to the grocery for a penny'orth o' tea!"

"You could get out of the side door all right," laughed Ted. "I'll see to that."

"No, thanks, Teddy," cried Kittie, tragically, "the plot may thicken with dogs and ash-barrels, but I refuse to have you act as prompter. This is the way you'd manage it, tiptoeing to the door, making a speaking trumpet of your hand and whispering in a shrill aside: 'Now's your time, Kit; they're all here,' and of course they would all hear you and expect me to float in on an azure cloud or come in with a bound like a *première danseuse*. No, Tedrick, anything but one of your ear-splitting asides! I'd rather risk the dog and the rigor of the snow bank. That suggests that I might walk up and down in the yard until I hear Mary fall in a swoon or you fire your revolver out of the drawing-room window. How would that do?" inquired Kittie, with great solemnity.

"Don't make such fun of it, Kit," smiled Ted, as he lighted a cigar and stretched his legs across the lounge, feeling a little perplexed as to the meaning but sure of the result of his wife's gale of fun, "there are dozens of ways of working it out if you only feel like trying it!"

"Yes, Ted, there are plenty of ways," answered Kittie, feeling just a little cross and satirical because her husband failed to see the awkward position in which he wished to place her, "dozens and dozens—but I am not a professional actress and I am afraid I'd fail. I might be arrayed in that gorgeous sacque and stand in the middle of the parlor as Mrs. Grantham does on reception days, or I might come down to dinner in it, or wear it while I pour tea in the drawing-room, or I might put it on and offer to see some of the boys home, or get Mary to wear it while she is waiting on table, or——"

"Now, Kit, I think that real mean of you!" broke in Ted. "As if all I wanted was to have you display the sacque. I only suggested it as an incident in connection with your walk when you spoke about the kitchen heating you up and making your face red."

His aggrieved tone induced Kittie to at once give her consent to the dinner party, and it was arranged, with a number of mental reservations on the part of Mrs. Lightbourne, which led her to exact a promise that her husband should not bother Mary, or go near the kitchen either on Christmas or the day preceding it. This treaty having been signed and Teddy interested in a book Mrs. Lightbourne quietly sat down and wrote a note to a professional caterer to call on her next day and receive instructions for preparing a Christmas dinner, soliloquizing as she wrote, "Yes, 'there are dozens of ways of working it out,' but this is the only one I dare attempt."

CHAPTER III.

IT WAS Christmas day; not a very astonishing thing to us poor folk who have outlived the illusion of Santa Claus and a great many other illusions which once gave us wonderous pleasure. We all, long since, gave up the idea that Christmas has any intrinsic delight and either try to fill the day with special happiness for ourselves or someone else. Anticipations were once enough to gild the edge of the Christmas sun; memories possibly may be the halo now, but it is a poor scrawny soul if it has half health and enough to eat and no cancerous sorrow if it cannot find some love work and consequent happiness on Christ's birthday. On this Christmas morning Kittie Lightbourne was happy—not perfectly, "awfully" happy, for she was thinking of the unknown terrors of giving a dinner party, but still she was happy and had almost forgotten the indefensible way Teddy had acted the night before. It would take a ruddy Christmas dawn to banish all such little irritants and morn does not break on feast days with any supernatural charm which may be expected to banish the worries of yesterday, though it is barely possible for thoughtful people to be so unusually careful in conduct as to assist the Christmas daybreak with the glow and beauty of a little love light left over from the day before.

While Kittie was standing at her dressing-table she laughed. I love a woman who can laugh and isn't afraid to do it. The peals of a woman's merry, musical laughter are the sleigh-bells which gladden the way over the most wintry miles of life's road. Traveling along this journey with a woman who laughs instead of with one who whines or mopes is just as much more enjoyable as a trip in a jolly sleigh with jingling bells is ahead of a ride in a hearse. I never told you how pretty Kittie Lightbourne was. Yes—and is—for the time of this little story is only in the yesterday of years. Lovely is the word with no possibility of a pen picture of her dark vivacious face and deep violet eyes; though one might catalogue her charms and say she was shapely and graceful yet no hint would be conveyed of the enticing sweetness and restful gaiety which made her more loveable than other women. When she laughed, everyone had to join in the chorus, but as she looked in her glass and laughed on Christmas morning there was no chorus, unfortunately for the half-wakened world, which could ill afford to lose so sweet and merry a peal. She was thinking about Uncle Donald, who had arrived the day before and would be one of the guests at the impending dinner. He was an uncle by courtesy and not in fact, having been her father's oldest and most trusted friend. He was a publisher in New York, a bachelor, old, and somewhat deaf, and short-sighted, and queer, and would certainly be an odd addition to the club men who were to surround their table. She felt guilty in laughing for she loved the old man and he loved her just as her father had loved her, in a stiff, uncommunicative way, appreciating her, always praising her when she was not there to hear and having in her the greatest confidence which it would be possible to repose in woman. In estimating their confidence in Kittie, he and her father had always limited the comparison to women for they were not of the sort who admit that the female sex are as strong and reliable as men are, but they, in common with the purest minded of mankind, were certain to show their belief in women by trusting them in affairs where the masculine person is least trustworthy. In money matters they felt that a woman is always a child—though in the two years since Kittie's father died, Donald MacKonachie had discovered that Kittie had really been a remarkable economist in those portions of her father's business which she had been permitted to understand, and he was perhaps ready to confess that there was at least one exception to the general rule.

Mrs. Lightbourne had been surprised the day before to find Uncle Donald grown so very deaf and so exceedingly shortsighted that it was difficult to make him hear or see anything, but her delight at seeing him was not lessened by the prospective task of entertaining him. She had shown the shabby old man over her pretty, unpretentious little house, and had shouted in his ear that everything he saw belonged to her father's old friend as long as he could stay with them. Teddy had also made a brief but apparently futile endeavor to make himself heard. He assured Mr. MacKonachie that he was welcome, but either his voice was too heavy or he was unable to adapt it to Uncle Donald's hearing, for the eccentric old man held his hand to his ear and continued to whisper: "Pardon me, sir, but I didn't catch what you said."

Teddy quit in disgust, and in one of his shrill asides asked his wife if she thought the old mummy would hear him better if he sung it. Kittie's eyes flashed angrily. "Don't take advantage of Uncle Donald's deafness to poke fun at him, Teddy. It wounds me as much as if you were making a jest of my dead father."

Teddy made another effort, and this time succeeded in making Uncle Donald hear him, but hastened to put on his coat and rush off to the office, saying laughingly as he kissed his wife good-bye and shook hands with his guest:

"Never mind, Kit, I've done my best and split my wind-pipe trying to be agreeable and he must take the rest for granted."

In the evening Teddy came home in a bad humor and forgetful that it was Christmas Eve permitted his mental condition to be noticeable. Something serious had gone wrong at the office, he explained to Kittie, while trying to excuse his petulance but he would try and "cheer himself up by having a chat with Uncle Donald Macdeffie." His satirical allusion to her friend made Kittie march out of the room in high dudgeon, and Teddy was left to entertain the old gentleman who, sitting in the big easy chair with his face close to a newspaper, seemed unaware of Mr. Lightbourne's presence. Some evil spirit must have taken possession of the latter, for usually he was generous and painstaking with his friends and not given to any more serious mistakes than those arising from a lack of that finer feeling which makes us perceive the things that give the most exquisite pleasure or the most subtle pain. But while in his angry mood he watched the unconscious Uncle Donald and a vein of mad drollery suggested itself to him.

"What shall I do to amuse and instruct you, my dear old relic?" he inquired in his ordinary tone, and encouraged by the old man's inattention he continued: "If I could only hire the lungs of a steam piano or the larnyx of a locomotive whistle I'd be delighted beyond measure to inquire after your health, and the date and maker of those surprising clothes of yours. How delightful it would be to hear your reminiscences of George Washington, William Tell, Cain and Abel, and all the other prominent and pleasant people you must have known in your youth, when those garments of yours were new. You'll be a revelation to the boys to-morrow night, and prove that Kittie belongs to our old if not fashionable families. I wonder if we couldn' persuade you to live with us? It would be so jolly to have you to talk to when Kittie is busy poulticing old Mary's headache. It would, by jove"—Teddy laughed harshly at his conceit—"just too lovely for anything to sit in that chair, with one arm around Kittie and the other encircling you to keep you from being blown away while I shriek in your ear a few remarks about the weather or the state of the crops. It would make home——"

"Teddy!"

The gentleman addressed looked up with a start. Kittie was standing at the door, one hand holding back the portiere and the other pressed tightly over her heart.

"Teddy!" she repeated, "aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"What for, wifie?" he asked, his face reddening as he crossed the room and put his arm around her. "I was trying to amuse myself, and as he couldn't hear, it did him no harm."

"You are ashamed of my old friend—my only, real friend! You are ashamed of me too, I suppose?" Her tears rather than the words cut him to the heart.

"No, you little goose, I am ashamed of no one but myself. I am ill-natured and selfish, or I would not have behaved so badly. Forgive me, pet, and I'll try my best to be good to Uncle Donald. Say you'll forgive my silly prank. Please do, Kittie!"

He brushed the tears from her eyes, and turning to take her into the room to the old man he found the lenses of Uncle Donald's spectacles fixed upon them with that far-away and unseeing gaze peculiar to shortsighted people.

Teddy held out his hand and shook the withered palm of the visitor, and bending down to the old man's ear he shouted: "Tea's ready!"

"Very well, thank you, for an old man," was the whispered answer.

"Tea's ready," roared Teddy, so lustily that the dishes rattled on the table in the next room.

"Yes, I suppose so, but I haven't been out since morning. It promised a fine day then." Uncle Donald as he spoke folded his paper and leaned back in the chair as if quite well pleased with the turn the conversation was taking.

Teddy looked ruefully at his wife and made one more attempt. Through his almost closed lips he shrilly called, with a sound like that of a bugle, "Tea's ready!"

Rising, with old-fashioned politeness, Uncle Donald offered his arm to Kittie and was conducted to the table where, much to Teddy's astonishment, he related in an uncertain half-whisper a number of remarkably clever things of people he had met.

Kittie remembered these incidents on Christmas morning with a merry laugh and was determined not to permit her mind to dwell on the poor reception Teddy had given Uncle Donald, but all day long, whenever she had a moment's leisure her face clouded with the recollection of Teddy's misconduct, and as if to make amends, she sought out the old man and gave him to understand that she had not forgotten him.

In the kitchen old Mary, relieved from all responsibility by the professional cook, had been free from her dizzy headache, and much to the chef's annoyance had insisted on having everything cooked and seasoned to her taste. Kittie had explained to her husband that a couple of waiters had been engaged in order to relieve Mary, but nothing had been said of any further assistance and he enjoyed the pleasure of announcing to his guests as they arrived that they were to be given "an old-fashioned dinner prepared by an old-fashioned servant, who was, perhaps, the most old-fashioned crank now alive." The introductions to Uncle Donald were a feature of the evening, Teddy presenting their cards to the old man and explaining the situation something after this fashion:

"This is Uncle Donald MacKonachie, an old friend but no relation of my wife. He is as deaf as a post, and as short-sighted as a politician, and if any of you steal the style of his clothes you'll be infringing the copyright of a deserving old gentleman who, by physical misfortune, is unable to protect his patents and set the fashions as was his habit a hundred years ago."

When Mr. Marlowe was presented to Uncle Donald Teddy remarked: "I say, Marlowe, you are a perfect exponent of the fashions of to-day but if you want to create a sensation, copy Uncle Donald's raiment and shine as a dude of last century!"

Uncle Donald smiled blandly at all of the young men, thanked them for inquiring after his health when they made remarks concerning the weather and admitted that the day had been all that could be desired when they expressed the hope that he was feeling quite well.

When Kittie appeared all joking at Uncle Donald's expense ceased at once, and they vied with one another in showing her the most polite attention. The rumor had somehow spread abroad that Mrs. Lighbourne was strong minded as well as handsome, but they were all charmed when the gay, blithesome woman, with the fascinating eyes and merry laugh flitted from one to the other and made them welcome, and Teddy congratulated himself with rising pride that no such hostess had ever before been seen.

At dinner Teddy became still more elated. Every dish was perfection and he remarked that one charm about these simple old-fashioned, home-made repasts consisted in the fact that the fish did not taste as if it had been cooked in the same dish as the soup, and that the *entrees* had at least a different flavor from the ice cream. The guests, it must be said, were not slow in re-echoing these sentiments, and Teddy was in great, exuberant glee:

"Kittie—Mrs. Lightbourne—you know"—he began—"was awfully frightened that our cook would be unable to manage the affair, and wanted me to get in a caterer, but I'll leave it to you if this isn't much nicer."

Kittie's warning look was wasted on the well-satisfied Teddy, who replied by explaining that he had just received "a look" from his wife but was determined not to be suppressed; she should have the honor which belonged to her. "I don't believe there is another wifie in the town like mine; not one who has all the graces of the drawing-room and the talent of the housekeeper as well."

The boys all seconded the assertion so warmly and Teddy smiled so serenely, so adoringly at Kittie that she could not be offended but she shook her head warningly at her husband.

"You incorrigible man," said she, "you should not only spare my blushes but make it unnecessary for me to explain that I do not deserve any credit at all. An old servant who lived with father and me when Uncle Donald here was our best friend is the one who should receive the vote of thanks."

Uncle Donald sat beside Kittie and seemed very uneasy while Teddy was making his exuberant departure from good breeding, and Mr. Bob Marlowe also recognizing the inappropriateness of the remarks, in his drawling way turned the conversation in another direction. Teddy noticed this and at the same moment caught his wife's eye as the waiter refilled his glass with champagne. His face flushed slightly, and, the dinner being over, as Uncle Donald gave Kittie his arm and escorted her to the drawing-room, Monsieur Teddy wondered if his wife thought he was getting tipsy. For a moment after Kittie's departure the conversation lagged. Some of the guests, however, had been celebrating the day in very joyous mood, and taking pattern after Teddy himself began to be quite unconventional in their compliments. It seemed to one of the most hilarious of them that a speech from Uncle Donald in reply to the toast of "our hostess, God bless her," would be the proper thing, and he proposed it. Teddy felt hurt but it was too late to gracefully remonstrate and Bob Marlowe alone ventured to question the good taste of the suggestion. Teddy feeling that he had abandoned his dignity and given up the house to his friends resented Bob's interference and insisted that Uncle Donald would be delighted. One of the waiters, with a laugh, informed the denizens of the kitchen that the gentlemen were trying to get the deaf "person" to make a speech, and old Mary, pale with anger, flew to the drawing-room and informed Kittie of what was going on.

With trembling fingers she hastily wrote on a card: "For goodness sake, for my sake, for your own sake, Teddy, don't

make a goose of yourself, or let those club ruffians make fun of Uncle Donald. —KITTIE."

"Give that to one of the waiters, Mary, and see that he doesn't get a chance to read it before he hands it to Mr. Lightbourne."

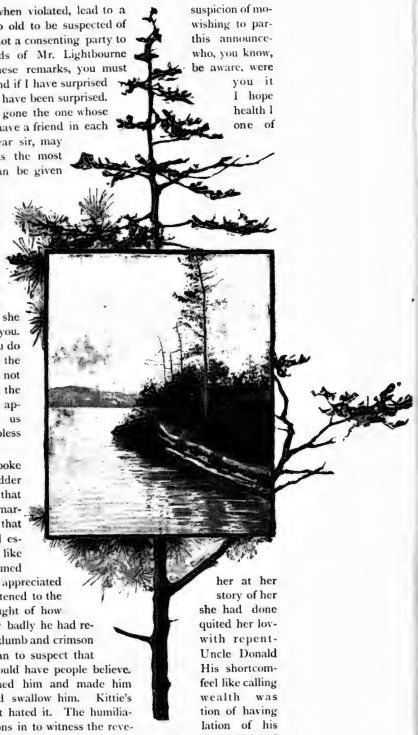
It was too late. Teddy reluctantly enough had handed a note to Uncle Donald informing him that, as Mrs. Lightbourne's oldest friend, he was requested to propose her health. Uncle Donald gave a startled look when he read it, took off his spectacles, rubbed them with his handkerchief, glanced towards Teddy, pulled at the shiny satin stock wound many times about his limp turn-over collar and rose to speak just as the waiter handed Teddy Kittie's furious little note. The crimson flush which swept over his face, the excited way in which he bit his mustache, the repressed impulse to jump up and put a stop to the plan for getting Uncle Donald to make a speech, intimated to his friends that he was ill-at-ease, and also suggested to the somewhat hilarious gentlemen, that things had been carried too far, and they at once accorded Uncle Donald a most respectful hearing, while Teddy listened in a perfect agony of self-accusation and shame which did not decrease as the old man proceeded.

"Mr. Lightbourne and gentlemen—I am very sorry, indeed, that the honor of replying to this toast—an honor which comes somewhat unexpectedly on an occasion of this kind—did not fall to the lot of a younger man, whose physical defects did not incapacitate him in rendering honor and homage to the purest, gentlest and most talented woman it has been my pleasure to know. Yet I am glad to speak for I may never again have an opportunity. I am an old man; to-morrow, if God in His goodness permits me to see the dawn of the twenty-sixth of December, will find me eighty years old. And when a man of eighty who, as a publisher and the business associate of many women whose names are almost immortal, says that the woman who sat beside him to-night is his ideal of what is good and beautiful it has a meaning which could not be given to such words by one who in youth and influenced by the warmth and romance of his early days is inclined to believe that the woman he likes best is of all the woman in the world best worth liking. She was only seventeen when I was seventy; she was only seven when I was already a queer looking old man of sixty. Her father was my best friend; he was ten years my junior but we loved each other as only Scotchmen in a strange land know how to love, and for men, old men, we grew strangely near to one another. He was as eccentric as I doubtless am; we lived in the past as we grew old together, as I live in the past now, as I grow old, very old, alone. The joy of his life—and of mine—was the little girl who came to my friend when hope of any such light in my own life had died away—had died away long, long years before. In the little home where we lived together little Kittie was the sunshine which reminded us both of the past—that past when we were not old, nor queer, nor out of joint with the times. She was the mistress of the house, the sweet little woman who knew how to take care of two old men who, though they loved her, did not know how to show their affection to the one they loved, leaving her to guess that they cared for her, as perhaps many younger men do who carelessly accept the devotion of a woman and think it hardly worth while to every day prove that it is appreciated. Up through those years, through the twenty years since her mother died I have seen her grow and develop those merry ways which so often go with a capacity for self-sacrifice, and I came yesterday to feast my old eyes on the happiness I am glad to know she has found in the home of a husband devoted to her and to whom her whole heart has gone out. In a book which I had the pleasure of having published for our host I saw the work of her skilful hand and I congratulate both him and her on the success it has achieved. Perhaps he is unaware that she had already written a work on the same lines which is to-day a text book among the architects and decorators of America. God bless her, aye, God bless and make her life happy and content. She deserves it. I feel my old blood warming in my veins when I think of how her best days were sacrificed to the whims of two 'old relics' of the past, of how she refused to look for society or companionship while she had her father and old Uncle Donald to care for, God bless her, aye, God bless ——"

Uncle Donald drew his handkerchief from his pocket and held it tightly against his eyes while a sob shook his withered frame.

"There are few such women, Mr. Lightbourne," he resumed, turning to his host, and still speaking in that intense half-whisper so common with men slightly hard of hearing and anxious not to be loud-voiced, "and you have reason to thank God that you have won the heart of the fairest of them. And when you know that in the days when she had no companions but two old men, those who sought her love could get no hearing, could get nothing but the assurance that she had no love but for her old father, you can be sure that but one image can occupy her heart, and now that you have succeeded to that love it is your responsibility to deserve it and to reward her who has heaped upon you a wealth of affection which asks for nothing but single-hearted love in return. I know she asks but this, for when she left the dear old home where so many of my days were spent, where her father died and where she was born, she would not have it known that she was wealthy, though in her own right she has riches which seldom fall to the lot of women who also have the dowry of beauty and goodness. I am too old to longer keep the secret or to be trustee of what her father left her; I am so old that to-morrow what I have made in sixty-five years of struggle with the world shall be turned over to her. It is not inconsiderable and to-night amidst the friends of her husband I am glad to say that the only pleasure this money has ever given me is in pouring it into the lap of our bonnie little Kittie, the sweetest and noblest of her sex.

"What I say," added the old man after a pause and with perhaps unintentional sarcasm, "may be unconventional, but I feel that this company to-night is not tied by the rules which, when violated, lead to a suspicion of motives or breeding. I am too old to be suspected of wishing to parade my wealth; Kittie is not a consenting party to this announcement. You are all friends of Mr. Lightbourne who, you know, married for love, and these remarks, you must be aware, were made at your suggestion, and if I have surprised you it has been because I, myself, have been surprised. I hope that when I am dead and gone the one whose health I now propose will always have a friend in each one of you, and that you, my dear sir, may cherish her—your wife—as the most glorious treasure which can be given into the keeping of any man—a good and lovely woman whose beauty of mind as well as of face and form is without comparison, and who, withal, can love and suffer, can be wounded and disappointed and yet smile and make the world happier because she lives. Gentlemen, I thank you. Your faces tell me that you do not misunderstand me, that the garrulity of an old man has not bored or offended you, that the virtues of our hostess are appreciated by you. Let us drink her health. God bless her."



While Uncle Donald spoke Teddy's face burned redder and redder. He found that she was wealthy and had married a penniless architect; that she was talented and had espoused a careless dullard like himself, and he was consumed with shame that he had not appreciated her at her true worth. When he listened to the story of her loving sacrifices, and thought of how she had done so much for him and how badly he had requited her with repentingly thoughtfulness he was dumb and crimson Uncle Donald ance. Then, too, he began to suspect that His shortcomwas not as deaf as he would have people believe. feel like calling ings as a host overwhelmed him and made him wealth was on the earth to open and swallow him. Kittie's tion of having nothing to him, he almost hated it. The humiliation of his invited his boon companions in to witness the revelation of his nakedness made him unable to think or speak, and when Uncle Donald closed his remarks Teddy sat like one discovered in an unforgivable position, and not a word or thought came to his rescue.

Bob Marlowe, in his drawling way, suggested, as he rose to his feet and relieved the embarrassment, that Mr. Lightbourne was not unnaturally overcome by what he had heard, and as one of Mrs. Lightbourne's friends—as one of those who had known her but a few moments compared with the gentleman who had just spoken, he wished to say that as their old friend Teddy had given them a sort of old-fashioned Bohemian evening, that each one present would esteem it a part of his duty to consider that they had been for the evening one of the family and as such would respect all that had been said as a chapter of domesticity which belonged to the home where they had been permitted to spend this jolly Christmas night."

"The boys" looked at one another and joining hands as in the festal days of yore they sung:

Oh, yes we will
Through good and ill,
To-night is to-night,
And to-morrow's light
Will find us dumb.
Come joy, come! come!
'Tis for to-night,
'Tis for to-night.

This song in which he had joined many scores of times grated on Teddy's ears and yet he recognized the good intention of it. He was at home, in Kittie's home, and he felt that the Bohemianism of the sentiment jarred painfully on the sanctity of the home idea. He saw the mistake he had made in trying to introduce his old methods into his new life but there was nothing left for him to do but make the best finish he could to a bad job.

"Gentlemen," said he, slowly, "I confess that what I have just heard surprises me. I thought I had married a woman almost as poor as myself—financially, I mean—for I at least recognized that she was richer in every other respect. Richer in all those good qualities which make a woman so much nearer an angel than men ever get. Richer in talent and kindness of heart she could easily be, and now while I speak it is with confusion and self-accusation that I remember how miserably poor I am in both. I owe—perhaps we all owe

an apology to Mr. MacKonachie for having insisted on a speech, but I think the surprise he gave us—that he gave me in particular—will prevent in future any such tendencies toward practical joking with one's guests. I feel that I have made a very poor host; that, in fact, I have but had my first lesson in the art of entertaining, and the chief use of it will be the conviction that I am ignorant of many things of which I thought myself possessed. On behalf of Mrs. Lightbourne, God bless her"—and here Teddy's voice became very unsteady—"I can only say that Uncle Donald has not exaggerated her goodness and talent, though perhaps he has shown me how I can better appreciate them. You know how unworthy I am of so good a wife, but boys I will make my life prove to you that a noble woman can make something good out of the worst of us."

. . . . . .

His friends had all gone home, Uncle Donald to bed. They were both in the big easy chair, Kittie's arms were around Teddy's neck and she was laughing at his misery, but that repentant young man could not be comforted.

"I have not only made an ass of myself to-night, but have proved to myself and my friends that I am a poor, miserable cad."

"Now, Ted, if you go on like this I'll take my slipper to you. Everything went off lovely, except that simpleton Smith getting Uncle Donald to talk. But who cares for that or what they think or what anyone thinks or says. 'If you love me as I love you, no knife can cut our love in two,' Teddy mine! Don't think about other people; think about me and how much I love you, Ted, and forgive me for deceiving you and getting you into all this trouble."

"Forgive you, Kittie! forgive you!" interrupted Teddy, almost in tears. "Don't put it that way; it is a new reproach to me after I forced you to let me make a holy show of myself. If you can forgive me I will never, never, never as long as I live, delude myself with the idea that I am anything but a thick headed, hard-hearted, selfish dolt."

The tears were in sight now, and Teddy's husky voice and woe-begone visage made Kittie feel like joining in and having a good matrimonial cry, but she overcame the temptation by jumping up, standing before her despondent husband and with great gravity dictating the terms of pardon.

"Tedrington, I will grant the forgiveness you ask on one condition only. Are you prepared to make a vow?"

"Yes, Kittie! Anything, everything!" answered Teddy, looking up with some surprise.

"Don't be hasty, Ted; this is a serious matter, but I want you to promise before I tell you what it is."

"I promise, Kittie; I don't care what it is or how hard it will be to keep my word."

"Then, Ted Lightbourne, solemnly promise and vow never, under any circumstances, to admit either to me or any living person that I am getting stout or that I am a minute older than you are!"

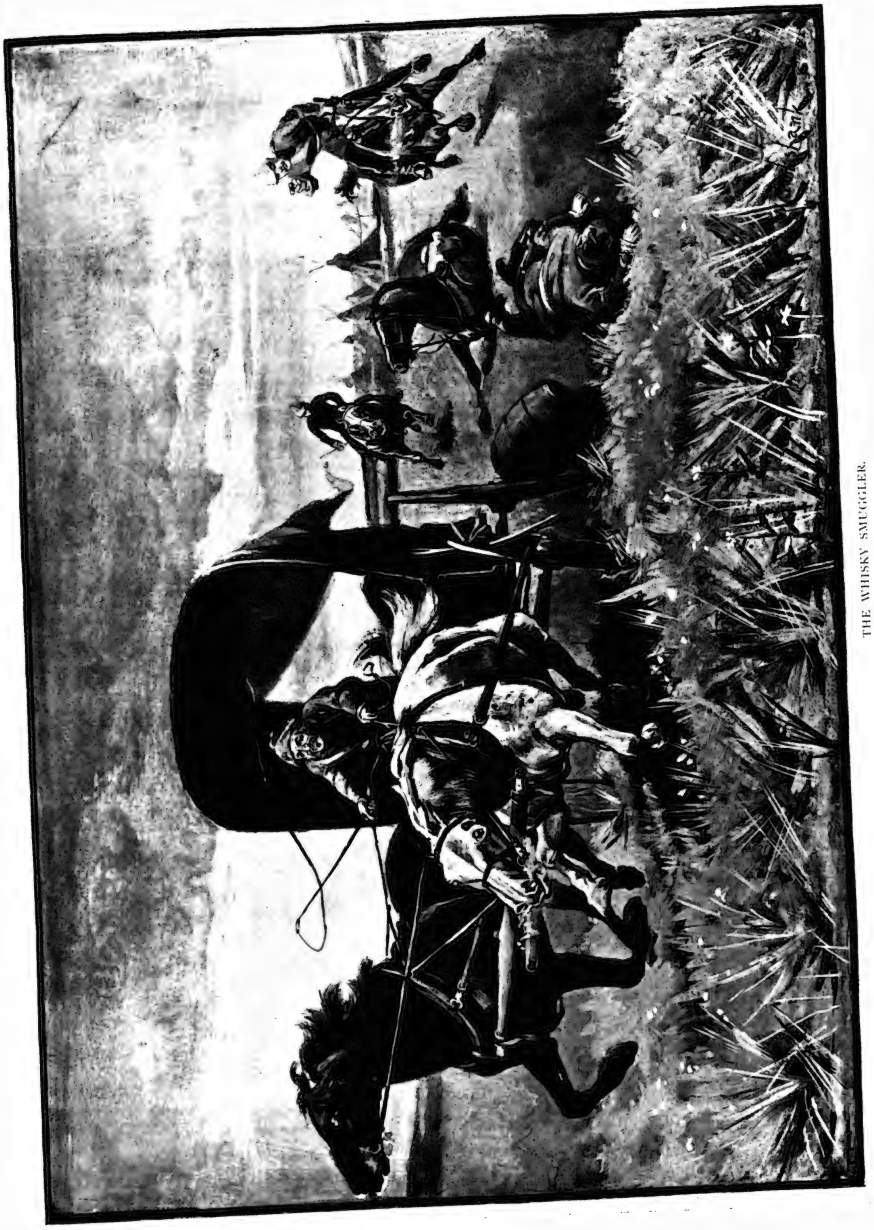
EDMUND E. SHEPPARD.

PETER CHEEK.

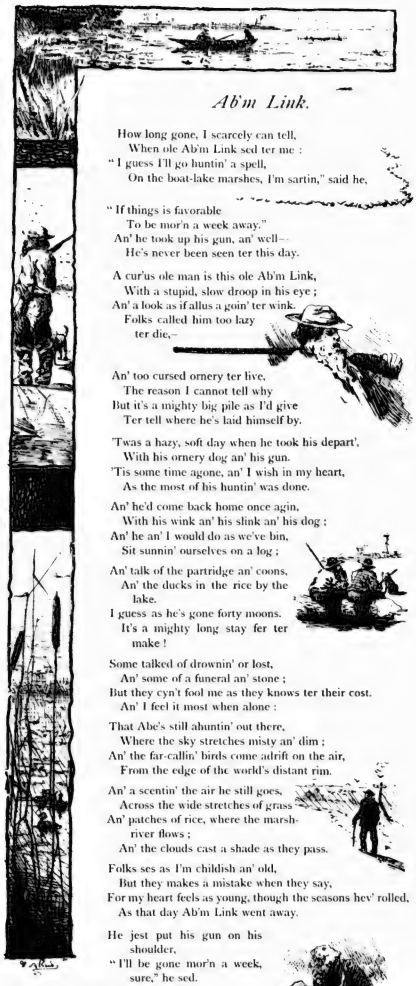
Beside the sea I had come down to take a little run.
The boundless waters smooth as glass lay sparkling in the sun.
Cool breezes tempering the heat blew steadily from the deep.
Each breath a draught of nectar seemed. To run about and leap
I felt inclined, so strong the sense of renovated life
As I strolled about the beach, and wished I could have brought my wife.
"Fine mornin', sir!" a man who wore the sailor's rugged coat,
Sou'wester hat, blue trousers, too, spake leaning 'gainst a boat.
His rough, but genial, countenance a ruddy bronze o'erspread,
And three score years, or more, had bleached, but failed to bow, his head.
A fine old salt he seemed, cut out with winds and waves to war,
The embodiment in human form of rope and pitch and tar.
"Fine mornin', sir!" he cried again, "Fine mornin' for a walk,
Or little sail. I'm Peter Cheek, of whom you hears 'em talk."
When modestly I had to own that I never heard the name,
He smiled as one by far too great to trumpet his own fame.
In silence for a minute's space we watched the rising tide;
Then he swept the horizon with his glass, and shook his head and sighed.
"Uncommon nice," said he, "it is to gaze upon the sea
As it sparkles in the sunshine, standin' here like you and me;
But city folks as only comes in summer doesn't know
What that there wery sea can do when wintry winds do blow.
Waves pretty big? Dear heart alive! I've seen 'em on the beach
Come rollin' in three times as high as you or me could reach.
Folks eats their bit o' fish, and sleeps all night in downy beds;
And the perils of poor fishermen doesn't come into their heads.
When winds and waters rage we has to plunge into the strife;
And heavy hearts we bear sometimes with the thought of child and wife.
But that ain't nothink, so to speak, to what we has to do
When the minute-gun sounds through the storm, and lights are burnin' blue,
And the cry goes up, A Wreck! A Wreck! and out the life-boat goes,
No matter how the waves mount up, how fierce a tempest blows.
Ah! many a gallant fellow sails to find a watery grave;
But nobody doesn't think o' that, when there's drownin' men to save.
Now I'm gettin' old, and there's allus lots o' younger men than me,
Let alone my rheumatiz, but if I'm wanted, here I be.
Lord love you, sir, with wessels jammed on yonder rocky shelf
The sights I've seen! but what's the use o' blowin' 'bout one's self?
Why; this here wery spy-glass as I'm holdin' in my hand
'Presented unto Peter Cheek' it reads—you understand.
Half-crown? No, sir. You're wery kind; but it looks like bein' paid.
When I thinks o' those poor chaps out there to whom we carries aid,
And sees their faces, as I've seen 'em, pale as death with fright,
And hears 'em cry, as I does sometimes, when the wind blows hard at night,
The thought of takin' money for it cuts me through and through.
Why, it's only what a human bein's bound and glad to do.
Take pay for doin' deeds like that? Why, the doin' on 'em's wealth.
I couldn't handle it—well, just to drink yer honor's health.
And tell yer folks when you gets home, if so you has a mind,
That if the fisherman's hand is hard, 'is heart is stout and kind."
The hostel waiter, bringing lunch, he grinned and shook his head.
"What now?" I cried. "That sailor-looking chap out there," he said,
"I seed you talkin' with him, sir, and doubtless now you knows
How drownin' men is reskied when a gale in winter blows."
"And what of him?" I said. "Brave man! I gave him half a crown."
"Oh! nothink; only he's perhaps the biggest scamp in town.
A precious lot of crowns he draws with his quiet talkin' big,
And hoary locks, which some do say are a sham, and his sailor rig.
A fisherman? Resky drownin' men? Only once he went afloat,
And then they had to resky *him*, cos he upset the boat.
I'm blessed if I think he rightly knows a cod fish from a salmon;
But it's wonderful how he do contrive our visitors to gammon."

ALGERNON BOYS.

TRINITY COLLEGE.



THE WHISKY SMUGGLER.



Ab'm Link.

How long gone, I scarcely can tell,
When ole Ab'm Link sed ter me :
" I guess I'll go huntin' a spell,
On the boat-lake marshes, I'm sartin," said he.

" If things is favorable
To be mor'n a week away."
An' he took up his gun, an' well—
He's never been seen ter this day.

A cur'us ole man is this ole Ab'm Link,
With a stupid, slow droop in his eye ;
An' a look as if allus a goin' ter wink.
Folks called him too lazy
ter die,—

An' too cursed ornery ter live,
The reason I cannot tell why
But it's a mighty big pile as I'd give
Ter tell where he's laid himself by.

'Twas a hazy, soft day when he took his depart',
With his ornery dog an' his gun.
'Tis some time agone, an' I wish in my heart,
As the most of his huntin' was done.

An' he'd come back home once agin,
With his wink an' his slink an' his dog ;
An' he an' I would do as we've bin,
Sit sunnin' ourselves on a log ;

An' talk of the partridge an' coons,
An' the ducks in the rice by the
lake.
I guess as he's gone forty moons.
It's a mighty long stay fer ter
make !

Some talked of drownin' or lost,
An' some of a funeral an' stone ;
But they cyn't fool me as they knows ter their cost.
An' I feel it most when alone :

That Abe's still abuntin' out there,
Where the sky stretches misty an' dim ;
An' the far-callin' birds come adrift on the air,
From the edge of the world's distant rim.

An' a scentin' the air he still goes,
Across the wide stretches of grass
An' patches of rice, where the marsh-
river flows ;
An' the clouds cast a shade as they pass.

Folks ses as I'm childish an' old,
But they makes a mistake when they say,
For my heart feels as young, though the seasons hev' rolled,
As that day Ab'm Link went away.

He jest put his gun on his
shoulder,
" I'll be gone mor'n a week,
sure," he sed.
I saw him last out by yon boulder,
An' now folks is hintin' he's dead.

But they cyn't fool me, much as they think.
He's out on the marsh's mist-rim.
An' ef ye see him, jest tell Ab'm Link,
As I long ter be huntin' with him.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B. WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

He Lied Well for a Boy.

Tommy (proudly)—I got some candies and raisins, and nuts, and a knife, and lots of other things in my stockin' on Christmas. What did you git ?

Sammy (not to be out-done)—Oh, I got heaps of candies and sech things and a sled, and a base ball and bat, and——

Tommy (excitedly)—Oh, shucks, yer couldn't git all that into yer stockin'.

Sammy (triumphantly)—Yes I did. Dere was a hole in it.

Christmas Day; or the Christ-Spirit.

This Christmas day, despite the dearth
Of love and mercy on the earth—
We will believe in human worth,
And faith and hope shall win us ;
For who, at such a joyous time,
Would wade through history's slough of crime ?
The advent of a soul sublime
Wakes all the god within us !

Calls up those mighty men of yore,
That in divinest living lore
Their very spirits did outpour,
For light and liberty :
Great souls that in the world's dark night
Stood forth to lead men's steps aright,
And into Chaos bore the light,
That ages all might see,

One spark of that celestial fire !
Which the Christ-spirit doth inspire,
Draws man to man, and lifts us higher
In the immortal scale :
Bursts the bonds which keep men apart,
Unlocks the fountains of the heart ;
'Twill Christianize the daily mart
And love at last prevail.

That spirit doth with love o'erflow,
Those features of divinest woe,
They haunt us still where'er we go,
So human is the face ;
That spirit has not passed away,
Have we not seen its heavenly ray,
Illuminating things of clay,
With the divinest grace.

Those very eyes, full well we know '
That wept so oft o'er human woe,
Full eighteen hundred years ago,
With an instinctive start,
Have we not in the busy street,
Amid the rush of hurrying feet,
Stood still those very eyes to greet,
That shone into our heart ?

In pity we have seen them swim
Beneath some humble Friend's broad brim,
Seen them in woman's tears grow dim,
Beside the bed of death
Of some weak wanderer gone astray,
In pleasure's ever downward way,
Still bringing hope's undying ray
To soothe the latest breath.

Yet rugged is that spirit's way,
Truth's forms like human things grow gray,
And aye the rebel of to-day
The saint is of to-morrow ;
Then let us never look behind,
But 'neath the banner of mankind
March onward with the march of mind,
To lessen human sorrow.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

Watching His Material.

Howell Gibbon—Who is that fellah over theah ?

Rossin Howes—That is the man who turns out most of the jokes published in the papers about dudes being brainless.

Howell Gibbon—Beastly bwute ! He has been looking at me and smiling all evening.

A Parthian Shot.

Mr. Snappy (winding up the quarrel)—Well, I must admit you are very polite with your abuse, to say the least.

Mrs. Snappy—Thank you, dear. I always make it a point to be courteous, however contemptible the person with whom I am disputing may be.

Bound to Beat.

Johnny (proudly)—Our folks will get more presents off the Christmas tree than yours.

Tommy—How do you know ?

Johnny—Well, ma is going to put everything in pa's bureau on for him and he's goin' to put everything in hers on for her. See ?

GLIMPSES OF THE WOODS.

LOGGING.

A WET DAY IN THE WOODS.

HAULING THE MAST.

A MEDICAL MISSIONARY.

BREAKING A ROAD.

Midnight shadows fast fade to steely gray,
The vanished moon makes way for coming day,
Then all the woods moan out an Arctic song,
And Pine and Beech tell of an ancient wrong,
Crackling boughs bejewelled with glist'ning rime,
And snow thigh deep; 'tis morn in winter time.

I know ye well ye banks of drifted snow,
Oft have I braved the wintry winds that blow
When with surly cry and far-reaching goad
I urged the oxen through the buried road
Though this was years ago, it seems but now
And in my dreams still through the snow I plough.

"Git up you lazy brute! Come! Haw there Dan!"
Thus through the dawn my sleepy matins ran.
"Where yeh goin'? Gee there Buck! Haw there Bright!"
Ah, rural heralds of the morning light.
Again I hear the call and spring from bed
To yoke the oxen and to load the sled.

From cheerless bed with snow upon the quilt
To neighboring barn of logs but roughly built,
To feed the cattle and to do the chores,
While through the sombre pines old Boreas roars,
Then breakfast, with its scanty bill of fare,
I know it all, for once I lived right there.

At night with mittens wet and soaking feet,
Should you the weary, homeward teamster meet
With cattle slow-moving the loaded sleigh,
Do not feel shocked if you should hear him say,
Midst thwacking blows and never ceasing din,
"Gee there Buck, er I'll tan yer derned old skin!"

DON.

Logging.

Though the labors of the logging field are less frequent in many parts of Ontario than they were some years ago there are few districts where the counterpart of the excellent engraving of Mr. G. A. Reid's painting cannot yet be sometimes seen. This picture is as characteristic of a large portion of Canada as the gondola-swept canal is of Venice, and its beauties and excellences will appeal to thousands who have themselves toiled with the handspike and chain. For the benefit of those not familiar with pioneer life in Canada a brief description may be given. When the pioneer settler entered the woods his first object was to make a clearing. Accordingly the axe was laid to the feet of the kings of the forest, that for over a century had proudly waved their arms over all their companions. None were spared, and as there was no available market for the timber it had to be burned. The trees were trimmed of their branches and cut into suitable lengths for piling. Then the neighbors were called in with their oxen and a "logging-bee" took place. The logs were piled in heaps, with the "brush" on the top, and when dry were burned. In this way a vast amount of the finest timber ever grown was unavoidably destroyed. No more opportune time could occur for the publication of this splendid picture of a scene which, in Ontario at least, is rapidly passing away.

A Wet Day in the Woods.

A fall of snow or rain has driven the lumbermen from their work and they have recourse to various devices to pass away the time. Some preparing for work to come by repairing harness and fixing their boots. The checker board is a source of interest, and until the demon with the fiddle gets another knot on his E string the story teller has full sway. After that it is Pandemonium.

Hauling a Mast.

Timber of this size, never very abundant or of a quality sufficiently sound, is now found so far away from "the front" as not to warrant the hauling and careful handling necessary to bring it there. The composite, hooped mast and spars, and later developments of ship building, have largely displaced the use of he single stick mast. It is only a few years back, however, when a procession like this passing through the streets of Peterboro' was of rather frequent occurrence, partially suspending the industries of that progressive town; and as peace has its triumphs no less renowned than war, the sight of this cavalcade hauling in the huge mast an element of hope and progress, produced an effect greater than six batteries of field artillery. It is a sort of holiday for the teamsters, and every available team is hitched on. Provided with long "gads" the man behind drives the team in front as it is necessary, coming down an incline without brakes, to keep moving.

The Medical Missionary.

This incident occurred in the region of Oak Lake, Ontario, some years ago. The parish of this unsung hero, a graduate of Knox College, was thirty miles long and traversed entirely on foot, and in almost soleless boots. With a salary of only forty dollars a year from the missionary society, and a wife and child to keep this was not to be wondered at. The little medicine chest, furnished by the society, was a source of relief to many in that rough district, and his courage and cheerfulness amid his arduous labors were no less efficacious than his remedies.

Grace Before Meat.

Mr. Lawson's clever painting, reproduced in the colored supplement given with SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS, portrays a scene at once Canadian and universal Canadian because its counterpart is seen daily in thousands of Canadian homes, and universal because it appeals to every heart that recognizes the Divine Power as the Giver of "daily bread." The plainness and simplicity of the room and the devotional air of its occupants—even the children—make one think irresistibly of Burns' description of the Cotters' Saturday Night, especially that grand outburst which commences:

"Compared with this how poor religion's pride!"

The old man's visage betrays his Scottish origin, and his clothes seem to indicate that he is a gardener, or a farmer in his Sunday suit. To make us think of Burns again, we see the table crowned with the "halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food." The woman's simple attire, the old-fashioned chairs, the plaster off the wall, and the boiler lid hanging on it are all homely and natural touches.

CHAPTER I.

"By the sky-rimmed, shining floor,
By the black wet cavernel ledges,
By the sands where windy sedge is
Kissed by Huron evermore."—(Lake Lyrics.)

"This IS the schoolhouse, young man, if ye want to git out here. I'll take the box on to the house, I suppose?"

The young man addressed sprang lightly from the lumbering wagon called the stage, which had brought him from the landing to the end of his journey, and stood upon the edge of the dusty, winding road. He yawned and stretched himself a little as he endeavored to shake off the effects of an early breakfast, after a night spent in the not over comfortable berth of the tug, which had steamed him and two or three cribs of logs up the bay to the head of the peninsula. Drawing in a breath of the fresh morning air he turned to take a look at his surroundings. Behind him, in the midst of a small clearing in the forest, stood a little log schoolhouse, looking very diminutive indeed against the towering trees in the background. To the left, in the foreground, the broad stretches of white sand beaches and marshy shore land blended into a vanishing line between forest and lake, over which hung a misty veil of shifting vapors. Now the cool grey mist clouds which lie upon Huron's breast, tinged with opalistic light, are drifting slowly outward, and as they lift from off the distant islands of forest-clad rock, wild gulls sweep over the blue waters, waking the morning air with their strange, wierd call. Like a far-off echo, the booming of the billows, as they beat against the rocks, or lose themselves in the rock-walled caverns beneath the towering limestone cliffs which rise like a wall to the right, sound above the splash of the waves on the beach.

Absorbed in contemplation, Richard Burton had not noticed two figures which had emerged from the shelter of the forest, and trudging over the rocky road approached quite near him. The sound of footsteps aroused him from his reverie, and he gazed curiously upon the advancing figures wondering what part they were to take in this new and strange chapter of his life. The foremost figure was that of a young and stalwart man, roughly clad in a pair of blue jean trousers and a checked shirt. His eyes flashed back at Burton's a fearless glance, almost of defiance, as, without touching the broad expanse of straw which served him for a hat, he said in a clear, ringing voice, "Mornin', teacher."

Burton replied to the salutation as the new-comer, turning half round, dragged into sight a little shrinking form.

"I've brought ye a scholar," he said, pulling off the boy's hat, or rather cap, for rim it had none, and brushing back a mass of limp, fair hair, with a not unkindly touch, from the white forehead, beneath which gazed up into Burton's face a pair of wistful eyes of heaven's own blue, in which the wisdom of the sages seemed to dwell, in touching contrast to the quivering baby mouth beneath.

"I found him by the road, skeered to come further, so I brung him along. He ain't more'n a mite, but they're goin' to send him to school, more like to git all they kin outen you than for the young un's sake. Ye'll have a rum lot o' youngsters, and ye'll do well to let 'em taste the rod. They don't understand nothin' else, but this here little chap ain't them sort. He gits lickin' enough to home, I guess. Anyhow, I ain't goin' to stand by an' see him licked no more outsiden home," with again that glance of defiance

Burton smiled quietly, ignoring the covert threat, and drawing the little boy towards him said, "He doesn't look like a troublesome subject. What's his name?"

"Benny Creighton they call him, an' I guess it's as good as any. Well, I'll be goin';" then turning again, half apologetically, "No offence, teacher, but you see the little chap ain't got anybody much to keer whether he's knocked about 'r not, and I jest thought I'd come and tell ye."

"All right, I understand, Mr.——"

"Naw, I be jest Jo Harris hereabouts, an' I ain't had no call ter be 'shamed of the name. Mornin', teacher," and he strode off.

The day passed with the usual experiences of a new teacher in a new school. The hours dragged slowly, for it was one of those sultry August days which grow more and more oppressive towards the end. There was thunder in the air, Burton thought as he walked to the door to ask some of the lingering, curious scholars the way to the house which had been chosen as his domicile. Benny stood at the door and Burton placed a hand encouragingly on his head.

"Well, little man!"

"Please, dad said I wer' to stay an' show ye the road."

"Yes; and am I to live at your house, Benny?"

Benny nodded, and Burton said, "Well, come along, then," holding out his hand for Benny's; but Benny looked from the extended hand to Burton's face and seemed not to understand.

"Give me your hand, Benny, and we will walk along together."

Benny placed a thin little hand in Burton's strong grasp, and together they walked on in silence. Already the sky had begun to darken, and the booming of the waves had a sullen ominous sound. Burton looked anxiously at the lowering clouds.

"Have we far to go, Benny?"

"No, not fur now; jest a little ways."

Just then a sudden bend in the road, up which they scrambled, over huge boulders and dusty hollows, brought them into sight of a small vine-clad cottage by the roadside.

"Jo Harris lives there," exclaimed Benny pointing at the house, in the door of which sat a pleasant-faced old woman who smiled at Benny and accosted Burton with a cheerful "Evenin', teacher."

At this moment Jo himself appeared around the corner of the house with an old gun in his hands, of which he was examining the priming.

Burton declined Jo's friendly invitation to come in, and he and Benny now moved on quickly towards a larger house, the roof and chimney of which were now visible beyond the open fields which lay between them and it.

"That's the house," said Benny, pointing with his finger; but before they reached it Burton noticed, with a start, that Benny had mysteriously disappeared.

A tall woman with a hard, stern face and glittering dark eyes came to the door as he approached. She bade him enter, and turning to a girl who stood in the center of the low-roofed kitchen, moving mechanically back and forth beside the spinning wheel, whose motion filled the room with its droning music:

"Lize, hand the teacher a cheer."

As she did so Burton thought he had seldom seen a more ill-favored countenance, and its hideousness increased with the conscious grin with which she glanced curiously at him and then resumed her monotonous motion at the wheel. Turning from her, Burton glanced curiously at the older woman, who now sat busily knitting, and wondered if she could be the mother of this girl. Her face was soured and hardened by care and toil, but her eyes were full of keen intelligence and there was a certain dignity in her bearing which surprised and interested Burton as he looked about the humble surroundings. The roof of the kitchen was unplastered, and from the beams hung all sorts of articles. Strings of yellow corn, dried herbs, cooking utensils and farm implements. There was an inner room a little better furnished, and opening into it one or two doors which Burton supposed led to sleeping rooms, while in one corner a rude staircase led up to an opening in the floor above.

"Dad took yer box up loft; ye'll hev ter sleep there, I guess. P'r'aps ye'd like to go up an' see the place?"

Burton assented, and entering the inner room he mounted the steps into the chamber above. It was a large room, though the walls and sloping roof were of rough boards. In the center of the gable at either end was a small window, opening one of which Burton looked out upon the lake, which was now lashing the rocks in fury, and even as he looked the rain began to fall, at first in great, heavy drops, then with a steady downpour. Between the lake and the road was a steep descent over rocks and boulders to the shore, over which descent to the right of the house ran, or rather rushed, a little brook, leaping from rock to rock and dashing its white spray in mimic madness far beyond its limits, and at last plunging into the lake with a seething clamor in astonishing proportion to its size. The rushing, roaring sound of waters, augmented by the rain, was almost deafening.

At last Burton was called to tea, and coming down he was greeted in the kitchen by a small, wiry man, with a countenance seamed and lined into an ex-

pression of low cunning. Small, restless blue eyes looked out at him from beneath overhanging brows. It was the same sinister look and coarse features, only in a more marked degree, which had first attracted Burton's attention in the girl when he entered the house. As they were sitting down to the table another girl entered the room, and coming forward seated herself with the rest. She looked full and enquiringly at Burton, who could scarcely recover himself sufficiently to return her salutation, so astonished was he at her reappearance.

"This is my oldest gal, Bess," said Creighton, noting Burton's blank look; "maybe ye ain't used ter seein' sech fine-lookin' gals down below, eh?" and he chuckled at his own joke.

The girl frowned a little, but showed none of the simpering self-consciousness which this personal remark evoked in the sister.

No reply was evidently expected of Burton. He was invited to help himself, which he did with zest, having dined upon a couple of crackers. Several times he involuntarily cast a furtive glance in Bess' direction, until after twice meeting her gaze full upon himself he for the remainder of the time kept his eyes upon his plate. She looked at him calmly and fearlessly, as if to see what sort of a man he might be, then, having turned for the second time encountered his eyes, she turned away with a half contemptuous curl upon her lip. Then she got up, without apology, from the table and moved mechanically about the room. Burton had now a good opportunity of seeing her without being observed. She was a little above medium height. Her figure in its unadorned grace was perfect in its proportions. Her features were clean cut and regular, the lips though slightly full, iron-ical in expression, the eyes, an impenetrable grey, shrouded beneath heavy, dark lashes and well marked eyebrows; her hair was coiled in a loose knot at the back of her neck, and adornment she had none whatever, except her own surpassing beauty — a beauty which made the more marked a certain reckless indifference of expression. She came and stood in the doorway, and as she looked out towards the lake her face softened a little, and it seemed to Burton that in it lay the possibility of a softer nature, which if touched in time might dominate over the cruel hardness which the features expressed.

After the rest had left the table, little Benny stole in and took a seat in a place, helping himself to what was within his reach and doing without what was not. For the time being all were kept to the house by the torrents of rain which fell, and having nothing else to do Burton fell to pondering upon this strangely ill-assorted family into whose midst he had come, from the little villainous-looking man with his gaunt, sour visaged wife, to whom Bess bore some resemblance, down to the shrinking figure of little Benny, whom he fancied Lize was taking a delight in bringing into frequent prominence as she routed him from one position to another, also that Bess noticed this too at last and that her hardened face again into an expression of angry as she glanced from the child to her sister.

Presently Creighton asked Burton to come into the "setting-room," and when they were seated he drew forth his pipe and lit it, watching Burton from under his eyebrows as he did so. Then having received the information that the young man did not smoke, he kept up between the whiffs of smoke a running fire of questions, varied by some facts in connection with his own career.

"Yes," he said at length, "four hundred dollars is a tidy sum t' come in every year sure, an' nothin' much t' do. Why, a man cud run a little farm outside o' school hours, an' hev them hours t' rest in. Ye see, there's the long holidays. Hain't thought of buyin' up a little piece of land round here, hev ye?"

"No, I have not."

"Well, well, ye may think on it yit. Who knows but ye'll come across a likely gal here an want t' settle down; not as there's one on the peninsular," he continued, lowering his voice and leaning forward and leering confidentially at Burton, "as kin hold a candle t' our Bess." Then, after a pause, his voice sinking to a whisper, "Why, young man, I cud lop off a good buildin' lot offen the arm, with twenty acres o' cleared land an' that bit o' woodland 'round the schoolhouse, an' never miss it."

Burton smiled feebly, and noticing that the rain had stopped, both men arose and went out of doors.

Burton sauntered forth down the path to the road, where he stood looking with never-failing fascination at the lake, upon whose now sleeping bosom the moonbeams were reflected in a thousand shimmering lances. He had stood thus for some moments when he suddenly became aware that Benny stood near him, his little white face now upturned to the sky for a minute, then bent as if watching intently some object at his feet.

"What is it, Benny?" asked Burton, stepping nearer.

"It's the moon," answered Benny softly. "See, there it is up there, and here it is down here," pointing to a pool at his feet. "It is a long way off up there, but down here it don't seem so far away. Ye can't touch it though. It goes away when I put my foot in the water, see;" suiting the action to the word. "It's like the face in the lookin'-glass, ye know. 'Taint the moon at all, only ——," and he stopped as if he could carry the explanation no further.

"Yes, Benny, I understand, but you like to look at the reflection of the moon in the water and to fancy that it is so close that you can almost touch it; isn't that it, Benny?"

Benny nodded assent, then looking up into Burton's face through the moonlight, he said, "I like you, teacher. Yer like Jo. He knows things ye think when ye can't tell 'em. Jo knows an' awful lot; more'n Dad!"

CHAPTER II.

URON was in his angriest mood, dashing his waves high against the rocks in impotent fury and wetting with spray the coarse shoes and homespun skirt of the girl on the beach, who, with hand shading her eyes, walked slowly along the shore looking ahead as if in search of some object. At last she stood as if undecided whether to go on or not. Then she turned her face towards the lake. Something in its madness seemed the outpouring of the voice of her own heart, not that she understood it so, but with a sort of dumb instinct she felt drawn towards the sullen, booming lake.

A rattling sound of falling stones over the rocks caused her to turn with a start, and bounding from boulder to boulder Bess saw the muscular form of Jo Harris as he came down towards her. When he stood beside her they interchanged a quiet "Good evenin'," then there was a pause in which each looked away from the other.

"I'm lookin' fer the red cow. She didn't come home 'long with the rest, an' I thought she might hev strayed down over the rocks to the shore."

"Lize said ye wer' down on the beach."

"What is it ter Lize wher I be?"

"I dunno, Bess. I asked her an' she tole me the truth."

"Yes, fer once?"

"Well, Bess, what is it ter be this time?"

"'Taint no use, Jo; I tole ye that long ago."

"I hain't give it up, Bess, an' I hain't agoin' to yit. I've waited a long time an' I kin wait longer, an' what's more, I b'lieve ye like me some."

"I never said as I didn't like ye, Joe—ef ye don't pester me too much," she added.

"I hain't pestered ye nairy a bit, an' ye know it."

"Yer pesterin' me now, an' it ain't no use, as I tole ye before. Marm said once I were made fer better things, an' I dunno but she's right. Anyhow, I mean ter do better ef I kin."

"What's wrong o' me, Bess?" asked Jo, straightening himself up and looking down at her with some reproach in his eyes.

"'Taint yerself, Jo; yer well enough in a way, but I want t' be somethin' better, t' git away from this life altogether."

"T' be a lady, Bess?"

"I dunno. P'raps so. I ain't sure I know what that means. P'raps I ain't fit, but I kin be somethin' better'n the wife of a poor farmer, t' live in a shanty all my life, an' grub an' slave indoor an' out with half a dozen squealin' youngsters haulin' at my skirts."

Jo stood back and looked indignantly at her.

"P'raps it 'ud be not so sneakin' like ef I were ter take ye at yer word,

Bess, after sayin' that, as ef I ain't strong an' willin' enough t' work fer ye. An' after all, who's to blame fer the ole shanty? Mother likes it well enough, better'n any other, an' the place is more'n enough fer her an' me. Ef ye'd listened t' me long ago I'd hev stayed at home an' done lots fer the place by this time, 'stead o' trailin' off when that air white-faced devil came an' stud between us. Ef I'd be'n the man that I am now I'd hev stayed an' spoiled his pretty face forever," he said, clinching his hands and setting his teeth together.

But Bess had turned perfectly livid as she faced him, and gazed into his face with the look of a tigress. Presently she dropped her eyes and laughed a short, bitter laugh, "Why didn't ye, Jo?"

Just then a shrill voice rang through the evening air: "Jo! Where air ye, Jo?"

Jo answered with a peculiar whistle, and Benny came running down by a winding side path. He did not stop till he stood, panting and breathless, beside Jo. Just then he encountered Bess' glance full of cold contemptuous anger, and he shrank behind Jo, his little face changing at once into an expression of fear and dread. Jo turned and placed his hand kindly upon the child's head: "Wer ye lookin' fer me, Benny?"

"Yes," faltered Benny.

Bess' lips curled into that peculiar cynical smile as she spoke:

"D' ye think yer makin' of that young un 'll stan' by ye t' me?"

"Naw, Bess, ye know me better ner that. Hev ye got no heart?"

"Naw, I hain't, Jo. It left my body long ago," and she looked with contemptuous significance at the child.

"Well, Benny an' me's friends, an' I ain't a-goin' back on Benny no matter what comes, an' what's more I ain't a-goin' back on you either till I see ye the girl ye once wer'. Yer gittin' worse, I do believe, but it can't last long. Yer got a woman's heart somewheres. I ain't goin' to pester ye, but I'll ask ye agin 'fore the snow comes, an' ef yer not willin' then, I'll ask ye come Christmas, an' I'll keep on askin' ye till the end.

"Well, ef ye will, ye must. I ain't t' blame; but I tell ye ag'in it's no use. I kin do better."

There was a significant emphasis in her words which caused Jo to look keenly at her.

"Ye don't mean t' say— ?"

"I mean to say, *I kin do better.*"

"Bess, no white-faced coward shell come between us ag'in. It ain't that triflin' teacher, with his baby hands an' store clothes?"

"Be careful, Jo, ef ye hender me in this it'll be the worse for *you.*"

"D' ye love him, Bess?"

"Naw, Jo, I don't love no one."

"Yes ye do, Bess, ye love me."

"What call hev ye fer t' say that, Jo?"

"No matter, ye did once, an' ye hain't fergot it yit. Leastways, I'm thinkin' some day ye'll remember."

Bess paled a little and turned away, and Jo, taking Benny's hand, left her there.

"Be ye goin' t' marry Bess?" asked Benny suddenly as he trotted along by Jo's side after they had reached the road.

Jo started.

"I dunno, Benny. P'r'aps so."

"Bess air my mother, Jo, an' when I wer' a little baby, like Ike Witchers, she wouldn't te'ch me."

"Who tole ye all that, Benny?"

"Lize did."

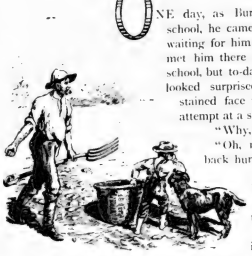
"Lize air a devil!" returned Jo emphatically.

Summer had deepened into autumn and Richard Burton had grown somewhat reconciled to his rude surroundings, and the unceremonious life in the little community to which fate or chance had brought him. He had not been in the house a week before he discovered that Creighton had resolved to marry him to Bess. At first he was at a loss to understand why he had been singled out for this special honor, but gradually it dawned upon him that in this half-civilized community his little salary of four hundred dollars, hard cash, was looked upon as a large income, for which he had nothing particular to do. To this was added a certain prestige, all tending to make him quite an important personage. Now, Creighton, being the best-off man in the country, conceived the idea of increasing his own importance by bringing about this desirable connection.

At first Burton was very much amused at the idea of becoming so suddenly such a great personage and of being married off in this way. But by degrees it dawned upon him that Bess herself was aware of her father's designs, and was not averse to their being carried out. Had it been Lize, now, Burton would have been still more amused, but here was a girl whose beauty would have turned the head of any man, and who, without putting herself in his way, or even taking the trouble to lay aside for him that haughty indifference of manner, yet let him feel in some way or other that she would not repel any advances he might make.

He kept out of her way as much as possible, but in spite of himself he could not keep his eyes from following her movements and feasting upon her matchless beauty. This was the more annoying when she caught him in the act and smiled that peculiar, half scornful smile, as if she gloried in the power of her own beauty while she watched with half contemptuous amusement its effect upon others.

CHAPTER III.



ONE day, as Burton was walking home from school, he came across little Benny, who was waiting for him by the road. Benny generally met him there in the morning on the way to school, but to-day he had been absent. Burton looked surprised as a very dirty little tear-stained face was raised to his, with a faint attempt at a smile which ended in a sob.

"Why, Benny, what's the matter?"

"Oh, nothin'; only I'm tired an' my back hurts."

"What have you been doing? Why didn't you come to school?"

"Dad kept me home a taterin."

Burton had lived long enough in the vicinity to learn the meaning of this excuse for absence from school. All day long, and through the scorching midday sun, this little mite had traveled up and down the long rows of potatoes behind "Dad," picking them up and putting them into the basket, which grew heavier at every step, until the little arms refused to lift it, and it was emptied only to be filled again. Bit by bit Burton drew from him the history of the day's woes—the heavy basket, the hot sun and the aching back, then, to crown all, the kick that "Dad" had given him when he cried.

"I wish I wer' deaded, I do. Lize says I air a child o' shame, an' ain't got no right here, anyways."

"Poor little waif; never mind, you'll be a man some day and then it 'll be all right."

When they reached the path which led down over the rocks by a winding way, not so rough nor steep as a direct descent, Burton picked the little fellow up in his arms and carried him down; then sitting upon a rock he stopped and dipped his handkerchief into the water and wiped the mud off Benny's face and told him to wash his hands in the lake. When this was done Burton took the child upon his knee and talked to him till the careworn look was lifted from the little face and he laughed in childish glee. Then someone called, "Benny," in a sharp voice, and, putting him down, Burton told him to run home.

Then Burton sat there upon the rock awaiting the call to supper, which was apt to be late at this busy season.

Presently he was conscious of a presence near, and lifting his eyes he saw Bess standing at the other side of the boulder against which he was leaning. Her feet were bare and he had not heard her approach. She now saw him and stood quietly looking at him.

"Dad air gone ter the blacksmith's t' git the plough-shear fixed, an' won't be back yit awhile, but ye kin hev yer supper ef ye like."

"No, thank you, I'll wait for the rest," answered Burton, forming a quick resolve to speak to her about Benny. For this purpose he detained her talking about one thing and another, but when he broached the subject of Benny's troubles, her face hardened and she turned coldly away from him.

"What call hev *you* fer t' mind about Benny?"

"He is not strong and I don't like to see the little fellow abused."

"Who's abusin' him?"

"It's too much to keep a little fellow like him picking potatoes all day and dragging that heavy basket."

"I dunno; I did it myself when I wer' no older ner him."

"He is not strong, and, besides, your father is too severe with him."

"What's Dad be'n doin'."

"He kicked him to-day."

Her teeth clenched and her face darkened.

"Dad 'ud better not do it ag'in."

Then she stopped. "What air ye pesterin' me fer about the child? I wish he wer' dead."

"It might have been better had he never been born."

"Yes, better fer him an' better fer me. Ye wonder why I hate him. I hate him because he reminds me of one I hate worse; who made me like the rest of them. Do you think I'm worse than the rest? I ain't though," she continued, passionately. "There ain't a girl on this God-forsaken peninsula as has be'n better nor I hev, fer all that boy up thar. I were only a girl then, not much more'n a child when he, with his fair face and coward's heart, came in my way. I would have made him a good wife, too, and hev be'n somethin' better'n I am now, but he was too much of a coward to face his father's anger, and he went away an' left me t' bear it alone. I'd never hev know'd there wer' anythin' better ner livin' jest as I be, but he taught me jest enough to make me hate it all."

"Why can you not be better in this life, and help to better those around you?" said Burton hesitatingly, feeling the hopelessness of such an effort.

Bess laughed bitterly.

"What do you care fer me or fer the rest?"

"I do care."

"Marry me then, an' take me away from this place an' from them all. It ain't too late fer me ter learn ter be better."

Burton's eyes fell.

She laughed again that bitter, scornful laugh.

"Yer afraid to. I know I ain't like you with yer soft manners an' fine talk

"I don't know, Bess. Those are not the only considerations. If you loved me and I loved you it might be thought of."

"Do you mean that? Air ye sure ye don't love me? Ain't I a girl any man could love? Why do ye foller me with yer eyes whenever ye git the chance?"

"You are a beautiful woman, Bess," he said, at a loss for words to answer her. He could not spurn her from him.

"I know it," she said, standing up before him and straightening her figure to its full height.

"Ye needn't tell me that; an' why wer' I made different from the rest if I wer' not made fer somethin' better?"

There was a world of passionate appeal in her eyes, and as Burton looked at her standing there before him, he pictured to himself what she might have been had she been carefully reared, and then he wondered if there were not yet a chance. She was anxious to learn, and might not a few months' patient teaching efface the sullying effects of a life of coarse toil and rude companionship? She stood before him in all her beauty, noticing the changes in his face. His heart beat quickly, and he rose to his feet.

"I cannot stand it, Bess. No man could. You do not love me. If I thought you did——"

"I could love you. Do you think I have no power of loving? Bah! I see how it is. Ye hav'n't the courage t' do it!"

Her eyes were full of scorn as she turned proudly away as if to leave him.

Then he put forth his hand and drew her towards him. "If I thought you loved me, Bess." His blood tingled in his veins as he bent his head and kissed her unresisting lips. Heavens! what a beautiful face it was.

Just then there was a crunching sound upon the rocks above, and looking up Burton saw Creighton's sinister little face grinning at them from over the rocks.

Then a revulsion of feeling came over him, and he felt like running up and pitching the man over into the lake.

Bess went forward and Burton followed her up to the house.

That night, catching him alone for a moment, Creighton leered significantly as he whispered in Burton's ear:

"It's all right, young man; I expected it. I knowed ye couldn't stand back from a girl like Bess. She's a stunner, an' no mistake. Ye'll be wantin' ter settle down 'fore Christmas, an' I'll jest walk out a bit with ye ter-morrer an' we'll look up a likely spot fer a house."

Burton shook him off as well as he could. He loathed the man and yet he felt that he had no right to resent what was said. He made some excuse to get outside, for he felt as if the very atmosphere of the house choked and stifled him. He paced up and down, trying to still the throbbing of his head and heart. Somehow he felt as if he were in a horrible nightmare which he could not shake off. He wished that he had never come to this horrible place, and now he had gone too far to retreat. Then he thought of Bess and his heart beat again.

At last he grew calmer, and when he went into the house he had made up his mind what to do. He would marry her, and in time, when he should have taught her something, they would go away from the place and its hateful associations.

CHAPTER IV.

TWO or three days had passed and all hands being busy with the harvesting, Burton had scarcely seen Bess alone.

One afternoon she had been working in the fields all day, and coming out towards evening to the road to look for the cows she fancied she heard a faint cry from over the water. Looking out in the direction of the sound she could just see a small boat in which stood a tiny form wildly waving its arms and calling for help. A moment's glance served to convince her that it was Benny out there alone. The waves were high and the boat was tossed about at their mercy. Every moment it seemed as though it must be swamped.

Bess stood for a moment as if spell-bound. Then she ran down to the beach and pushing out a large row-boat which was hauled up on the beach she found that there was only one oar in it and she realized the truth. Benny had taken the oar and pushed himself out in the smaller boat, and had probably lost the oar. He often amused himself in this way. He could not handle the two oars but would paddle about the shore with one in the smaller boat.

There was now no time to lose, so Bess pushed out and paddled towards the little skiff which now, as the waves increased, seemed every moment to sink from sight. The boat was heavy and unwieldy, and with one oar she could scarcely make any headway against the waves. Suddenly there was a despairing shriek and Bess could see nothing where the skiff had been. Then as she strained her eyes to look, the boat arose upon a wave and, clinging to its side, she could just distinguish Benny's form in the water. She felt that in such a sea he could not long retain his hold, and with a superhuman effort she at last reached the skiff. Even then she had almost lost him, for just as she stretched out her hand he must have lost consciousness and let go his hold. The agony of that moment Bess never forgot. All the past rushed before her remorseful vision, and the mother in her gave forth an agonizing cry for help. Just then a huge wave brought to her hand the little form which had disappeared from view, and clutching his coat she drew him into the boat. For one moment she pressed him to her bosom, then laid him in the bottom of the boat as she took up the oar, but all her efforts to turn the boat towards shore were futile. All she could do was to keep it from being swamped.

But already help was near. More than one had heard that despairing call. Burton had heard it and was coming fast to the rescue. Jo Harris, too, walking along the road had heard it, and both men reached the shore about the same time. Just waiting to throw off his coat Burton sprang into the water just as Jo Harris did the same. Burton was an expert swimmer and was lightly dressed, while Jo Harris had on a pair of clumsy long boots, and Burton soon gained on him and reached the boat first. Then he discovered what was the trouble. It was almost impossible to navigate such a boat with one oar. Quick as thought he picked up the rope as Jo Harris reached the boat and tossing it to him explained the condition of affairs. It was no use burdening the boat with another passenger when there was only one oar to handle so he paddled as best he could, and Jo, with the rope, struck out for shore. The boat was half full of water by the time they got her hauled up, and all of them realized what a narrow escape it had been. Bess insisted upon carrying Benny herself. She had not even a word of thanks for the two men who had saved her life. She thought only of the child, who hung limp and helpless in her arms.

When they reached the house Burton took him from her by main force. He had had experience under a skilful doctor in such a case before and it was owing to his efforts that Benny at last opened his wondering eyes and looked up into Bess' face, as her hot tears fell on his cheek.

Then Jo stole out. He felt a strange choking sensation in his throat, as if a great lump were there. He saw it all. It was no use now. Burton had saved her life. At least it was he who had reached her first; and then the child, who seemed to have grown so suddenly dear to her, Burton had saved him too. Poor little Benny! Jo brushed away a tear as there flashed into his troubled heart a hope that there were happier days for Benny. But the light seemed to have gone out of his life. As long as there had been hope, no matter how small, he had been brave, but now—— Well, he would bear it like a man. Burton had earned her if he loved her. His heart had been full of revengeful deeds before, but now all that was gone.

It was about dusk next evening that Creighton came across Bess standing at the gate.

"Hello, gal, where's yer lover? Ye ain't makin' good use o' yer time, an' I've be'n thinkin' of cuttin some logs fer t' be sawed at the mill fer yer house."

"Tain't no use, dad. I don't want no house."

"What! ye don't mean t' say that that —— young scamp hev' gone back on ye?"

"Naw, dad, he ain't done nothin' only I ain't agoin' to hev' him."

"Ye hain't, hey? I'll see 'bout that. Ye'll sleep under no roof o' mine till ye make up yer mind t' do as I bid ye. Hain't agoin' to hev' him, and me willin' t' do so much fer ye? We'll see," and with an oath he left her.

She stood for a moment as he had left her, a peculiar smile on her lips, then softly closed the gate after her and went down the road towards Jo Harris' cottage. She walked up to the door, which was closed against the chill autumn air, and entered.

"Good evenin', Bess," said Mrs. Harris, looking up in some surprise from her seat at the window. "Hev' a cheer."

Bess sat down, and her eyes wandered inquiringly about the place, then rested upon Jo's mother. "Jo hev' gone t' fetch his scythe. He left it in the back field."

There was silence for a few moments, both women feeling a sort of restraint. Then the latch was lifted and Jo stood in the doorway.

He hesitated, scarcely distinguishing through the gathering gloom the forms of the two women. Then he recognized Bess and stepped forward just as she rose to meet him.

"I hev' come t' stay, Jo," she said, holding out her hands. "Dad hev' turned me out," and she laughed a quiet laugh, which Jo had not heard for a long time.

"An' the teacher, Bess? He saved yer life."

"No more'n you, Jo, an' I'm doin' him the best turn! kin fer it."

Then he took her in his arms and the old woman got up softly and left them together.

Next day a young couple might have been seen traveling in an ox cart over a dusty, rocky road, one a beautiful young woman, clad in homely garments, the other a stalwart young man, the love in whose eyes spread a light of beauty over his weather-beaten face. They traveled till they came to a little hamlet, as other couples had done before them. Then, after a while they returned over the same road.

When they got home that night, after feeding his oxen, Bess saw Jo go off up the road towards her father's house. What passed when he reached there she did not know but when he returned an hour later he carried little Benny in his arms and laid him upon the low settle in the kitchen.

"He were sleepin' when I came away, so I jist carried him off," he said as he met her eyes.

"I knowed ye would do it, Jo, an' by God's help I'll be the mother to him from this day that I'v' never been before."

MARY L. CAMPBELL.

THE snow'd laid deep that winter from the middle of November:
The goin', as I remember, was the purtiest kind of goin';
An' as the time drawd nigh fur turkeys an' mince pie
The woods, all white an' frosted, was a sight worth showin'.

The snow hung down the woodpiles all scalloped like an' curled.
You'd swear in all the world ther' warn't no fences any more.
The cows kep' under cover, an' the chickens scratched twice over
The yaller ruck of straw alayin' round the stable door.

'Twas Christmas Eve, in the afternoon, an' the store was jest ahummin'
When we seen the parson comin' in his pung along the road;
An' as he passed the store he called out through the door
"Church to-night at the Crossroads! Come, boys, and bring a load!

'Twas a new idee in these parts, and Bill Simmons made 'n oration
About "High Church innovation," an' "adriftin' back to Rome,"
But I backed the parson's rights to have church on moonlight nights;
An' I thought of Nance's cute red lips, an' pinted straight fur home.

I wasn't long agittin' the chores done up, you bet,
An' the supper that I eat wouldn't more'n a' fed a fly!
Then I hitched the mare in the pung an' soon was bowlin' along
Down by the crick to Nance's while the moon was white an' high.

She didn't keep me waitin', fur church was at half-pas' seven;
An' my idee of Heaven, as I tucked her into the furs,
Was aridin' with Nance at night when the moon was high an' white,
An' the deep sky all asparkle like them laughin' eyes of hers.

I had a heap to say, but I couldn't jest somehow say it;
An' as fur my heart, the way it kep' jumpin' was a wonder.
So I chirruped to the mare with a kind of easy air,
An' Nance had to do the talkin', which the same she did, by thunder!

An' I could feel her shoulder, kind of comfortin' an' warm,
Nestlin' agin my arm,—sech a sweet an' cunnin' shoulder.
My heart was all afire, but I kep' gittin' shyer an' shyer,
An' wished that I'd been born a leetle sassier an' bolder.

We come to them there Crossroads 'fore I'd time to say a word;
An' I reckon as how I heard mighty little of the service.
But 'twas grand to hear Nance sing "Glory to the new born King";
Tho' the way the choir folks stared at us, it made me kind of nervous.

I wished the parson'd stop an' give me another chance
Out there in the night with Nance, under the stars an' moon;
An' I vowed I'd have my say in the tidiest kind of way,
An' she shouldn't have no more call to think me a blame gossoon.

At last the preachin' come to an end, an' the folks all crowded out.
'Fore I knowed what I was about we was on the road fur home.
But the sky was overcast an' a thick snow droppin' fast,
An' a big wind down from the mountains got arantin' an' moanin' some.

We hadn't rode two mile when it blowed like all possessed,
An' at that I kind of guessed we was in fur a ticklish night.
We couldn't go more'n a walk, an' Nance she forgot to talk;
Then I jest slipped my arm around her, an' she never kicked a mite.

Well, now, if the hull blame roof'd blowed off I wouldn't a keered,
But I seen as how Nance was skeered, so I sez, "By gracious, Nance,
I guess if we don't turn, an' cut back fur the Crossroads, durn
The shelter we'll git to-night by any kind of chance!"

Then the mare stopped short an' whinnied, an' Nance jest said, "Oh, Si!"
An' then commenced to cry, till I felt like cryin' too;
I forgot about the storm, an' jest hugged her close an' warm,
An' kissed her, an' kissed her, an' swore how I'd be true.

Then Nance she quit her cryin' an' said she wasn't skeered
So long's she knew I keered jest a leetle mite fur her;
But she guessed we'd better try an' git home, an' "by an' by
The storm'll stop, an' anyways, it aint so very fur!"

My heart was that chock full I couldn't find a word to say,
But she understood the way that I looked into her eyes!
In buffaler robe an' rug I wrapped her warm an' snug,
An' got out an' broke the mare a road all the way to Barnes's Rise

'Twas a tallish tramp, I tell you, a leadin' that flounderin' mare
Thro' snow drifts anywheres from four to six foot deep.
An' a "painter" now an then howled out from his mountain den;
But Nance, she never heerd it, fur she must 'a' fell to sleep.

It wasn't fur from mornin' when we come to Barnes's Rise,
An' I found to my surprise I'd tramped nine mile an' wasn't tired.
I was in sech a happy dream it didn't hardly seem
As the ride had been any tougher'n jest what I'd desired.

It was easier goin' now, an' Nance woke up all rosy.
She was sweeter'n any posy as I kissed her at the gate.
The dawn was jest agrowin' so I wished her a Merry Christmas,
An' remarked I must be goin' as it might be gettin' late!

We was married at the Crossroads jest six weeks from Christmas Eve;
An' Nance an' me believe in our parson's innovations;
We aint much skeered o' Rome, an' we reckon he can preach some.
An' we call that evenin' service a Providential Dispensation.

KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR, N. S. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

WHAT THE FAIRIES DID ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

Queen Mab was speaking. She was dressed in a soft green robe, and on her head was a glistening crown of dewdrops. A tiny row of bells around her neck rang merry little peals when she laughed, and her pale golden hair floated like a cloud around her dainty form.

Altogether Queen Mab was the very loveliest fairy who was ever seen.

It was Christmas eve in Fairyland and the Queen of the Fairies was laying her commands upon her children. She said:

"There is much work for you to do to-night, my children; the time is short and the City of Toronto is a large one. I have been told these stupid, large mortals believe there are bad fairies, but we know that all the wicked ones live in the Old World, and dare not cross the ocean. Canadian fairies are all loving and kind, and bring joy and comfort into every home. As for you," she said, shaking her tiny wand at old Santa Claus who stood in the center of the fairies, "you are the one whom the children love best—they do not know that it is we who fill your pockets with candies and toys, while all you do is put them in the stockings. Why do you not tell them you come from Fairyland, O my father?" and the beautiful Queen laughed till all her bells rang again.

"But now to business," she proceeded. "Come, Fairy Lilian," she said to a tiny lady dressed all in white, "hie thee away through the dark city; take this box of powder and this bag of gold; stop at the house where the sick children lie—enter and seat thyself in each small cot and lay a pinch of magic powder in the ear of each sick little one—then listen thou wilt hear them whisper in their sleep that which they most would wish Santa Claus to give them. When thou knowest their wants, fly with all speed to the bright stores on King and Yonge streets and buy what the sick children need. Be gentle to them, sweet Fairy Lilian, for the tired little ones want all our care and love, then hasten back to Fairyland with the Christmas gifts, for Santa Claus awaits thee here."

And Fairy Lilian, spreading wide her tiny white wings, sped away through the night to the Children's Hospital.

"And thou, sweet Fairy Rose," said the Queen as a lovely lady, dressed in pale pink with a wreath of roses on her soft brown hair, stepped forward: "Go to the homes of the rich—enter into the cheerful places, with their blazing fires and velvet curtains—speed thee to the large warm rooms where lie the happy little ones of the wealthy. Take with thee this flask—sprinkle one drop of the magic fluid on the lips of each sleeping child—and listen. They, too, will murmur in their sleep. Then do as Fairy Lilian does and bring the gifts to me, for thee also there is a bag of gold."

With a low bow Fairy Rose unfolded her little pink wings and whirred out upon the frosty night.

"Come hither, daughter," said Queen Mab to a pale, wee maiden dressed in blue. "Away with thee to the homes of the poor, and as thy mission will take longer than those of thy sisters, for the homes of the poor are many, take with thee Fairy Fern, and lay one of the rose leaves I now give thee on the breast of old and young, for not only the little ones but all the poor must have a happy Christmas day. Here, therefore, are two bags of gold."

Hand in hand the two Fairies, Violet and Fern, flew swiftly north and south, east and west, for the homes of the poor are everywhere.

And so, one by one, Queen Mab gave missions to each of her Fairies. She sent them abroad with loving messages and joyous thoughts, and reserved for herself the sad and grief-stricken places. The places where mothers missed the darlings who had joined God's angels since the Christmas past; the places where wives lay awake through the noisy silence of the night thinking—ever thinking—of Christmases spent happily with the beloved companion—now gone across the dark river.

And the gentle Fairy Queen kissed the tears from pale cold cheeks, and soft sleep came to tired eyes, while she whispered of meetings where never more there would be partings—of the bright "to come" which lies before us all if we will only listen to our good Fairies. And many aching hearts were comforted on Christmas eve by the soft, sweet touch of Fairy hands.

In a large and lofty hall in Fairyland fast asleep in a huge arm-chair lay Santa Claus. Fast asleep was he, with his great white beard outspread upon his mighty chest, and his ruddy face shining in the light of Fairy lamps around him. Very comfortable indeed he looked as he waited for the Fairies.

Fairyland is a beautiful place and I know just where it is, but I dare not tell you in this story, for, little children, you would all be running away from home and I am afraid your fathers and mothers would all be running after me.

So old Santa Claus sat and waited. No doubt, little ones, you think it is he who buys all the pretty things you find in your stockings on Christmas morning, but I can tell you, it is the Fairies who take all the trouble, and find all the lovely candies and toys. If you don't believe me ask any of the gentlemen in the bright stores on Yonge and King streets. They will tell you that the tiny ladies come with fat little bags filled with gold pieces (in Fairyland there are no ugly torn dollar bills), and it is they who jump on the backs of the rocking horses to try their speed, who fire off guns to see if they are good ones, and make the dolls squeak again, and the toy engines whistle and scream. Not only that—the Fairies also go with Santa Claus and help to fill the small limp stockings till they are stuffed with good things. You must thank Queen Mab, little ones, as well as Santa Claus. I think he gets all the praise, so I promised the Fairies I would write this story.

One by one close upon the midnight hour the Fairies flew back to Fairyland with heavily-laden wings. When they were all assembled around the chair where Santa Claus lay sleeping, Queen Mab came in, her tiny bells ringing a merry chime. She touched the snowy beard of Santa Claus with her fairy wand.

"Sire, arise and listen," she said, "to the wants of Toronto's many children; 'tis a large city thou hast to travel through to-night and many are the stockings to be filled."

Santa Claus pulled a large sack from his capacious pocket.

"Fair Queen," he said, "I am ready—swiftly can I travel as thou knowest."

"And now," continued the Queen, "step forth Fairy Lilian and tell us what thou hast seen and done."

The pale, wee fairy made answer in a soft, small voice, like the breath of the wind.

"Oh, Queen," she said, "in the darkness of the night I sped to the Children's Hospital and through the keyhole of the great door I floated and on into the wards. A wasted little figure lay in the cot nearest to me; and the small waxen face was most pitiful to see. I sprinkled the magic powder in her ear, then with a faint smile she said, 'Oh, Santa Claus, I want a doll—a fat doll—not thin like me, and I want her dressed in red.' I waited. 'Mind, a fat doll, dear Santa Claus; no, nothing else.' A sigh came from her little breast and she turned restlessly away. I visited each small bed and heard their whispers to Santa Claus. One, a chubby child who had no look of suffering on her face,

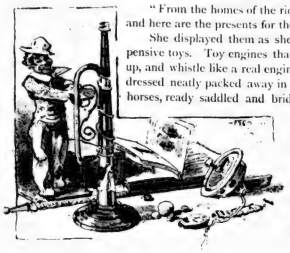
for she was nearly well, and would soon be out and playing round again, asked, in her sleep, for a picture-book, some nuts and candies.

"Amongst the boys a wee laddie, whose small body lay in a wooden frame, murmured in his sleep, 'I have a horse, a white horse, but, dear Santa Claus,

send me a blue wagon, and some harness to hitch my horse with.' When I had listened to each one I flew to the brilliant stores of the city and here," said Fairy Lilian, as she laid down the weighty package which, up to this, had rested on her wings (for fairies, though so small, have great strength as you will see presently), "here are the gifts for the Children's Hospital."

With a flush on her face Fairy Rose spoke:

"From the homes of the rich do I come, my Queen, and here are the presents for the children."



She displayed them as she spoke. They were expensive toys. Toy engines that could run when wound up, and whistle like a real engine; lady dolls, with their dressed neatly packed away in the boxes; big rocking horses, ready saddled and bridled, waiting only to be mounted; cream candies, books and pictures, all kinds of lovely things had Fairy Rose brought for the little ones. How happy the children of the rich must be!"

From the background behind the chair of Santa Claus came Fairy Fern and Fairy Violet, hand in hand. There was a light upon their faces such as none of the others wore. Said Fairy Fern:

"Oh, Queen, behold we come from the homes of Toronto's poor. Many sights have we seen, some merry, some sad. In a small house on Chestnut street we heard a sound of weeping. We entered. Three little children lay asleep on a poor bed in a corner. By the stove sat a man with his head between his hands and a look of despair upon his haggard face. Near him, on a low rocking chair sat his wife with, oh dear Queen!" and the tender Fairy Fern fell a-weeping, "with a dead baby on her lap. I laid a rose leaf in the mother's

breast and in a moment some comfort came to her. She arose and laying her burden down she went to her husband's side. 'John,' she said, 'you must not take things so to heart this Christmas night,' her tears were falling fast now, 'Dick May was in to-night and he said he'd no doubt the factory people would take you on again after the holidays, and John, you know, we have three of them,' pointing to the sleeping children, 'left to comfort us!'

"He shook her off roughly.

"'It's not the dead baby that's troubling me,' he said, 'she's best out of the road!' I laid a rose leaf in his breast and all at once he softened. 'I shouldn't speak that way to yeh, Mary; yeh hev bin a good wife teh me. Well, mabbe when I git teh work again I'll be better,' and he kissed the tears from the patient, worn face of his wife, and lifted the dead baby gently to his knee. I placed a piece of gold in the cupboard for the Christmas dinner, and then we laid a rose leaf on the breast of each sleeping child as we listened.

"'I want a top, Santa Claus, a good one like Archie Thompson's, one that'll hum,' said Charlie.

"'And I,' said little Nell, 'I want the blue and white tea set at the corner store on Queen street.'

"The third child, a pale delicate boy, said slowly: 'Santa Claus, I want our baby back. Oh, please give me the baby back.'

"Oh, Queen, we can't do that, we poor fairies can't give little Bob the baby back."

The Queen's bright face grew sad for a moment and all the fairies were very quiet.

Fairy Violet now spoke, while gentle Fairy Fern folded her wings over her weeping face.

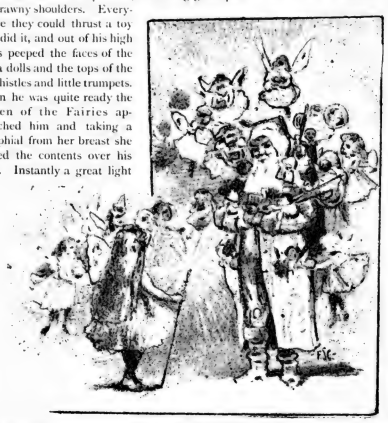
"But all the poor homes were not sad, oh Queen. Some were very merry, indeed, and the little children romped and played while mother sewed buttons on little garments and mended the small stockings, and father, with his oldest boy to help, split wood to cook the Christmas dinner.

"In one house we had to stay a long time for the little ones were waiting up to see Santa Claus come down the chimney, but the dustman came instead and off to bed they went, dear, drowsy mites, and soon they were fast asleep. As soon as the rose leaves touched their breasts they spoke. And behold, fair Queen, the toys for the poor."

A large basket was filled with them. Ten cent whistles, five cent china dolls, tops, marbles, jacks in boxes. All cheap toys, but then, there were so many poor children to buy for that Fairy Violet and Fairy Fern had to lay out the money carefully so that it might go a long, a very long way indeed.

"You have done well, my children," said the Fairy Queen. "Many hearts have you gladdened and many homes have you brightened, but now it grows late and there is yet much to be done. Fill up the sack, O Santa Claus, and you, my children, help him for the night is waning fast."

The fairies crowded round and over the burly figure of Santa Claus. They filled his sack and his pockets, and hung great parcels round his neck and over his brawny shoulders. Everywhere they could thrust a toy they did it, and out of his high boots peeped the faces of the china dolls and the tops of the tin whistles and little trumpets. When he was quite ready the Queen of the Fairies approached him and taking a tiny phial from her breast she poured the contents over his head. Instantly a great light



shone out from Santa Claus. His white beard glittered with shining particles like hoar-frost, and his long mantle shone like silver. He would now be invisible to mortal eyes. The children could not see him as he filled their stockings, even though they lay awake all night to watch for him. What the Queen had poured upon him made him the same as a fairy. He could go through closed doors, and down narrow chimneys, and wherever he went he left some of the magic light behind him. In the poor homes he left most, for they needed most brightness.

The Queen now spoke:

"Gather round Santa Claus, my children, and take hold of the ends of his cloak, bear him north, south, east and west, throughout the city. Enter everywhere and leave no one sad or lonely to-night. Peace go with ye!" Thrice she waved her fairy wand, while Fairies Lilian and Rose, Violet and Fern, with a host of other tiny elves, gathered round Santa Claus, and the portals of Fairyland opening wide, they floated out into the frosty night; the shining figure of Santa Claus glistened like silver as he passed swiftly up over the housetops, upheld by the fairy hands which bore him through the beautiful city.

The Fairy Queen stood watching the dazzling sight until Santa Claus and the elves looked like a brilliant silver cloud sailing away overhead, then softly with a light rushing of wings, she rose into the air and flew on through the city. She entered many houses and looked down on sleeping faces. Sometimes she met her fairies and watched them helping Santa Claus to fill the little stockings.

In one house where there were many children and where the fairies were very busy, she saw a drowsy, toddling boy, who had waited up to see Santa Claus come down the chimney, but who could wait no longer for it was very late indeed, standing before the stove and asking Santa Claus to put his Daddie (who was far from home this Christmas) in his stocking. He did not see how busy the fairies were that moment and what a big drum they were putting at the foot of his cot, while Santa Claus was pouring the most lovely chocolate creams in one of his small red socks. But Queen Mab, laughing merrily, spied an album on the table and cunningly taking out the picture of little Teddie's father, she stuffed it into the other empty socks.

The dear Fairy Queen went, too, to the little house on Chestnut street. She passed through the door and stood within. The children were all asleep, the dead baby lay in another room, with some sweet maple leaves strewn upon its breast, and it looked very peaceful. Queen Mab shook her soft, green wings and a faint white mist floated through the room. The children's father, who lay asleep with his head on the table, started up and seeing his wife who was sitting with folded hands and tearful eyes by the children's bed, he went over to her and gently led her to the stove while he briskly poked up the fire and set the kettle on, to make her a rousing cup of tea. The Fairy Queen stood looking down upon the children.

"Peace!" she murmured, gently waving her wand. "Peace and comfort to all here to-night!" A change passed over each sleeping face as she spoke. Charlie and Nell smiled as though they saw something which made them glad; and little Bob, who was sobbing in his sleep, and who looked wan and pitiful with big tears upon his thin cheeks, little Bob smiled too as the gentle fairy stooped and kissed him. He turned and laid his small peaked face upon his hand and sank into a deep, calm sleep, dreaming that his little sister, the baby who had died, was sitting near him fanning him with angel-wings. The Fairy smiled and whispering once more, "Peace and good-will," she softly passed out into the starry night. Then, as dawn was at hand, she spread her wings and rustled home to meet her children in Fairyland.

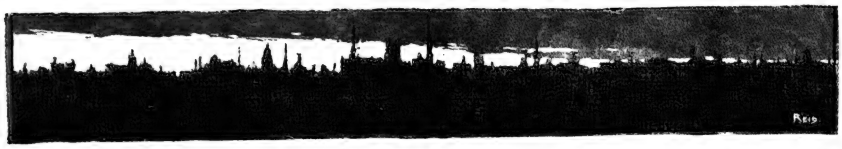
And now my tale is told, for, as the light breaks in the east, the fairies come trooping back bearing with them Santa Claus, who looks much smaller than when he set out on his journey. The fairies and he have everywhere left behind them light, sunshine and happiness. So now they are going to spend their own Christmas in Fairyland.

A merry Christmas it will be! They will pelt Santa Claus with snowballs, climb into his pockets, and sit upon his beard and tweak his nose. And they will sing and dance and tell stories of human children they have known. They will wonder if this story is in TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, and I don't know what they will do to me if it is not.

So, if any of you little children meet a fairy sitting in your thimble or your shoe, be sure to tell her that you read this story, and that you know it was the Toronto fairies who sent you the lovely toys and candies you found stuffed in your stockings on Christmas morning.

Hark! I hear the sound of fairy sleigh-bells ringing, as they ride through the deep snow! and peals of laughter come floating up to my window from the merry elves, as I sit and listen. What a good time they are having in Fairyland. I wish I was a fairy, too. I hear them still: "A Merry Christmas! A Merry Christmas!" comes ringing out upon the frosty air. So I say, too—A Merry Christmas to us all!

KIT.



OUR CHRISTMAS NIGHT AT SEA.

A goodly crowd was gather'd there, the Reverend Nono Nines
Three western Jews, whose language smack'd of rich Nevadan mines,—
Rourke, a Milesian patriot who whisky drank,—galore
And Jones, the well-dress'd buyer for a house in Baltimore,
Nor should I slight the bravest tar that ever trod a deck,
Crosstree! Last seen on board his ship when the boats had clear'd the wreck,
These, and some half a dozen more whom memory brings to me,
Sat in the smoke-room whilst we kept that Christmas night at sea.

We moved a true Corinthian—the parson—to the chair,
And, 'pon my soul! the reverend *gent* kept matters humming there,
There, toasted were dear, absent friends, our lov'd ones over the main,
And the glad hour when each would see the home-lights once again,
And joyous, quaint old carols made the pleasant hours less long,
The while the swirling waters lent their music to our song
And brought an answering echo, from the vessel on our lee,
That cheer'd the "look-out's" lonely heart, yon Christmas night at sea.

Quickly the bottle pass'd around, until it neared the chair,
And, somehow, when it reach'd the Church, it always linger'd there,
Mayhap it's gentle presence touch'd the ministerial heart
And brought that flood of eloquence which made the tear-drop start,
As thrillingly, he spake of "Home," and "stormy winds that blow,"
Of "British hearts and firesides," and "days of long ago,"
Till each one felt, from far away, midst song, and catch, and glee,
The *soulful prayer* for those who spent that Christmas night at sea.

Though *soulful prayers* be beautiful, permit me here to doubt
The wisdom of too frequent toasts when liquor's in, wit's out
And, by and bye, our chairman's snores and nodding chin kept time
To Rourke's "The woes of Oireland," told in patriotic rhyme,
Nor was the bard's Milesian wrath assuag'd to order when
Jones bellow'd out the strains of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men,"
Which reprehensive rudeness was conclusive proof that he
Had reach'd the stage "mellifluous," that Christmas night at sea.

Alas! while Jones was chanting "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men,"
Our Irish bard, now staving drunk, sprang up and, there and then,
The man of God's proboscis smote, then swept the smoke-room floor
With what had been the manly form of Jones of Baltimore,
Nor better fared that steward wight who caper'd in between
With "Gen'l'men! *be* gen'l'men,"—for he had felt and seen
'Twas better not—oh yes! *he's* sure—'twas better not to be
Nigh "gen'l'men wot's gen'l'men" that Christmas night at sea.

With one consent the audience fell upon this luckless wight
Who'd come betwixt the wind and our nobility that night,
And lo! three sons of Levi rose, with active toe and heel,
To hail the man who brought them pork at our previous evening meal,
Words fail to paint the meanness of the "chosen people" there,
Who "shoomped" upon the steward's back, and skirmish'd 'mongst his hair,
And vilely kick'd the hireling where his heart can never be,
When wine and wassail ruled the roost that Christmas night at sea.

And when we'd pick'd the *remnants* up, and *patch'd* up ruptured Peace,
Rourke told the Church, in confidence, his love would never cease,
And swore, to Jones of Baltimore, that—blank his blank'd blank eyes
He'd lam all Jones' enemies, no matter what their size;
And each one drank to each one else, and numerous folks as well,
And each one drank to each one else, and numerous folks as well,
(The list of toasted gentlemen is more than I can tell)
But the last thing I remember was the Parson, on his knee,
A flipping coppers for the drinks that Christmas night at sea.

H. K. COCKIN.

Willing to Give a Fair Trial.

Judge—Are you guilty or not guilty?

Prisoner—The Lord knows I am not.

Judge—Well, do you want your case remanded for a couple of days till you get a chance to subpœna him?

Ghostly Consolation.

Rev. Poundtext—I don't understand why your master, when he is so old, should be so grasping. He can't take his money with him when he dies.

Laborer (thoughtfully)—I don't know as 'ow 'e can sir, unless 'e gets 'is bills made of asbestos.

The Whisky Smuggler.

[*See Page 21.*]

This exciting picture represents a scene in Canada's great North-West Territories. As it is illegal to import or sell intoxicating liquor in the Territories, except by special permission, it is natural that persons more enterprising than scrupulous should endeavor to smuggle it in from across the United States border which, for thousands of miles in that part of the country, is merely an imaginary line. The Canadian Mounted Police, however, are ever on the alert to suppress such illicit traffic and in this case they have encountered a trader who seems determined to make a desperate struggle for his contraband goods.

MARIE HAZELWOOD'S MISERABLE CHRISTMAS.

"You will spend Christmas day with me, of course, Hugh?"

Marie Hazelwood was standing on the second step of the broad staircase, bringing her lovely, sparkling face upon a level with Hugh McKinnon's stern and rugged countenance for the steps were shallow, and Marie was a wee, fairy-like creature, and Hugh McKinnon stood six feet and upward, even now when his hair had begun to grow thin on the crown and the subject of baldness seemed to have a personal flavor.

Hugh, with overcoat on and hat and cane in hand, stood waiting, for the footfall of the last reluctant guest, who had attended the Hazelwoods' popular Saturday evening reception, had not quite died away, and Hugh had still to pretend he was about taking leave. For many weeks past he had lingered in the same apparently purposeless way, and though now the time for make-believe might legitimately be considered past seeing they had been engaged one whole week—the habit of feigning had not yet been discarded.

She was barely twenty, fair and dainty, blithe as a bird, with quick impetuous motions, features never at rest, expression ever changing—demure, defiant, merry, saucy, roguish, sweet, pathetic, she was each by turn but nothing long.

Hugh McKinnon's age was forty. He was dark of skin, with brown hair whitening on the temples, brow bearing traces of hard thought in each deep-worn furrow, mouth firm, with thin lips closely shut, eyes grey and hard as tempered steel—his countenance was in its cold austerity but as a mask to hide his inner feelings. His form was majestic in its proportions, his well-shaped head set squarely upon his broad shoulders, and his grandly modelled chin, held well up and slightly forward, denoted the man's indomitable will and untiring perseverance. His manners were polished but grave, he was a brilliant talker, a great favorite in society, and in his chosen profession no name stood higher than his, of all Toronto's lawyers none gave brighter promise of success, and few had won such wealth and renown.

He had known Marie Hazelwood, only unmarried child of Roger Hazelwood the millionaire owner of Fairbank, one of Canada's grandest homes, but three months, had fallen in love at sight, and, with his usual success, had won her, and now as her accepted lover was beginning to find that he had encountered a case that puzzled him, a case that law and reason failed to help him to understand.

As he stood in the wide tiled hall, with great skins thrown here and there, and the bright glow from the logs in the fire-place lighting up his face, Marie thought how grand he looked, while he gazed admiringly at her pretty pose and thought how sweet she looked as she spoke so assuredly of his spending Christmas with her, but it was almost indifferently that he replied:

"I won't be able to be with you that day, Marie. I am going home."

Marie's face clouded momentarily, then an amused smile dawned in her eyes, and she said, mockingly: "Imagine Hugh McKinnon, Q. C., the unapproachable, the inscrutable, having a home in the background like an ordinary mortal! How is it we have never heard of this interesting fact before?"

"I don't think you ever inquired anything about my relatives."

"No, dear. It never occurred to me you could have any. You don't look like it. Your get up is that of a lone, lorn orphan. I can't at all imagine you in the bosom of a family—the adored of mother and sisters, the pride of cousins and aunts."

"You may see fit to make a jest of it, but I assure you my people are very dear to me," he said, with added gravity, discerning ridicule in her smile.

"The feeling does you infinite credit, I have no doubt, but their dearness to you does not interest me a bit," Marie returned, carelessly; her eyes bent upon her fingers, which were busily engaged in disentangling the bangles of her bracelet from the rare lace of her sleeve.

"Allow me," said Hugh, reaching an arm over the balluster, but a shake of the head deterred him from assisting. "Perhaps," he went on, hotly, "if you had known this your answer to me a week ago would have been different."

"We-ll, no-o. I don't think so. Eureka, that thirty-dollar-a-yard lace rescued without a broken thread! Those bangles are such a nuisance, but I like the jingle. No, I don't believe a mother-in-law, more or less, would have made any difference. I did not promise to marry your whole family!"

"I expect you to respect them, though."

"I don't see that it's necessary, but if they are respectable—why then——"

"I don't know whether that is intended as a taunt or not, Miss Hazelwood, but it is in questionable taste. My people are poor and humble, it is true. I was not brought up amid all the refinements of life as you have been. I was brought up roughly, on a farm, worked harder in my youth than any hired man. Got my early education only by suffering privation, by working by the first faint rays of dawning light, and till the last shade of twilight faded. Got through college on a meal a day, one suit of clothes a year, by the hardest work, on borrowed money. My mother and sisters, God bless them, for my sake suffered grinding poverty, did the work of men on our heavily encumbered farm that I might attain my ambition and become a lawyer. If I did not love them, if I were ashamed of their uncultured manners and unfashionable looks, I would be more base than I have ever yet been!"

His cheeks were red, his eyes dim, his manner impassioned as he spoke, but Marie, though the rare tears were shining in her eyes and her lips were tremulous with feeling, still perverse, said railingly, "As I said before, your feelings do you credit!"

Hugh did not look at her, but with anger and resentment making his face look like sculptured marble, so hard it seemed, he remarked with icy dignity that it grew late, and he would wish Miss Hazelwood good night.

"Good morning, rather," she corrected, as she glided down the steps and to the door. "I don't believe you can manage that spring bolt. Let me help you. Now put on your gloves," she said, with her hand upon the lock, and when he had drawn them on in silence and stood waiting Marie suddenly burst into a peal of merry laughter, and placing a slender fore-finger beneath his chin, she said roguishly, "Isn't it afraid it will take a chill going out into the frosty air feeling so stiff and cold?"

He looked down sternly at her pretty dimpling face looking up at him now so tenderly and all his coldness melted, and taking her childish form into his great strong arms he folded her to his breast and kissed her hungrily.

"Why do you plague me when I love you so?" he asked. "I am so unversed in girlish ways. I don't know how to take you, and you delight to torture me."

"Seems to me you know how to take me very well," she said in a smothered voice, and with a laugh Hugh released her and a few minutes later they had entered Marie's cosy parlor, which opened off the end of the grand reception-room, had drawn the portieres, and Hugh was seated before the grate in an easy chair against a background of pearl-grey plush, with Marie beside him on a fender-stool with her fair head resting against his knee.

"Hugh, do you know why I was so nasty? It was to keep myself from sitting right down there on the stairs and crying. I was so disappointed. Christmas day has always been such a happy day with us, *the* day of all the year. And this year as I can't have you I shall be all alone—for I have persuaded papa to go to New York and spent the holidays with sister Lily and see his brand new grandson. He would feel so out of it if he were here with you and me—and I so schemed that you could have me to yourself the whole happy day! And now you will be off home and I shall be here all dead alone, thinking of the happy Christmases we used to have before mama died or Lily got married, and it will be the most miserable day of my life."

"Poor little sweetheart. I am so sorry. If I had not promised—. But they would feel hurt if I did not go now, it is so long since I was home. Christmas is nothing to me, but coming on Monday gives me two holidays together and I lose so little time from business. Work crowds upon me so. I am truly sorry for your disappointment, dear."

"Oh, if it's only my disappointment you mind you need not worry! It was more for your pleasure than my own I was working. Now have I hurt its poor feelings again? You ought to know, Hugh, that it would do me more good to have you crying over your own disappointment than bewailing mine."

"How could I think so? I do not understand girls," he sighed, helplessly.

"Now, if it were a jury——," she laughed, then added tenderly, "now, proceed, sir, and tell me where your people live and all about them." Then reprovingly, "You are ruining my hair and making me a perfect fright, Hughie."

"How mild and gentle and good you look with those silly bangs straightened out and put back sensibly. What a sin to hide this fine white brow," he said, bending and kissing her forehead, off which he had brushed the soft fluffy fringe of hair.

"Thanks. I'd rather not look good. You'd never have fallen in love with me if I had not looked frivolous and wicked and *nice*. Now answer me, 'Have you a father, have you a mother,' etc."

"I have a mother, a good dear mother, whom I want you to know and love, although she is plain and quiet and her surroundings are unbeautiful. And with her, at the old homestead, live my two sisters—one a widow with a crippled child, and Susie, the youngest of us all. The rest are scattered. We have all known poverty, but all that is now past. My darling, I know you are proud and fastidious, but I could not bear to have my wife look down upon and despise my people. They have done so much for me."

"I hope when you have a wife, Hugh McKinnon, she will not be quite a fool. Now tell me when you leave, how you go and where. I want to know every detail that I may follow you—in fancy—every step of the way."

"This is the train he said, I am quite positive, but Hugh is not here," murmured Marie to herself, as she glanced searchingly at every male passenger in the car in which she was seated, while the C. P. R. train pulled westward slowly out of the Union Station. It was the Saturday before Christmas, and a dark, raw morning, and the rain poured down, freezing as it fell, and Marie felt inclined to abandon her rashly-formed intention of going with Hugh to make the acquaintance of her future relatives, and prove to him that though in society she might be proud and exclusive she had none of the silly pride that despises those of humble circumstances or poor surroundings. She wanted her action to say to him, seeing her tongue was stubborn and submissive speech was impossible to her, "Where thou goest will I go, thy people shall be my people." She thought he would be so delighted, she could picture his loving smile when he saw her, and she told him she could not spend Christmas apart from him. And his people would be so surprised, and they would be a little awkward at first, but she would be nice and friendly, and they would soon take to her and make much of her for Hugh's sake. And his mother would tell her stories of his boyhood, of his likes and dislikes, and give her good advice, and tell her to be a good wife to Hugh. And to that sad-faced, mild and gentle mother she could perhaps open her heart and tell of her great love for Hugh.

She smiled to herself as she thought of these things as the train speeded through the rain and mist and the night increased and sodden fields and naked, shivering woods grew more discernible. She had quite decided that her lover was in the smoking-car, had got interested in conversation or had fallen asleep, but as hour after hour passed she grew afraid, and when the train drew into the rural station and she hurried out upon the platform and found Hugh was not there, her heart sank away down and she wished herself back in her comfortable home.

Three hours and a half to wait before the stage would leave, the ordeal of going alone to a hotel and having dinner, the horrible ride in a stuffy stage coach, filled more than full of heavily laden men and women returning from the Christmas markets, the wet skirts that pressed her in and almost covered her, the smell of dampness, of stables, of beer-laden breath, the salutations, the jokes, the hilarity, the jolting of the stage, the pelting of the rain against the roof and sides of the vehicle, all filled her with horror and disgust, her heart sank lower and lower, and her courage failed her completely. By the time the stage reached the midway village she had given up all intention of going to Hugh McKinnon's home, and her one desire was to return home as speedily and as secretly as possible.

The jolly stage driver as he watered his horses at the village pump was passing the compliments of the season to the villagers who crowded round, and as Marie, sick at heart and shivering, entered the country tavern she heard him predicting a big snow storm before Monday and a good old-fashioned, white Christmas.

She wanted a warm room for the night, she told the landlady. Oh, yes, she would have supper, but in her own room, please. She did not care what it cost. She was so cold. She had missed her friends. All this and more she said, anxious not to appear nervous, determined not to tell what brought her there, or who she was or whither she was going.

But after she had been warmed and fed and the landlady was making her room more comfortable for her, she asked, casually, "is there not a family of McKinnon's living not far from here, somewhere off the Sparta road?"

"About two miles down? Yes, there's old Mrs. Hiram. A notable housekeeper she is, that strong and active, and past seventy! But she's uppish, real uppish. She goes to our church, up on the hill, always on a Sunday morning—the girls and her. If you go to-morrow you're apt to see them, and Hugh, too. Hugh, he's the son, he lives in Toronto. He came down in a livery last night late and stopped in here for a lantern. He was real pleasant and jokey, asking after all my folks. He's generally terrible stand-off, even though I went to school with him when he wore patched blue jeans, and many's the time I've boxed his ears for teasing me. He's smart and rich now they do say, and he's done well by his mother. I mind the time his ma was down with lumbago in her back they hadn't the drawings of a cup of tea in the house, nor the money to buy it, and the cupboard that bare of victuals you'd never believe. They never would neighbor, they're real stiff, strange folks. Do you know them?"

"No," said Marie, coldly, "I had heard of them."

Next morning Marie went early to the village church and took a seat far back, close by the wall. She was heavily veiled, not wishing to be recognized should Hugh be there. Soon the seats began to be filled. A placid-faced lady in silver grey, with dark hair brushed smoothly back from a high brow, sat down at the organ, and after striking a few tender chords began to play "Hark the Herald Angels sing." Marie watched her, her expression was so restful, as full of resigned repose, so chastened. Then, with a sudden catching of the breath, Marie saw Hugh McKinnon with measured tread walk up the aisle, followed by a tall elderly woman dressed in clinging black, a shawl drawn round thin shoulders that stooped a little, a bonnet of unfashionable shape crowning her abundant hair, that scarce showed a trace of grey. She had a face like Hugh's, but with more rugged lines and rough-hewn features, a face that had hardened under the harsh discipline of life, that had looked trouble and misfortune in the eyes and defied them to make hers flinch. Could that be Hugh's mother? Oh, how glad, *glad*, GLAD she was Hugh had changed his plans and she had failed to meet him!

The two entered a pew away up at the side of the pulpit, where they sat half facing the congregation. All through the service she watched Hugh's face, trying to read his thoughts, trying so hard to recognize in him sitting there, in that country meeting house beside his mother, the man she had met in society, the man she had danced with, flirted with, had teased and tormented and loved, and man she had danced with, flirted with, had teased and tormented and loved, and whose wife she was to be. And a smile that passed between mother and son, spontaneous, thought answering thought, smote her as with a blow. Oh, those forty years of life in which she had no part, in which others had been all in all to him! Could they, reared so differently, with a history so unlike, with tastes and sentiments and thoughts so opposite, be happy together? Could love bridge so wide a chasm? and as she watched Hugh McKinnon's impassive face and asked herself these questions that had never crossed her mind before, the sight of her lover faded and she saw only a stern, grave stranger, who was that woman's son.

When service was over she waited till the church was almost empty, saw cool greetings pass between Hugh and those around him, saw the meek-faced organist gather her books and pass out of the door. Then, still loitering, she saw Hugh step forward and take the books from her unresisting hand, and without the exchange of speech side by side they walked along before her down the hill. Then turning to the left along an unfrequented road they passed on, she following but more slowly. Beside a picket gate they paused and talked a little, and then, as if reluctantly, Hugh entered and closed the gate behind them and they were lost to view.

"We had a grand sermon," said the landlady, volubly, "a grand sermon. And I never heard Faith Willson play so well before. She's home for the holidays. She teaches a high school somewhere. She used to play the organ regular when she was at home. Hugh McKinnon and Faith have been keeping company since ever he was a boy, but they'll never get married. Hugh ain't the marrying kind, and Faith she's settled down to an old maid. They do say his mother's at him constant to marry Faith and settle down and make a home. But I allow he thinks too much of making money and getting to be a judge—there's where he'll end, now mark my words."

Marie interrupted her by asking how soon she could have a horse and carriage, a wagon, cart, anything would do so that she had it soon. She had borne all she could bear, and now she could wait no longer. And soon in a high buggy, beside a burly driver, she was being driven back to the station to take the first train for home, which was not till three o'clock next morning—Christmas morning.

Marie, white-faced, hollow-eyed, miserable, sat huddled up in a corner of a chilly car—for the weather had changed to biting cold and a thick white snow mantle covered the ground and still fell, threatening to make the run to Toronto tedious and difficult. There was a hurried entrance to the car as the train started, and a blast of cold air made Marie raise her eyes, to encounter the astonished gaze of Hugh McKinnon.

"Marie! Is it possible?" he exclaimed bending toward her.

"Oh, Hugh, I am so glad," she gasped in her delight at seeing him.

He sat down beside her, looking at her intently, suspiciously. "How did you come here? Where have you been?"

"I am going home. I came Saturday. I have been to your village. Hugh, I——"

Hugh's face grew dark, convulsed with passion, and his eyes flashed as he said stingingly, "You have been spying upon me! Fool that I was to trust a woman."

She looked at him, a look of mute reproach changing to smiling scorn, as she said, "You see I was not fool enough to trust a man!"

With bitterest feelings searing the heart of each they sat side by side for many miles silently, till Hugh seeing she was shivering, wrapped his traveling rug about her and with punctilious politeness tried to make her comfortable, and in his most stately society manner began to talk to her on indifferent topics, interesting her in spite of herself by his brilliant descriptions and his subtle wit. She saw him now in a new light, as he would appear to his casual acquaintances, and she wondered which was really himself—this clever man of the world, the ardent wooer who had won her heart, the jealous lover who had her promise, or the man who had sat composedly beside his mother in church the day before, which was really he?

"You will come in?" Marie asked as Hugh helped her to alight from the carriage outside her father's door, and carried her little satchel up the steps.

"No, thank you; not to-day," said Hugh.

"But, Hugh, I want you."

"Thank you, I prefer not to go in to-day."

She looked at him and saw for all his fixity of purpose that one loving look, one pleading word, would melt his resolve—she saw it, knew it, and yet turned away in silence.

. . . . . .

That miserable Christmas day; how the hours dragged!

From room to room Marie roamed like an unquiet spirit, trying to keep her anger warm against her heart's love, trying to think him dishonorable, unworthy, cruel, but only finding out more clearly than ever how well she loved him, how more than dear he had become.

She had watched each lagging hour of that long day, from the midnight chime that ushered it in till now she stood in the vast shadowy hall before the blazing logs and counted out the strokes that told that one more Christmas day was numbered with the past. As the last echo died away she thought she caught the sound of a muffled step outside the threshold, and then in answer to a single tap upon the panel of the outer door she opened it, and there stood Hugh.

"I could not sleep until I saw you, sweetheart. Forgive me for coming so late, for not coming before. I have been so miserable. You are all I have. I cannot let you go," he murmured in broken sentences as he held her to him. And she clung to him with feverish strength, and all she said was, "Darling, darling, darling."

After a while, when explanations were unnecessary, he told her how he had gone home on Friday so that he might surprise her by returning to spend Christmas with her; and Marie told of her abortive scheme to go home with him and show how little pride would interfere with her adoption of his relatives.

And Hugh muttered a fervent "Thank Heaven," in that her plan was frustrated.

"It was kind of you, my love," he said, tenderly, "but it would not have done at all. I would not have had you come unexpectedly, perhaps to receive a cold welcome, for all the world. They are not like you, Marie; they do not know what impulse means, and, and——. It would have been awful for us all, believe me. And beloved, I said that you were spying!"

"So I was. I followed you and Faith Willson home from church. I saw the way you smiled at her, and I wanted to kill her. It was as if you had been used to look at her and smile for whole centuries. Tell me, Hugh, that you do not care for her, or I won't be comforted."

"But I do care for her. I respect her above everything. I can almost say I love her. Nay, sit still little girl, while I tell you about her. Twenty years ago, when I was a great rough lad and she a well grown girl of fourteen, we were great friends, and she being the best scholar in our school tried to help me with my studies. Would help me evenings, fired my taste for reading, encouraged me to study, told me of boys poorer than I who had fought their way through college and on to fame and fortune. And later, when I was ready to matriculate but had no means to carry me farther, she lent me money—or her brother did, for her sake. Then we became engaged and I went away to college, and soon after her brother died and she had to earn her living and help her mother, and the money lent me was sorely needed. And then my father died in difficulties, and in my third year, I gave up college and came home to care for my mother and marry Faith. But neither of them would let me have my way. I was forced back to finish my course by those two women, and this is the result! Just as I began the practice of my profession Faith gave me up, said it was better we should both be free, would no longer be bound, would not let me write to her; but always when I was in difficulty, or in temptation, a letter full of friendly counsel would come to me—wise, helpful, encouraging letters—just when I most needed them. Faith knew, she said, whenever I wanted her. Fifteen years ago if I had known I would not marry Faith I should have been broken hearted. Ten years ago if I had been told I would not marry Faith I should have called myself a scoundrel, five years ago I should have laughed had any one said I would ever love or marry anyone, and now, now all my heart belongs to a little girl I have not known four months, and if she loves me neither honor, nor duty, nor fame, nor ambition, nothing shall keep me from making her my own."

"And Faith? Oh, I am so afraid Faith will be unhappy," cried Marie. "Did you tell her of me, Hugh?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"Oh, cruel-hearted. How can women love such cowards? You will write to her at once. After waiting twenty years it would be too infamous to have her learn your fickleness from a stranger. Twenty years! Longer than I have lived. Oh, Hugh, she has the best claim to you, but—I cannot give you up, I love you so. If we love each other wholly and are quite true from now can we be happy? Can we make each other happy, so different as we are, with no other bond but love? Can we, do you think?"

If those who had doubts about their happiness, or prophesied disaster from their union, should visit the splendid home of Hugh McKinnon at this happy Christmas-tide they would see how love has welded their two lives and blessed them, and how more than content they are with each other and their baby son.

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LOOK ON THIS PICTURE AND ON THAT.

[Scene—A dismal rainy day and a brown stone mansion.]

The Lady Angela gazing dolefully out of the window—What a wretched day, the roads are impassable for mud, and pa has taken the carriage. What shall I do? There's a ring at the bell; I wonder who has ventured out on such a day as this. Why, I declare it is Clara Montford.

Enter Clara, (the Lady Angela rushes forward)—Oh, Clara, how good of you! I was really dying of *ennui*. Now, take off your wraps and do sit down. Why, I declare you are so dry and as elegant looking as if you had just emerged from the hands of your maid. How on earth do you manage it, and walking, too.

Clara (laughingly)—My dear girl, I told you I was going to get a thorough fit out of waterproof clothing, mantle, shoes and all. And I have got it and that's the whole secret. Such a duck of a mantle, and such dainty little shoes you never did see.

The Lady Angela—I must see them. (Exits and re-enters with the articles.) Why they are perfectly lovely and so light. Where did you get them.

Clara—From the only thoroughly equipped rubber house in Canada. That of the Toronto Rubber Co. (T. McIlroy, jr., & Co.), 28 King street west, Toronto. Charlie got the sweetest coat, and pa one, a little more substantial but just as nice looking. And oh, Angela, dear, they do keep so many things there. I had no idea rubber could be put to so many uses. Charlie said they had everything in the rubber way that is manufactured, from the entire requirements of the largest and best fitted up fire department to the little rubber sundries found in druggists' stores. It's wonderful.

Angela—I am delighted and shall certainly visit the store as soon as possible, and then the next rainy day I shall be able to return your, oh, so welcome, visit.

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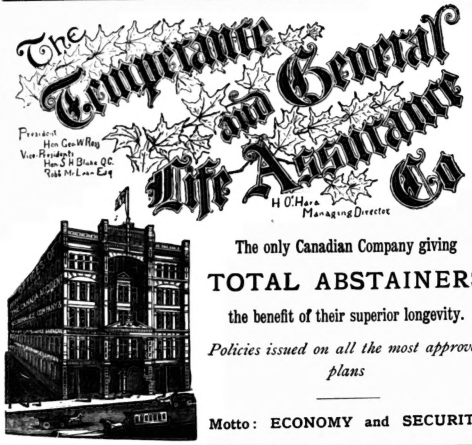

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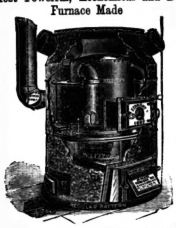

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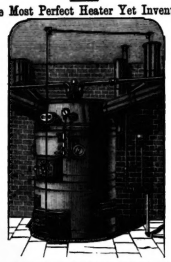

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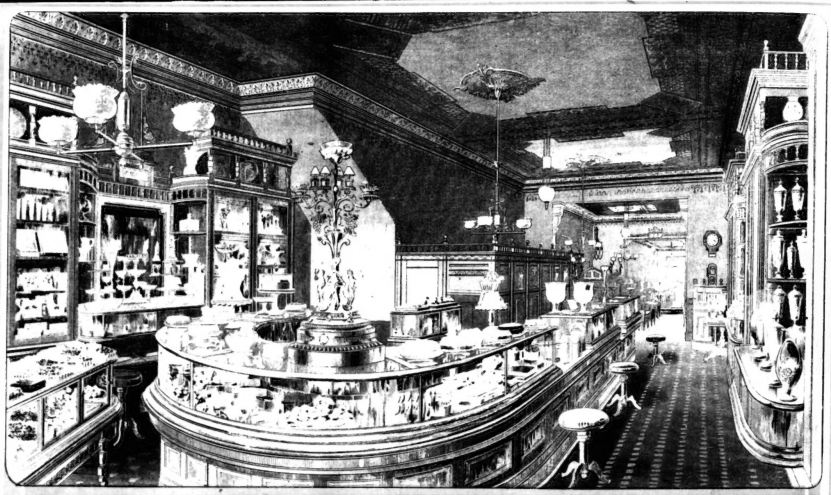

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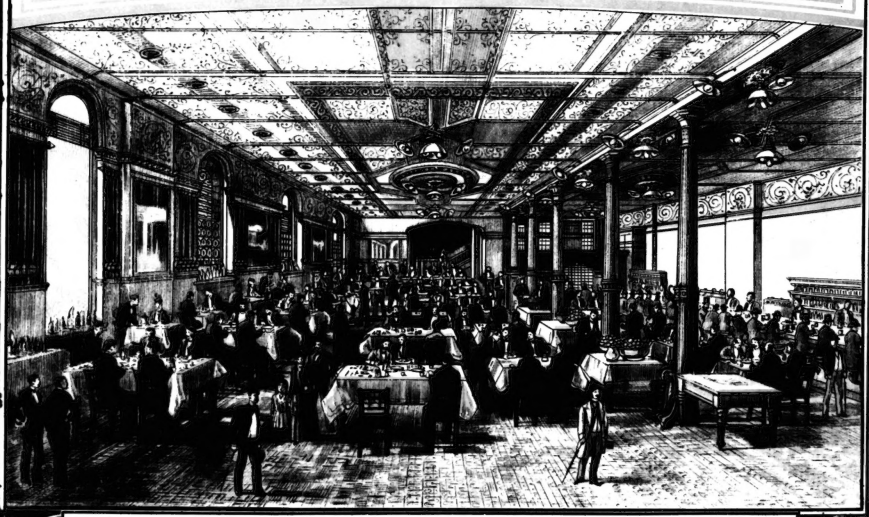

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